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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

International Newsreel photograph

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS MARCHING THROUGH SHANGHAI A FEW DAYS BEFORE ITS CAPTURE BY THE SOUTHERNERS

SHANGHAI'S FALL AND CHINA'S FUTURE

TREMENDOUS QUESTIONS clamor for answer as Shanghai, China's richest port and the last important alien stronghold in the war area, where an international foreign settlement of 40,000 residents dominates a city of 1,500,000 Chinese, passes from the northern war-lords into the hands of the Cantonese. Does this victory, the most important of the long series won by the revolutionary Southern Army since it started northward from Canton eight months ago, presage the ultimate capture of Peking and the reunion of China under the Kuomintang, which was founded by "the George Washington of China," the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen? Or, as some observers predict, will the Northern and Southern Governments come to an agreement and divide China between them? If the Southern Army continues its triumphs and gains complete control of China, will it in turn be controlled by the strong Communist element in the Kuomintang party, and, under the direction of Red Russia, try to make China a center of Bolshevist world revolution? Or will the moderate elements in the party keep the upper hand and realize their dream of a republic fashioned more nearly after the model of the United States than of Russia? In any event, what will be the fate of foreigners and foreign interests in China?

It is the answer to the last question that is most breathlessly awaited by the world outside of China. In Shanghai "the new force of Chinese patriotism stands face to face with the full power of foreign imperialism, intrenched for nearly a century in this great treaty port. For both sides the ultimate test has come," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*. "Upon the attitude of the Cantonese depends whether or not there will actually be war between the Powers and China," cabled Thomas Steep in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* from Shanghai the day after the Northern forces vacated that city, and he went on to say:

> "It is probable that the whole problem of the future of Shanghai will be settled through diplomatic negotiations. Eugene Chen, the Cantonese Foreign Minister, telegraphing to *The Herald Tribune* from Hankow, said that it is not the purpose of the Canton Government to take the Shanghai international settlement by force, but he insisted that the Cantonese will not be satisfied until the territory now occupied by foreigners is restored to China. Chen implied that the only weapons the Cantonese will use will be boycotts and strikes.
>
> "The importance of Chen's threat can not be overestimated, because if the Chinese maintain a boycott along the Yangtze River, Shanghai will be economically ruined. Without firing a shot the Cantonese now are in a position to drive out the foreigners by the simple process of refusing to trade with them."

Further official assurance that the Cantonese leaders will not sanction any general antiforeign movement in China, even tho they seek to abolish "all institutions and systems of imperialistic character," is given in a manifesto issued by Gen. Pai Tsung-hsi, the Cantonese captor of Shanghai. The city is to become the "base for a world revolution," announces this manifesto, but foreigners must not be attacked or insulted or their property destroyed. As quoted by The Associated Press, this document reads in part as follows:

> "For eighty years the imperialists, under the protection of unequal treaties, have reduced China to a state of vassalage.
>
> "After the revolution of 1911 the foreign imperialists continually supplied Chinese imperialists with rifles and guns, with which they have waged war for the last fifteen years.
>
> "On the one hand, the foreign imperialists have checked the development of Chinese education and industries, and on the other have secured for themselves special privileges.
>
> "But the Chinese now have awakened, and Shanghai, the greatest commercial center in the Far East, will become not only a strong base for Chinese nationalism, but for a world revolution.

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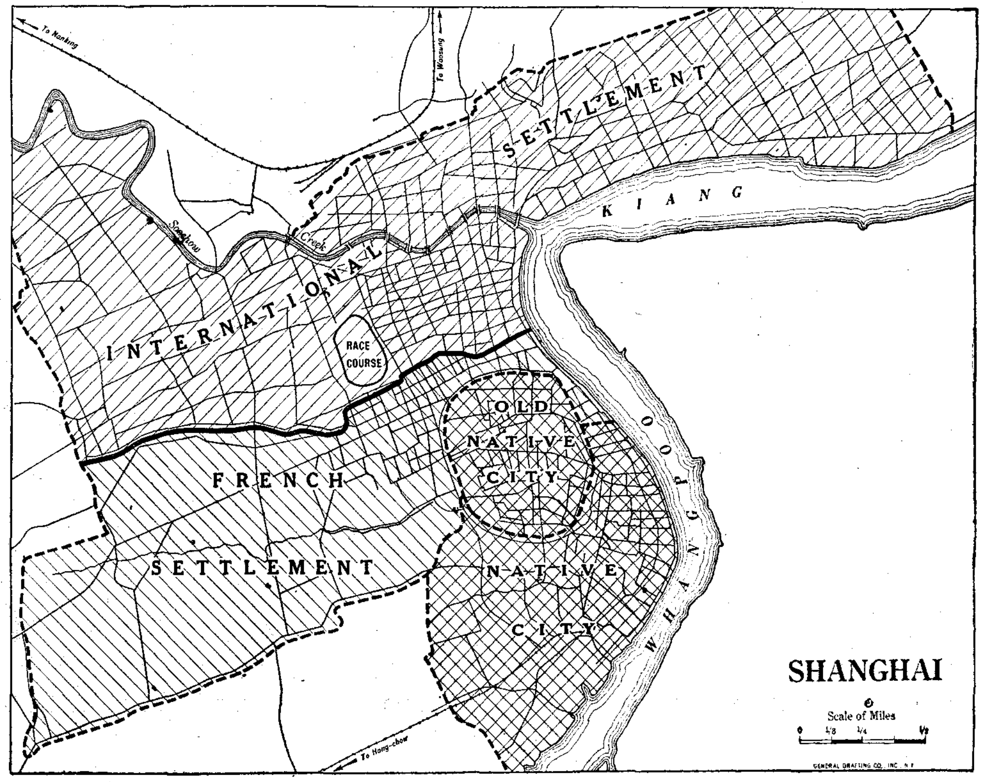
"The people must distinguish, however, between attacking imperialism and foreigners. They must not insult the foreigners and destroy their property."

General Pai explains further that the aims of the Nationalists are the abolition of unequal treaties, change of the status of the Shanghai international settlement, withdrawal of extraterritorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners, disposal of the missionary schools, and recovery of the post-offices and customs. And they will attempt to gain these things, says the General, not by military force, but by propaganda.



Specially drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST

THE LATEST CONQUEST OF THE CANTONESE

Our marines have been helping to protect European and American lives and property in the international settlements during the retirement of the Northern forces and the entrance of the Cantonese Army into Shanghai, China's greatest seaport city and one of the great prizes of the present civil war.

A less pacific tone characterizes an antiforeign pamphlet widely circulated in Shanghai on the day the Cantonese forces entered the native city. The pamphlet contained this declaration:

> "It is of vital importance to the future of Shanghai that the citizens rise up and overthrow imperialistic and military control. Shanghai, the largest commercial port in China, is a bone of contention among the despotic Powers. The imperialists have established headquarters here to devise plans for an economic invasion of China. All Chinese in Shanghai should assist the Cantonese to overthrow the militarists and imperialists."

From the point of view of the foreign Powers, thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "Shanghai's fall begins rather than ends the crisis in China's affairs," because "it means that the Powers must henceforth deal with a Government they have refused to recognize." Antiforeign agitation has virtually rid the interior of Southern China of aliens, and prohibitive restrictions against foreign trade have had the effect of throwing large numbers of the natives out of employment, reports the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, which remarks: "It may be that the Nationalists will realize the boomerang effect of their policy and change their attitude after their enthusiasm over their military victories has subsided." In any case, notes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "for good or ill, China is now in a way to shake herself free from the dominating influence of Powers which sought to civilize the country by cutting it up among themselves." "Nationalism, North and South, is united in demanding revision of the present treaties giving the Powers and their nationals privileged position," says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, which adds:

> "They want abolition of extraterritoriality, and the revocation of all existing concessions, which are in effect alienations of Chinese territory, through grants of the Empire, to foreign sovereignty. In settlements, such as that of Shanghai, the land has not been transferred to foreign Governments, but sold to foreigners in the ordinary manner of real-estate transfer; but for practical purposes the settlements, too, are under foreign control and administration.
>
> "The Moderate Nationalists—Chiang Kai-shek himself—have demanded that foreign administration of the Shanghai International Settlement shall cease and the city come under native control. But in radical Hankow, after the British concession had been overrun by coolies, and British forces compelled to quit, the agreement reached between the British and the Cantonese safeguarded foreign interests and associated the British with the Chinese in the administration. The foreign stake in Shanghai is much bigger and the power of the foreigners to stand their ground much greater. Unless the radicals in the Cantonese movement get entirely out of hand, a reasonable compromise is indicated there."

The differences between the Chinese Nationalists and the foreign Powers will be adjusted amicably, argue many of our journals, because such adjustment is to the interest of both China and the Powers. "The Powers will have to come to terms with the new China or get out; and as they are in China for trade, the prospects are that they will follow the former course," remarks the Boston *Globe*. At the same time, notes the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, the Nationalist party can not afford to be too high-handed with the Powers, because "its ultimate aim is its recognition by the Western Powers as the responsible governmental party." But grave possibilities lurk in the situation, nevertheless, the Washington *Star* reminds us, since "a single spark, struck off in the night, might lead to a massacre of foreigners, followed by a real war."

The situation is further complicated, the correspondents tell us, by a struggle for control between the ultraradical and the moderate elements in the Nationalist party. Will the capture of Shanghai prove to be a victory for Bolshevism? many observers ask. A Hongkong dispatch to the New York *Times* states that the Reds are already in the saddle in Canton; and in a Shanghai dispatch to the same paper we read that a great native parade in that city in celebration of its capture by the Southern Army marched "under large flags, one Nationalist and one Soviet." And a Moscow dispatch of the same date tells of wild rejoicing by tens of thousands in that Russian city over the news that Shanghai had surrendered to the Nationalists. According to The Associated Press:

> "Government wireless stations flashed to every corner of the Soviet Union the news that the 'world's citadel of imperialism' had capitulated to the Nationalists. Demonstrations were organized by factory workers and government employees to celebrate the event.

"Moscow newspapers published extra editions. Groups gathered on the street corners to discuss the news, which the Bolshevists regard as meaning the definite triumph of the Chinese revolution and the complete deliverance of the people of China from foreign domination."

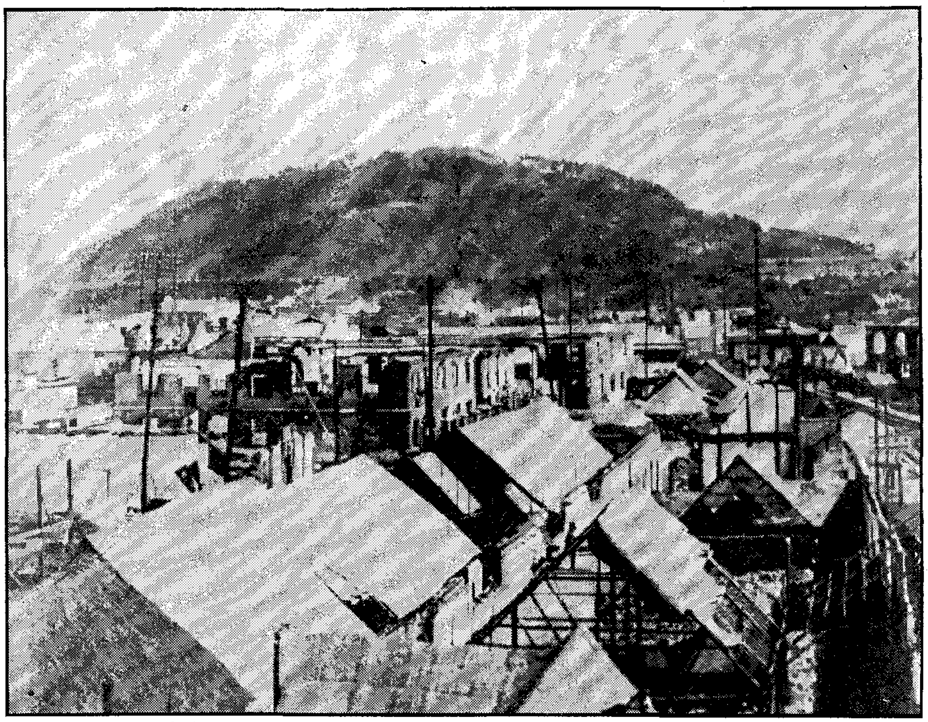
But many of our journals are convinced that the Bolshevist faction of the Chinese National party, while vociferous, is in the minority. The Brooklyn *Eagle* warns us that "from now on we must expect the Nationalist forces to be accused as Bolshevists, Reds, Boxers, terrorists, looters, and what not. They will be blamed for everything that extremists may do in the name of Nationalism." While Red agents have been given a lot of rope by the Chinese Nationalists, remarks the Detroit *Free Press*, "it is probably with the idea that Moscow can be used to advantage and easily eliminated when its usefulness has ceased." And in the New York *Times* we read:

> "The more moderate leaders of the Chinese Nationalist party not only are heartily opposed to Communism, but disapprove of and fear the activities of the Radicals in spreading discontent among the Chinese workers and encouraging strikes and demands for higher wages. They see the dangers and suffering inevitable as a result of this movement, owing to the close margin of living conditions due to overpopulation.
>
> "There is little doubt that extremists sympathize completely with the Soviet agents, and would like to see a revolt against all foreigners spread throughout Asia. This is not because they welcome world revolution or because of any desire to help the Russians. Rather is it because they feel that this would best serve their own interests. Herein lies a distinction which may in time prove significant—that the liaison between both groups of Chinese and their Russian friends is only temporary. When the Cantonese find the Russians no longer useful, they will break with them."

When a stable government is set up in China it will not be modeled on that at Moscow, but rather it will be a democracy patterned after that of the United States, declares Gen. C. J. Mah, a former officer of the Cantonese Government who is now in this country studying labor and commerce.

What does the capture of Shanghai, followed within a few days by the taking of Nanking and Chinkiang, mean to the Nationalist cause? Observers tell us that these victories vastly increase the power of the Nationalist Government, giving it the munitions of war stored in the Lungwha Arsenal, command of the Yangtze valley, and control of customs, surtaxes, and opium revenues amounting to millions monthly. "With the fall of Shanghai the ultimate victory of the Cantonese forces becomes much more likely, and for the sake of China it is to be hoped that this triumph will not be long delayed," remarks the Philadelphia *Record*. "The Southerners are to-day the world's best bet for an actually national and effective central administration," says the New York *Evening Post*. "Everything considered, the outlook for progress in China is more favorable to-day than at any other time since the fall of the Republic," thinks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. In the fall of Shanghai, says the New York *World*, "the world has witnessed an event of great historic importance." To quote further:

> "Save for a brief interlude in 1912 and 1913, this is the first time in the long history of the Chinese people that the South, which is the true home of Chinese nationalism, has been even theoretically united with the whole great valley of the Yangtze River under a Nationalist republican government. For the first time in many centuries, the more impulsive, more inventive, more progressive South has reached north into the great valley that is the heart of China, and then struck eastward to Shanghai.



Herald Tribune photograph, Acme

WHERE AMERICANS IN NANKING WERE BESIEGED, FIRED ON, AND RESCUED

Socony Hill, where Americans and Europeans took refuge when Nanking was captured and looted. Under Cantonese gun-fire they were rescued at the cost of several lives by a British-American landing party aided by a barrage from the gunboats.

> "The South has championed nationalism, and because this is an age of nationalism the cause of the South has prospered. 'China for the Chinese,' a halt upon foreign aggression, a new deal with foreign imperialism, above all an end to the system by which venal commanders of provincial armies sell out their country to the highest bidder—these have been the slogans of the Southern leaders. That they are not mere bogus slogans, thought up by a few tacticians and unrelated to reality, is demonstrated by the fact that it is slogans and not bullets which have captured Shanghai. A series of mere flanking movements won Hangchow, won Lungwha, won Shanghai itself. Why? Because the propaganda which the Cantonese sowed ahead of their advancing armies fell on fertile ground."

And in the Springfield *Union* we read:

> "The main significance of the fall of Shanghai is in the advantage thus gained by the Cantonese for continuing their operations to the north with the object of making themselves masters of Peking. They are now in control not only of the whole of China south of the Yangtze River, but of China's most important commercial port.
>
> "While Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war-lord, now supposed to be in the province of Honan, is in a position to dispute the further progress of the Cantonese, it is by no means certain that he will do so or, if he does, that he will escape attack from the rear or on the flank by other provincial war-lords."

But by way of Paris comes a rumor that the Southern General, Chiang Kai-shek, and the Northern General, Chang Tso-lin, have agreed, after secret negotiations, to divide China between them, or even unify it on a basis of moderate nationalism. According to Paul Scott Mowrer, in a Paris dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, the terms of this agreement include "the elimination of all secondary military chiefs, of foreign capitalistic influence under unequal treaties, and of Russian Communist influence."

POLITICS DISCOVERS A "POWER TRUST"

THE electric-power industry is becoming too big an industry for local regulation. The power output has doubled every five years since 1902, and the total investment has grown from $4,500,000,000 in 1922 to nearly $8,500,000,000 in 1926. Profits last year were $1,177,625,932. The Federal Trade Commission calls the attention of Congress to the "pyramiding" of control of utilities through holding companies. The question of how this gigantic industry shall be controlled was involved in the fight over Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and Governor Smith's water-power policy, and is being made a political issue by Democratic and Progressive Republican leaders in Washington.

THE TIME HAS COME for a new national political issue, and a group of "live wires" in public life have found it, judging from Washington press dispatches, in what they call the "Power Trust." For it is held to be more than a mere coincidence that on the day following the Trade Commission's report that Congress ought to do something about the "pyramiding" of the electric-power industry, a group of two-fisted political fighters should assemble in Washington to plan a campaign of publicity against the alleged "Power Trust." Nor is it merely a question of Washington politics, insists the Boston *Post*, for "in Pennsylvania, in New York, in the Northeast, in the Far West, power is more of a big issue than is generally realized." Correspondents of the Democratic New York *World* and Republican New York *Herald Tribune* agree that in some form or other electric power is about to become a major political issue. The Washington conferees included such Progressive Republican Senatorial leaders as Borah, Hiram Johnson, Norris, Frazier, Nye, Norbeck, and Howell; Senator Harris of Georgia and Representative Huddleston of Alabama, Southern Democrats, and ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. As fellow fighters in the coming campaign two dynamic Democrats, Governor "Al" Smith of New York and Senator Walsh of Montana, are freely named. A New York *World* correspondent actually predicts an alliance of Governor Smith, Gifford Pinchot, and Senators Walsh and Norris (two men from each party) to lead the fight. According to this political observer:

> "The issue promises a lot of clever politics. An 'offensive alliance' of these four leaders was viewed as a natural consequence. That it would be heard from in the winter of 1927-28 was not doubted in a single responsible quarter to-day. They are fighters all. However much they might differ on other issues, the capital believed to-day they could and would unite for a finish fight on this issue."

It is Governor Smith's battle in New York for public development of the State's power resources that alines him with the Democrats and Republican progressives in Washington on this issue. It is by no means a fight over an academic issue, explains M. E. Tracy to readers of the Scripps-Howard papers. He says:

> "Considering the vast amount of water-power already in the hands of private business, should the Federal Government and States develop what they have left, or at least some part of it, or give it all up and trust to regulation?
>
> "This is the issue back of Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the struggle now going on between Governor Al Smith and the New York legislature.
>
> "From a political standpoint, the New York situation is of the most importance, for it gives Governor Smith something to talk about besides the liquor question in his campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination question.
>
> "He stands for public development of water-power, which is a position that will appeal to certain sections of the country where his attitude on the liquor question is unpopular.
>
> "The Republican-controlled legislature hopes to put him in a hole as far as New York is concerned by blocking the program he has outlined for developing power on the St. Lawrence River. It may be able to do this, but not without revealing his attitude in a favorable light to the West."

But it is the report of the Federal Trade Commission that seems to bring all the discussion out into the open. The Commission, it will be remembered, made its report last month in response to the Norris resolution asking for inquiry into activities of public-utility companies in connection with Muscle Shoals. First of all, the Commission finds no evidence of the existence of any actual "power trust" of nation-wide scope either through stock ownership, interlocking directorates, or domination of powerful individuals. But it does think that the pyramiding of the industry through holding companies is serious enough to call for "legislative consideration" by Congress. As the Commission tells the Senate:

> "In one instance less than a million-dollar investment in the majority of the voting stock of the apex holding company gave in 1925 full control of the entire organization of the group, having scores of underlying companies and several hundred million dollars of investment.

"There is not yet a single and supreme Superpower Trust," says the New York *American*, summing up the report, "but the bulk of the business is to-day responsive to a small group of holding companies whose range of operations and influence is expanding like Jonah's Gourd.". *The Nation* considers it "obvious" from the report that "if these great groups or a majority of them should come together the country would be face to face with a financial combination of tremendous power and of great potential danger." Comments the New York *World:*

> "The effect of this centralized control is not unlike that resulting from the issue of non-voting stock. In both instances there is concentration of authority without a corresponding assumption of responsibility. The social dangers inherent in such developments have been vigorously set forth by Professor Ripley in his recent book, 'Main Street and Wall Street,' and the report of the Federal Trade Commission strongly reenforces his warning."

Groundwork for future conflict is found by the Houston *Chronicle* in the Commission's report, especially because of recent events:

> "Governor Smith finds his plan for public control of water-power development in New York blocked, and the Congressional proponents of public control of Muscle Shoals and of public building and operation of a monster power plant at Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River meet opposition from the representatives of the power company. The power interests have literally linked the power lines of the nation into one great net.
>
> "That all this represents a great scientific and economic advance, and offers the opportunity of development to many sections of the country, no one can deny. But it seems that along with the concentration of the plants has gone a concentration of control even greater."

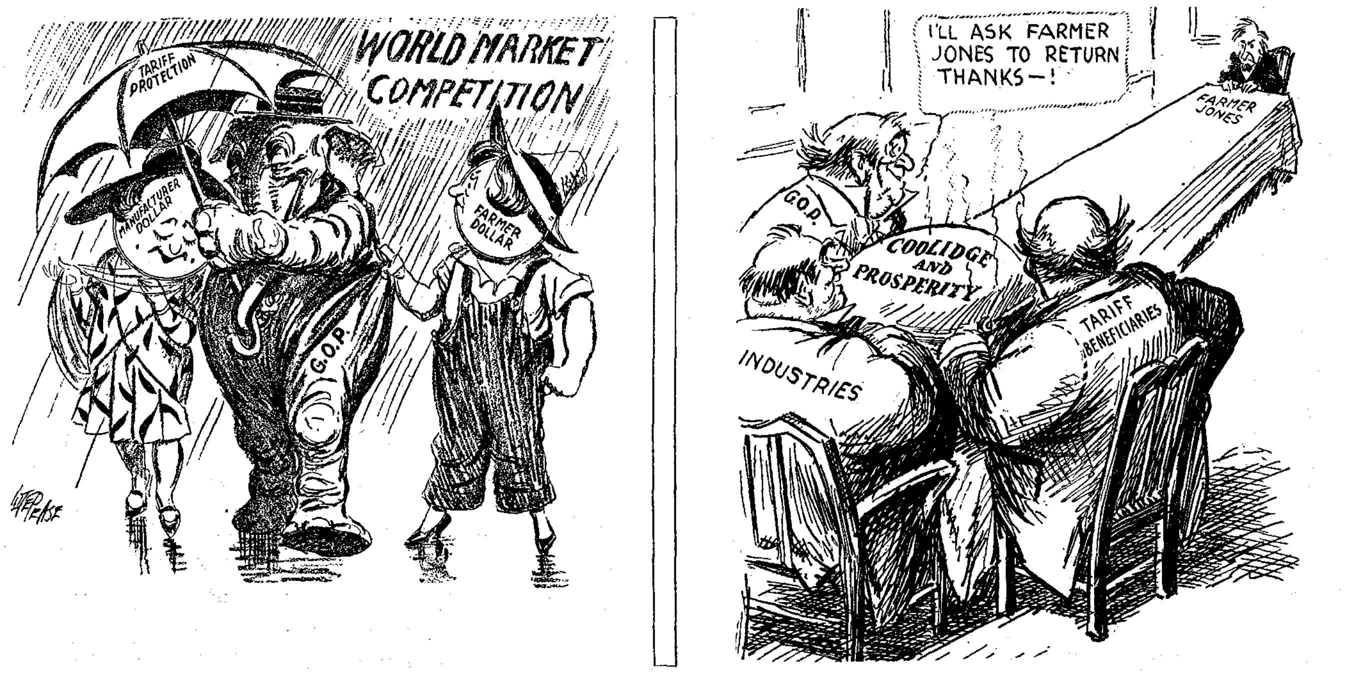
The broad question of who shall control our power resources is coming rapidly to the front, observes Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "and Governor Smith has identified himself with it more than any other of the persons mentioned in either party for the Presidency." The Governor has stated his view-point in these words, as quoted in the Washington *News:*

> "The recent history of rate-making in the field of electricity indicates very clearly that little in the way of safeguards can be expected through regulation, and the only way of protecting the people of the State is through the power of contract, where the State controls and maintains in its own hands such natural power resources as belong to it."

Secretary of Commerce Hoover is then quoted as follows:

> "I am proud of the progress in the theory and practise of utility regulation made in the last thirty years. It has brought great economic values to the nation and an assurance of justice and protection to our citizens."

This, says the writer for the Scripps-Howard papers, is "just about 100 per cent. disagreement; the issue is clearly drawn."



THAT BUNGLING ESCORT
—Pease in the Newark *News*.

GUEST OF HONOR AT THE GET-TOGETHER BANQUET!
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

SOME CARTOON RAPS AT THE TARIFF

A FARM REVOLT AGAINST THE TARIFF

"OUT WHERE JAWS ARE SET FIRMER, out where anger is growing deeper," in other words, in the agricultural West, there rises the challenging cry from the farmers who lost their Congressional fight for governmental relief, "Protection for all, or protection for none!" "The tide is rising against the tariff," declares a representative paper of the Middle West, the St. Paul *Dispatch* (Ind. Rep.). And calling attention to antitariff agitation from farmers and also from certain financial and manufacturing interests, the Nashville *Banner* (Dem.) is moved to put the question: "Is the tariff doomed?" Through some strange freak of chance, writes Theodore M. Knappen in *The Magazine of Wall Street:*

"The day President Coolidge vetoed the farm relief bill, he approved the branch banking bill. The day before, he raised the tariff on pig iron the full 50% his authority permits. A few days earlier the Interstate Commerce Commission refused grain rate reductions to the farmers of the West. A little earlier the Federal Trade Commission canceled its case against the bread trust."

"Relief for the banks, relief for the steel group, relief for the railroads, relief for the trusts, relief for big business, is declared to be the order of the day, but none for the farmer," continues the writer in the New York weekly. Calling attention to the same series of events, the Washington correspondent of a farm weekly, *The New England Homestead* (Springfield, Mass.), remarks that "to give more special privilege to the already overfat iron and steel trust, while denying farmers even a 'smell' at special privilege for their own relief, was '2 mutch,' as Artemus Ward used to say." A leading Republican member of the farm bloc in the House of Representatives, Mr. L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, sees a great crucial political struggle in the making, with a new Mason-and-Dixon's line running north and south somewhere near the western boundary of Pennsylvania: "West of that line the country is for justice to agriculture; east it is against economic equality and devoted to the ascendency of big business, consolidated finance, international banking and an economic system that looks abroad instead of within."

But other writers find little reason to believe that a new tariff controversy will amount to anything. Some use the arguments of President Coolidge and Secretary Jardine in the defense of protection, some think that natural causes may assuage the farmers' discontent, and others point to history to prove the ineffectiveness of agricultural revolts. And one paper, favorable to the Democratic policy of low tariffs, the Baltimore *Sun*, has sent its representative through the grain States to discover that the embattled farmers are not rising with one accord to destroy the citadels of protection. It sums up his report in these words:

"In a number of States there is healthy discontent with the situation, but little basis for belief that they are going either to set up shop for themselves or desert the Grand Old Party in search of some method of equalizing conditions."

Nevertheless, however much the tariff agitation may be discounted, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.) is convinced that "a better opportunity than has been afforded in years to revive popular interest in our protective policy presents itself with the turn which the farm relief issue now promises to take and its probable injection into a Presidential campaign," and "advocates of a more liberal tariff policy will be short-sighted if they permit such an opportunity to pass." This, observes the St. Paul *Dispatch*, "explains the sudden liveliness to be seen among the Democratic organizations of nearly every Western State":

"The party of Jefferson, thought moribund, is experiencing a new Easter. If agriculture must be stretched out of shape to fit the Procrustean bed of a protective tariff, then industry must take its turn and be chopped down to fit it.

"But that is not the sole element tending toward a change. Financial interests in Europe which seek return on investments, that can only be paid in goods, press toward a change and for a tariff that will produce a revenue and no more.

"Some manufacturers, altho protected, are wincing under foreign retaliating tariffs. A recent instance is that of France, which is enacting a new tariff with enormous increase of duties on American adding and tabulating machines, all kinds of machinery and enameled ware, of which we sell more than $100,000,000 annually to France. This will hit us hard, but harder yet when the new preferential treaty with Germany is concluded, by which Germany gains the very market we lose.

"The shift, as it now appears, is all toward a revision downward of our schedules. It might have been escaped by an act of justice to the farmer, for he will contribute the bulk of the support to the demand for the abandonment of the protective system. Those who supported the move for parity for agriculture were the

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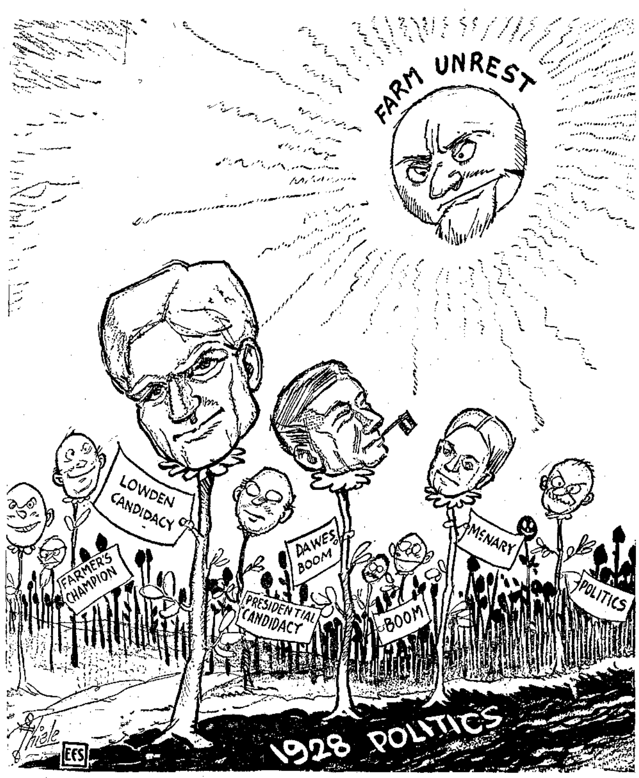

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ANOTHER SURPLUS IN PROSPECT IN THE FARM BELT

—Thiele for the Editors Feature Service.

best friends not merely of the farmer but of the Republican party. Out of a colossal blunder the Democratic party springs to life."

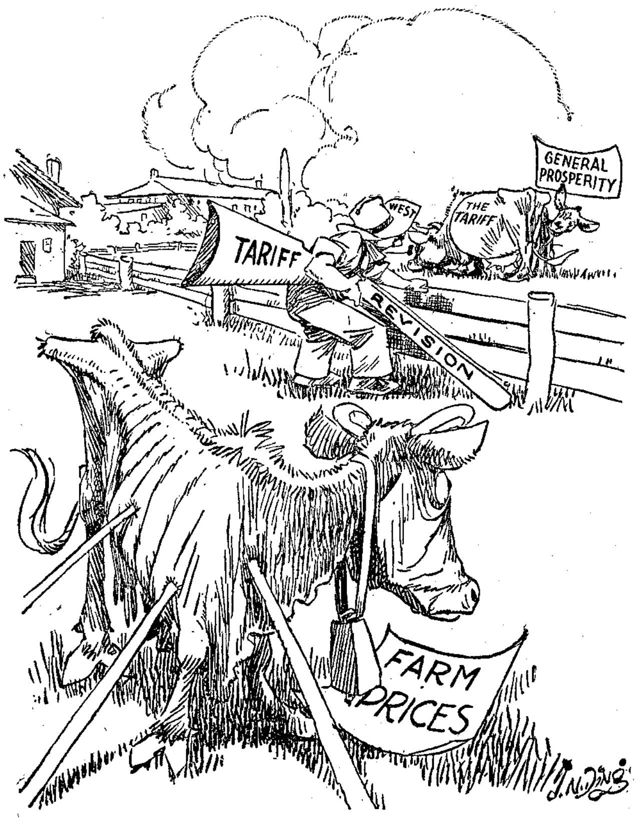
Senator Capper, "a high protectionist from a farm State," has, as the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) recalls, "recently declared that if the present Administration fails to give the farmers relief the farmers will see that the subsidies are taken from other classes." Victor Murdock, once a leading Kansas Progressive, tells a Baltimore *Sun* correspondent that:

> "The farmer who is a Republican and a protectionist inevitably will attack the high protective duties which artificially elevate the price of things he has to buy. He is going to fight with his vote to get a reduction."

Going back to President Coolidge's message vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill, Mr. O. M. Kile, in one of his syndicated dispatches from Washington, reports a large number of farm leaders as having said that "practically every objection Mr. Coolidge raises regarding the difficulties of inaugurating and administering the McNary-Haugen plan could be cited as reasons for opposing the adoption of a protective tariff bill." "We might have been better off if no high tariff had ever been enacted, but now the job is to make it apply as fully to farming as to industry," declares the editor of *Farm Life* (Spencer, Ind.).

When we turn to Republican papers we find many of them quoting President Coolidge's declaration that only about 12 per cent. of the actual imports of goods from abroad are levied upon by the tariff, and consequently, in the words of the Tacoma *Ledger*, "it may not be said that the Government has been unduly harsh upon the foreign producer or the American consumer." "Suppose the country instituted free trade for its foreign imports?" asks *The Wall Street Journal*. Then "the farmer would be the first to suffer, for the tariff adds surprizingly little to his cost of living." "The attempt to misrepresent the tariff as a form of tribute exacted from the farmer for the benefit of industry is a malicious distortion of the truth," declares the New York *Commercial*. Where prices and wages are unduly high, credit inflation and not the tariff is responsible, argues this paper, which then proceeds to make this closely reasoned statement in reply to farmers' complaints about the tariff:

> "The oft-repeated assertion that the duty on manufactured articles is borne by the farmer is an obvious fallacy which any person may detect if he will take the pains to follow out the actual transactions which occur in the collection of import duties. A properly adjusted tariff gages the margin of difference betwee the cost of manufacture of like products here and abroad aft adding freights. The fact that many common articles of man facture are free of duty to-day would go to show that th manufacturing cost per unit of product in the United Sta compares favorably with the costs of foreign manufactur even tho wage scales are uniformly higher in this count On other classes of goods, however, due to cheaper ra materials, lower wage scales, more favorable climatic an geographical conditions, and sometimes a very low one-w ocean rate on ballast cargoes, the costs of domestic manufacture per unit of product may, and does sometimes, exceed the cos of their foreign competitors.
>
> "A duty sufficiently high to protect the American produc against the competition of cheaper goods of foreign make n only will enable him to hold his market and thereby keep his plants in operation, but the money that otherwise would g abroad remains at home, where it may be employed to incre the permanent wealth of the nation.
>
> "On the other hand, duty fixt at a figure higher thar necessary to keep out the cheaper product can not be made force up the domestic price while competition is maintained wit out attracting that of a disastrous nature at home. It is ther fore evident the tariff, when properly administered, does not affec the cost of manufacture, but simply defines the margin of difference between production costs in certain classes of products here and abroad.
>
> "The farmer is equally as much the beneficiary of the pr tective tariff as the manufacturer, especially in view of the fac that the limitation which would be put upon the growth of ou domestic industries by allowing foreign products to enter th country without restraint would also determine the limits of the farmers' home markets. To demand Federal 'farm relief' and a lower tariff is merely to evade the real problems that confron agriculture."



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BUT SHOOTING THE NEIGHBOR'S COW WON'T CURE THE AILMENTS OF HIS OWN

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

ECRETARY MELLON VS. THE PROFESSORS

SHOULD A HARD HEAD OR A SOFT HEART be our guide in the next few years in dealing with war debtors? Should the voice of Main Street or that of the universities decide whether we should "reconsider" the debt settlements we ave made? This matter of war debts is again brought to the re, after several months of quiescence, by the statement of esident Hibben, of Princeton University, and 116 members the faculty, urging a reopening of the war-debts question. en they recall that Columbia University advocated a reconeration of the debt-funding arrangements, entered into and ending, a number of editors naturally wonder if this idea is ntagious, and if it will go the round of the American universis. And if it does, will the views of trained economists, inructors in political science, and psychologists prevail over the dinary taxpayer, who has just sent in his Federal income-tax yment?

Not a few editorial writers, noting that Princeton has endorsed olumbia's attitude on the war-debts question, agree that we ll hear more of this sort of thing, altho the Debt Funding mmission is no longer functioning, and Congress is not in ion. The Commission considered its work finished, but the ue is revived by two of our leading universities. Furthermore, lieves the Hartford *Times*, the Columbia and Princeton statements "represent the prevailing opinion of university men enerally." They represent views that are spreading, agrees he Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot.* Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, course, does not agree with such sentiments. In fact, he nt a long reply to President Hibben, which will be quoted in art further along. Meanwhile, however, the Newark *News* ishes to pay tribute to a man who has the courage to engage 158 Columbia and Princeton professors in epistolary combat. "It must take a considerable nerve for even a Secretary of the Treasury to tell such a weight of wisdom it doesn't know what it is talking about," the Newark daily is convinced.

Briefly, points out the New York *Evening World*, the Columbia nd Princeton attitude is that we, as a nation, can not afford to ay a burden of taxation upon two generations of other nations while we are amassing enormous wealth. Of the indorsement of the Columbia professors' plea by members of the Princeton facty, President Hibben says in a statement:

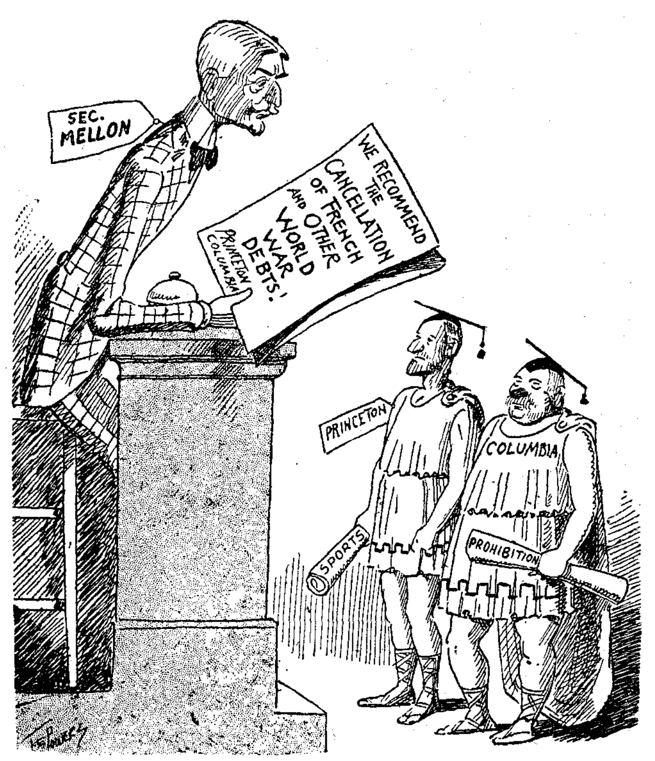
> "The enlightened opinion of the country calls for a revision of e debt settlements with our former Allies. Even granting the pacity of our debtors to fulfil our stipulations, which is now enly questioned, we do not desire to impose tremendous burdens of taxation for the next two generations on friendly countries who are struggling to regain their strength at the very time when we are amassing a national fortune. Against the contention that this question should not be raised until all our debtors have ome to book there is a ready rejoinder that it would be wiser to dopt a policy which would facilitate agreements with the emaining parties and then revise previous agreements."

In his reply, Mr. Mellon set forth the Administration's attitude under these four headings, as summarized by the Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor:*

> "1. The United States would lose international prestige by sacrificing its own 'just claims.'
>
> "2. Unofficial proposals for debt cancelation at present encourage opposition in foreign countries to such ratification.
>
> "3. Advances made to the Allies in the war were 'beyond dispute' loans and not 'contributions.'
>
> "4. While the Allies bought goods in the United States on credit, the United States was buying services and supplies in Europe 'by the hundreds of millions,' and paid cash."

In what Frank R. Kent, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, characterizes as "a very able and thorough presentation of the Administration side of the debt situation," Secretary Mellon writes to President Hibben:

> "Our war advances to our associates were . . . loans and not contributions, and, tho not in form, in actual effect loans from individual American citizens rather than contributions from the Treasury of the United States. We paid cash for the goods and services necessary to enable us to make our joint contribution to the common cause. Our associates got the goods and services purchased in this country necessary to enable them to make that part of their joint contribution on credit. Here is the fundamental reason which explains why we ended the war with every one owing us and our owing no one.
>
> "We are now urged to cancel these debts because it is alleged that they were incurred in a common cause, but neither abroad nor in this country has it been suggested that if this is to be done we are to be reimbursed the dollars actually expended by us in France and Great Britain so that the goods and services they sold us might constitute their contribution to the common cause.
>
> "The Columbia professors criticized capacity to pay as a formula difficult, if not impossible, of just application, a criticism, I understand you indorse. But no other formula is suggested. Frankly, I know of no fairer formula. To ask a debtor nation to pay substantially less than it is able to without undue burden on its people is to do an injustice to our own taxpayers; while to ask a foreign debtor to pay more than its capacity is to be guilty of an act of injustice such as I can assure you can not be charged against us."



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"STICK TO FOOTBALL"
—Powers in the New York *Evening Journal.*

Continued Mr. Mellon in his letter, which filled three newspaper columns:

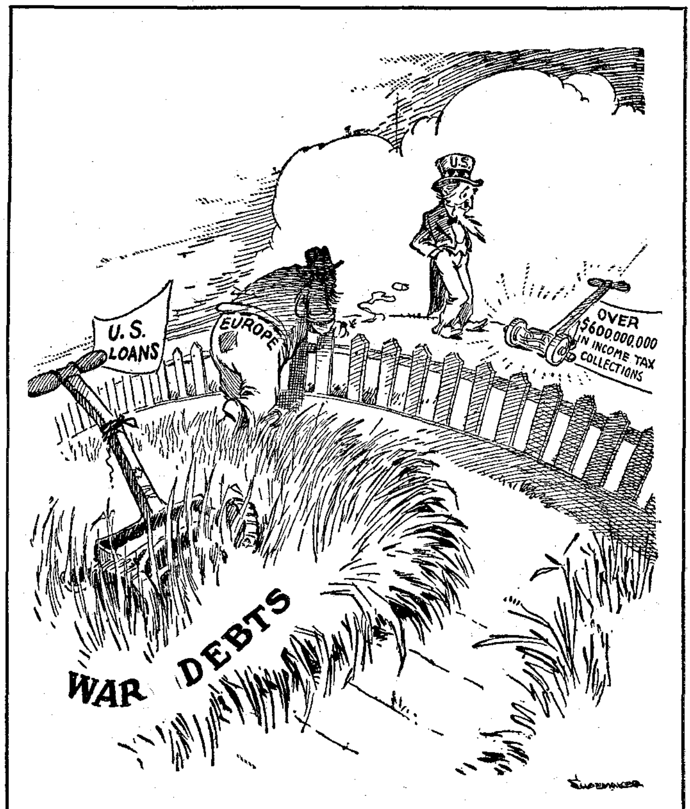
> "The fact is that all of our principal debtors are already receiving from Germany more than enough to pay their debts to the United States; and France and Italy, with the exception of this year in the case of the latter, are receiving from the same source more than enough to pay their debts to Great Britain also.
>
> "France, in the year 1926-1927, will receive from Germany approximately $176,000,000. Under the agreements with Great Britain and with the United States, France will pay $30,000,000 to us and some $71,000,000 to Great Britain, leaving to France a balance of $75,000,000. In 1927-1928, that balance will grow to $108,000,000.
>
> "Italy is paying us this year $5,000,000 and to Great Britain $19,000,000. They will receive from Germany $22,000,000, which is just $2,000,000 less than is necessary to meet their obligations to Great Britain and the United States. But in

1929 German reparations will have risen to $45,000,000, leaving to Italy a balance, after her payments as debtor, of $21,000,000.

"Belgium this year will receive from Germany $16,000,000 more than she will pay to other countries; in 1927-1928, $18,000,000 more. Under the agreements with France, Great Britain will receive from France approximately $71,000,000 this year; from Italy approximately $19,000,000; from Germany approximately $72,000,000, and will pay us $160,000,000, or in other words, Great Britain will receive this year from her debtors $2,000,000 more than she pays us.

"Next year Great Britain will receive from France, Italy, and Germany a total of $175,000,000. Great Britain will pay us $160,000,000, leaving a balance of $15,000,000. In 1928-1929 Great Britain will receive $231,000,000 and will pay us $161,000,000, making a credit balance of $70,000,000.

"It must be obvious that if the amounts to be paid by all our debtors are to be reduced and a corresponding reduction is to be made in the amount of reparations to be paid by Germany, the net effect of this change will be to transfer the burden of reparations payments from the shoulders of the German taxpayer to those of the American taxpayer."


U.S.
OVER $600,000,000 IN INCOME TAX COLLECTIONS
EUROPE
U.S. LOANS
WAR DEBTS

AROUSING THE INTEREST OF
THAT BORROWING NEIGHBOR

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News.*

In his reply, President Hibben pointed out that in 1925 the American Debt Commission said:

"'The American commission has insisted and still remains firm in the decision that the payment of German reparations to France can not be linked directly with the debt-funding agreement, it being held that the German reparations payments and the French wartime debt to the United States are separate problems.'"

This action on the part of President Hibben and more than a hundred members of the Princeton faculty, believes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "greatly adds to the weight of the Columbia declaration. It tends to invite similar action at other institutions. It puts the movement started at Columbia in the way to become an interuniversity movement." The contention for reconsidering the war debt, thinks this daily, consists in its simplest form of the notion that we risk losing more in markets, in international security, and in good-will by taking our money than we will gain. In the opinion of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"There is a fatal weakness in Mr. Mellon's concluding exposition designed to show that Germany, not the Allies, will be forced to pay American claims against European debtors. The sums paid us, according to Mr. Mellon, impose no additional burden of taxation upon friendly countries, since they 'will not come from taxation but will be more than met by the payments to be exacted from Germany.' The reply to this argument is in two parts. First, France is relying upon German reparations to relieve the burden of internal taxation. In the second place Mr. Mellon's argument is undermined by its assumption that Germany will continue to meet the Dawes plan schedule of payments. There is an influential body of public opinion that flatly contradicts any such assumption."

In London, too, the Mellon debt figures dealing with Great Britain are challenged. Says the London *Times:*

"All indications at present point to the fact that when all our debtors have settled our claims there will remain every year a substantial deficit on the sum actually paid by Great Britain to the United States."

By far the greater majority of American editors, however, take the stand of Secretary Mellon—that to revise the debt agreements would increase the burden of our own taxpayers. Besides, we have written off a large percentage of the war debts, explains the New York *Herald Tribune.* "In fact, that effort has involved cancelation to a large extent." Of course, admits *The Wall Street Journal:*

"It may be that in the years to come, when and if our national debt has been practically wiped out, the American people themselves will vote overwhelmingly for a readjustment of the debts. Until that happy day arrives discussion of such a possibility is not only useless but mischievous.

"There is a compelling moral reason why debts contracted in war should be collected to the utmost limit of the debtor. If the rule were established that the armistice following a long war automatically canceled all debts contracted by the belligerents, winners and losers both, the world would never be at peace."

This, remarks the Boston *Herald,* "is the one argument consistently ignored by most—or all—of the advocates of cancelation." Another point "that strikes the low-brow citizen," we are reminded by the Washington *News,* "is that cancelationists make no move to practise what they preach. Nothing would be more convincing as to the sincerity of the professorial propaganda than to see the professors of Columbia and Princeton voluntarily tearing up such Liberty Bonds as they possess." After all, the Birmingham *Age-Herald* is convinced, "there is no cure for debt except settlement; there is no way to retain self-respect or the respect of others except by paying on the nail." What is clear to the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* is that "we can not cancel these war debts without losing more than $11,000,000,000. With that tidy sum would go our self-respect and a good share of our national prestige." The Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* has yet to hear "of any British or French college professors urging revision of the agreements that gave their countries enormous additions of rich territory." Yet, "the Princeton professors must know that some of our debtors acquired more wealth, many times over, as a result of the war, than is represented by the sums for which they are indebted to us," believes the Providence *Journal.*

Secretary Mellon's reply to the Princeton suggestion, thinks David Lawrence, an experienced Washington correspondent, "is a sign that cancelation talk is not going to be allowed to gain headway without a retort from the Treasury, and that the movement which started at Columbia and spread to Princeton is not going to be permitted to envelop all the universities of the country without a bit of plain speaking from Secretary Mellon." Another writer who criticizes the college professors for their stand is Will Rogers. In this observer's opinion, "what Columbia and Princeton need is open-field runners, and not canceled war debts."

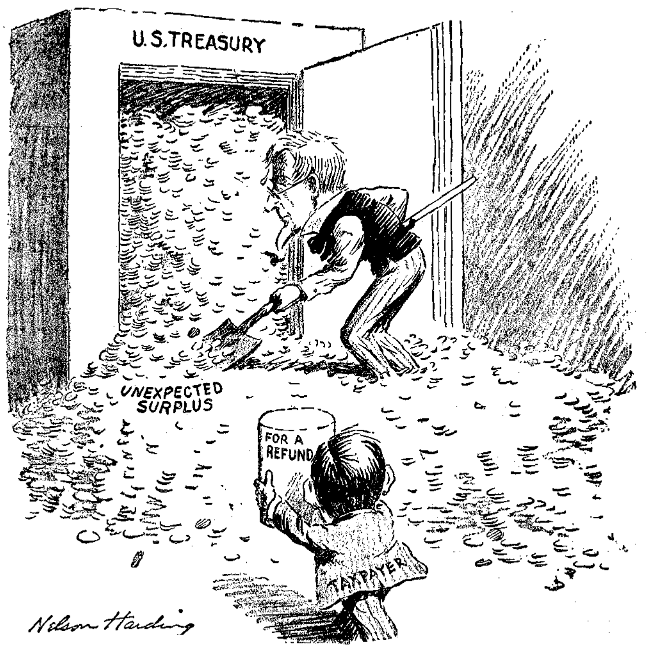
NO ESCAPE FROM "A HUGE TAX CUT"

ONCE MORE THE MONEY ROLLS IN to Uncle Sam's Treasury with the March income-tax payments in such quantity that our Government is going to have something like $600,000,000 more than it can spend this fiscal year. And so "a huge tax cut is in prospect," says one Washington correspondent, who may be taken to speak for all the newspaper writers and politicians. Even that exceedingly cautious purveyor of news, the White House Spokesman—or perhaps we ought to call him the Patterson house spokesman, while the President's official home is being repaired—admits the possibility of a "sizable reduction." In some quarters, writes a correspondent of the New York *World,* "the Spokesman's tidings are regarded as Mr. Coolidge's first campaign speech for 1928." At any rate, there is universal agreement that tax revision is going to be a big political issue next winter. For 1928 is a Presidential year, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* reminds us, "and each party in Congress will try hard to get the bulk of the credit for lightening the people's burdens." Of course, this year's surplus can't go back to the taxpayers, and must be used to help pay off Uncle Sam's big war debt. The debt, it is said, may be reduced by more than a billion dollars.

Besides the political angle—which will be touched on again later—this big surplus is bound to start a keen debate in Washington along several lines. How much of the similar surplus to be expected next year should be applied to debt reduction, and how much should be lopped off in advance by tax reductions? "A heavy direct cut in taxes has extremely vigorous political arguments in its favor, with a Presidential campaign in the offing"; but, says the Boston *Globe,* "a heavy retirement of the national debt has even stronger arguments to back it, from the point of view of public business." Then there is bound to be a large-sized argument before it is decided just what taxes will be reduced. According to a New York *American* correspondent:

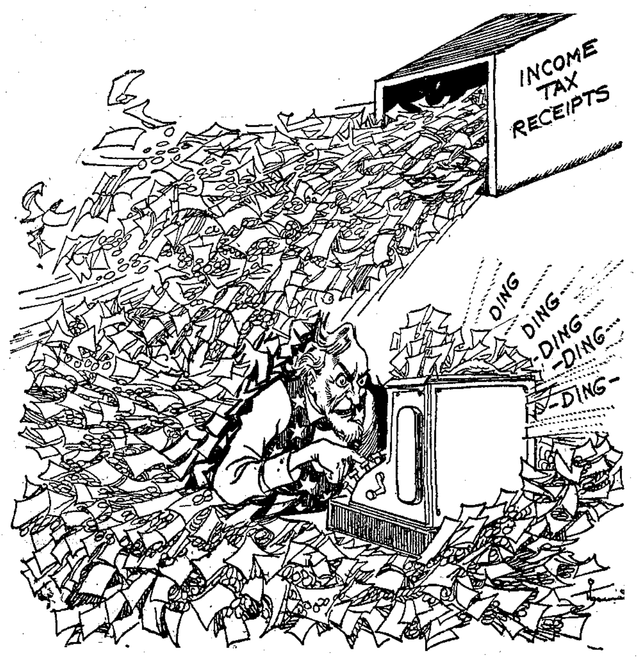
> "A cut in the 13½ per cent. corporation tax will have strong backing when rates are revised. Democrats made a fight for this at the last session, and Mellon has indicated that he favors it. Repeal of surviving 'nuisance' taxes, and a scaling down of income rates also are expected to figure in the programs."

Rough estimates of the income-tax receipts collected last month vary from $550,000,000 to more than $600,000,000, and, to quote a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, "are away beyond the returns from this source in the March quarter of 1926." We are further reminded that—



UNCLE, I'LL HELP TAKE CARE OF IT!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*



ANOTHER GOLD RUSH

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

> "Early in December the Director of the Budget estimated that the Treasury surplus on June 30 would approximate $383,000,000. The present high level of revenues indicates that the surplus may go to $500,000,000 and possibly as high as $600,000,000.
>
> "Two reasons are given for the extraordinary increase in the yield from income tax. One is the general prosperity that marked 1926, and the other the advance in rates on corporations from 12½ to 13½ per cent."

Another important factor in the increasing income-tax receipts is found by the New York *Journal of Commerce* "in the effect of lower rates, in bringing out tax revenues that otherwise would have escaped." A still more important aspect of the situation is found by this daily "in the unquestionable development of income and the growth of many incomes from a non-taxable to a taxable status. This process has been going on rapidly for a few years past. It is one that has never been allowed for by the Treasury Department in its forecast of estimates of income-tax yield." The enormous surplus for the fiscal year 1926-27 is also occasioned in part, we read in another New York *Times* dispatch, "by the failure of the second Deficiency bill, which proposed appropriations in excess of $93,000,000":

> "This measure doubtless will be passed early in the December session and the amount named will come out of the revenues for the new fiscal year. In estimating Treasury conditions in December with a view to the passage of a tax bill, Congress must give weight to an expenditure of close to $100,000,000 to make up deficiencies reported by the Budget Director."

With this huge surplus on hand the Treasury Department will undoubtedly be able to pay off more than a billion dollars on the national debt, which has happened before in only three years, 1920, 1922, and 1924. The public-debt retirements for the present year are set down as follows by a New York *World* correspondent:

Sinking fund	$332,232,050
Foreign debt payments	205,218,570
Miscellaneous	28,705,027
Surplus (unofficial estimate)	600,000,000
Total	$1,166,155,647

"Cutting that sum from the public debt will mean an annual interest saving of around $48,000,000," adds the writer for *The*

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THE COMMISSIONER

Underwood & Underwood
THE PRESIDENT

THE THREE CHIEF FIGURES IN THE EXCLUSION OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM A FRIENDLY COUNTRY

Senator William H. King, of Utah, who wished to visit Haiti on an unofficial tour of investigation; Gen. John H. Russell, of the Marine Corps, our High Commissioner there, who is said to have tried to persuade the Haitian ruler to allow Mr. King to enter the republic; and President Louis Borno, of Haiti, who barred, for the first time in history, a United States Senator from a friendly country.

World, and "there will be an additional saving in interest of at least $11,000,000 from refunding operations."

"It is a shame that tax revision can not be lifted out of politics," declares the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer* similarly expresses itself: "There is no politics in tax paying; there should be none in tax reduction." But since nearly every one agrees that politics is bound to enter into any tax-reduction activities in the Congressional session just preceding a Presidential election, a word or two from representatives of each party may be well worth hearing. Chairman Smoot of the Senate Finance Committee suggests a total tax cut of perhaps as much as $500,000,000, and his program is, as stated in the Washington dispatches:

> "Lowering of the corporation tax, which has not been reduced since the war.
>
> "Elimination of the nuisance taxes, such as those on automobiles, theater admission, club dues, etc.
>
> "Reduction in the brackets on medium incomes."

Several Republican papers naturally give their own party credit for "the prosperity of which the income-tax returns give unmistakable evidence." To quote the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, for instance:

> "It is inescapable that the nation's well-being should be linked with the Republican Government of the last six years. Sane, conservative, helpful, the Harding and Coolidge administrations have given every encouragement to industry and initiative. The results are showing and they constitute the most emphatic claim the Republicans have to the approval of the electorate."

"Of course," says Senator Simmons of North Carolina, ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee, "there will be a big cut in taxes just before election; it could have been made for this year's taxes just as well, but in that case there would have been no surplus to play with in 1928." The New York *World* also calls attention to an intimation from Representative Oldfield that the Democrats have a positive program. Certainly, says *The World*, "the income-tax payers in the middle brackets are entitled to fairer treatment than they get under the present law; certainly the corporation taxes, which were raised in 1926, should be lowered, and the surviving nuisance taxes should be repealed." And it thinks that: "If the Democrats adhere to that program they will deserve well of the country."

NO HAITIAN PROBE À LA KING

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, a United States Senator, on a tour of investigation to a friendly country, has been refused entry. In other words, he has been placed in the undesirable class, along with Count Karolyi, Madame Kollantai, and Saklatvala. In this case the victim is Senator King, Democrat of Utah, and the republic which asserts its sovereign right is Haiti. "It is a serious thing," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, with a twinkle in its eye, "to have a member of the United States Senate barred from any country. To have him barred from a country that we carry around in our vest pocket, so to speak, is perfectly terrible." Furthermore, it looks to the Savannah *News* "as if the electric button which dropt the portcullis was pushed in Washington."

While the Norfolk daily finds "this touch of high comedy in the Caribbean situation a great relief," the majority of editors treat the King incident seriously. For one thing, it draws attention to the activities of Senators who are interesting themselves more and more in Latin-American affairs. It even suggests to some Washington correspondents that Nicaragua and other countries may follow Haiti's example, if Senators insist upon conducting personal investigations into the affairs of sovereign States. Democratic as well as Republican editors join in criticizing Senator King, in the present instance, rather than President Borno, of Haiti, or Secretary of State Kellogg, who, it is said, was unable to persuade the ruler of Haiti to admit Senator King.

The Senator, it seems, was placed in the "undesirable" class by President Borno for declaring in a Senate speech that Haiti is virtually a protectorate under the United States; that the Island is ruled by an American military officer; and that President Borno is merely an "end man" in the show. According to a statement by the Haitian Minister of Foreign Affairs:

> "First, Mr. King has publicly uttered false and offensive declarations against the President of Haiti and his coadjutors, who are carrying out faithfully the treaty of 1915, voted by the Senate of the United States and by the legislative body of Haiti.
>
> "Second, Mr. King has made himself in the United States the agent of the worst elements of disorder of the Haitian politics. His presence in Haiti would provoke a political agitation which would create a general feeling of unrest."

The King charges, we are told, simmer down to this: That Louis Borno was selected as the Presidential nominee through a so-called Council of State which had no power to act, and elected with the support of the American military occupation; that he was ineligible, since he was not the son of a Haitian citizen, as prescribed by the Constitution of Haiti; that Borno is a creature of our Government, and that he acts only as General Russell, U. S. High Commissioner, tells him to act.

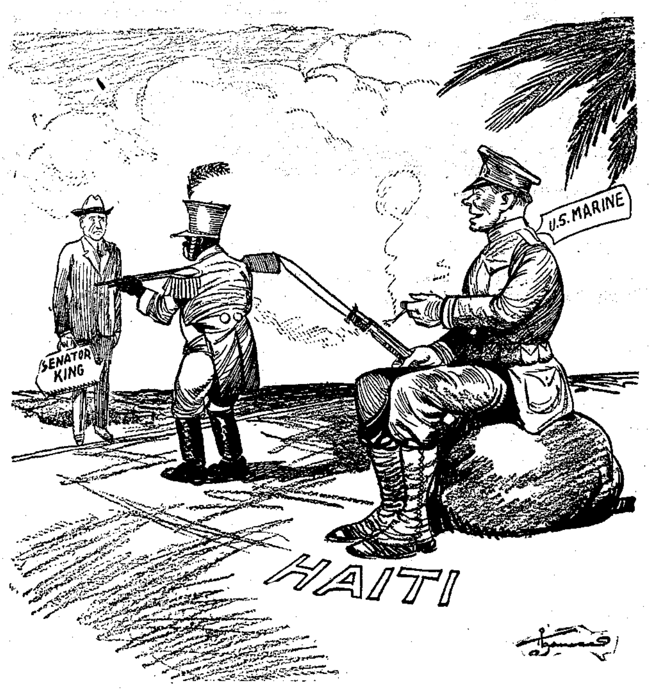
In the opinion of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, Senator King "is one of the ablest men in the Senate. And he is honest. He has attacked the Democratic Administration of Woodrow Wilson for its policy in Haiti, as well as those of Harding and Coolidge." "What are they hiding in Haiti that a Senator of the United States may not see?" the Detroit *News* rises to inquire. The barring of Senator King indicates to the Providence *News* that "President Borno is afraid to let the Senator who has taken the deepest interest in Haitian affairs see things in the republic for himself." "If Haiti has nothing to conceal," suggests the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "and if Haitians generally are satisfied with the results of American occupation, they ought to be glad to welcome a misinformed Senatorial critic." This business daily and other general newspapers believe our Senators have the right to know the truth about Haiti.

On the other hand, "the unofficial meddling of a member of Congress in the political affairs of one of the Caribbean republics could hardly do more than make a bad matter worse," thinks the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, and in the neighboring *News* we read:

> "Senator King is out on a sort of personally conducted snooping and nosing expedition, hoping to find something discreditable to the United States in its cooperative administration of affairs in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. He has been one of the most blatant and ignorant of critics of the policy of the United States in those two countries—where this Government is, by invitation, endeavoring to aid them to financial, educational, and general rehabilitation.
>
> "If Senator King had wanted the truth, he could get it. The record is right there in Washington. The intervention of this Government—at the invitation of the Haitian Government and that of the Dominican Republic—is one of the greatest pieces of constructive work we have to our credit. The facts are there; they have been accessible to King. But he has refused to see the good and has harped upon all he thought was bad.
>
> "In the beginning of the cooperative effort, when both countries were overrun with bandits, robbers, plunderers, thieves, it was necessary to use the iron hand, and it was used. In all of Haiti when we went in there was not a road upon which a four-wheeled vehicle could travel. There was no sanitation, no paving, no sewerage. Port-au-Prince menaced this whole country with yellow fever, for it was the filthiest hole on this earth. The country was bankrupt; the small dribble of revenue through the customs was being stolen by politicians. Agriculture had dwindled to practically nothing, for, did a farmer raise a crop, or accumulate a few cattle, some bandit gang would swoop down on him and take everything he had. The country people were mainly living out in the bushes like animals. There were no public schools—nothing, save stark terror, decay, retrogression.
>
> "To-day the foreign trade of Haiti and San Domingo is growing by leaps and bounds. There is a real system of public schools. Port-au-Prince has been cleaned up, paved, sanitated; so have been other towns. The unemployed have been given employment on roads and other public works; money has been put in circulation, trade revived, the finances of both republics much improved. Disease has been checked, farmers are no longer afraid to make a crop or accumulate stock or other property.
>
> "These are just a few of the things the United States has done, and President Borno is loyal, courageous, and appreciative. Senator King could have known these things. But he has been snooping for something discreditable to the course of the United States. The rebuke is deserved."

Senator King, agrees the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "is a statesman with a world outlook; his great heart doesn't bleed comfortably unless in sympathy with aliens." In fact, we are informed by the Detroit *Free Press:*

> "The Utah Senator's investigations abroad have become rather notorious. An example of how Senator King investigates was provided by his visit to Turkey, anent the Lausanne Treaty, then awaiting action in the Senate. With never a glimpse of that country, he had formed opinions of it whose chief merit was that they ran counter to those of the State Department, which had had access to every fact in the situation. After a number of distinguished opponents of the pact had become cognizant of the truth and had confessed their error, Mr. King made a great show of wishing to survey conditions on the spot and with an open mind. He returned from the trip more than ever blinded to patent facts, which Americans resident in Turkey in vain had tried to impress upon him.
>
> "The Government of Haiti apparently thinks that Mr. King's present tour of inquiry in the West Indies is a trip undertaken with a similar object."



JOIN THE MARINES, SENATOR, IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE WORLD

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

While we are discussing the King incident, believes the Mobile *Register*, "a very serious question may be raised regarding the practise, grown up in recent years, of having Members of Congress go abroad on these snooping expeditions." In *The Register's* opinion:

> "It was not unnatural for Senator King to desire first-hand information concerning conditions in Haiti, for the present diplomatic service of the country is not on a very satisfactory basis. At the same time the action of the President of Haiti in excluding the Utah Senator should serve to emphasize the danger of these unofficial investigations in foreign countries. We have official representation in Haiti, and we ought to be able to get dependable and complete information from these sources on any subject of interest to the American Government and people. If we are unable to get the information through the regular channels, it is an ugly comment on the diplomatic service and those responsible for it.
>
> "Members of Congress are not elected to indulge in these snooping expeditions in foreign countries. After the war Congress felt called upon to send snoopers to Europe to see what scandals involving the American Government could be uncovered. It was an effort to discredit Woodrow Wilson and his associates. It was the real beginning of this era of Congressional snooping in foreign countries. Since that time many Members of Congress have felt called upon to go abroad to get first-hand information concerning certain aspects of our foreign relations. It is not a wise practise. It is likely to do much harm. It might easily involve us in a serious misunderstanding with some foreign country and lead to ugly eventualities.
>
> "Congress should call off its snoopers in foreign lands and force our paid representatives to perform the duties they are paid to perform."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Senator King must feel like the deuce.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Isn't a "diamond farm" in South Africa pretty hard on a plow?—*Detroit News.*

White mule is different; the danger is to those out in front.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

With us Democrats Calvin has attained the pique of his popularity.—*Dallas News.*

The wets and drys are far apart, but not farther than a politician can straddle.—*Key West Citizen.*

Dollar chasers, eh? Well, let some European come over and try to get 'em some other way.—*Springfield State-Register.*

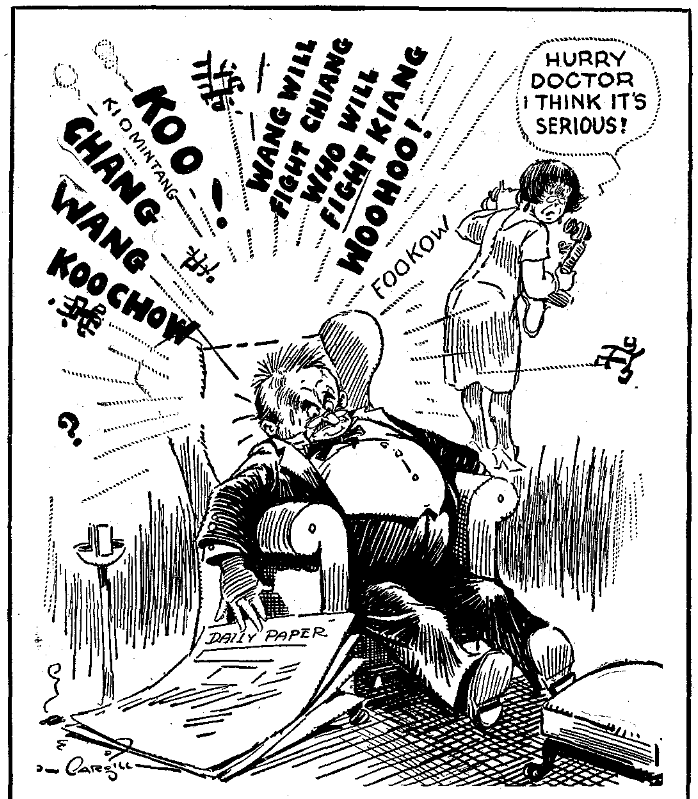
The great question is whether the souvenirs Mr. Coolidge will bring back from his Western vacation will include the bacon.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Ratshosa of Bechuanaland talked continuously for twenty-four hours. Well, Mr. Dawes can't be everywhere at once.—*New York Evening Post.*

Thomas W. Miller, who is said by some to bear a marked resemblance to a goat, is proven guilty of a one-man conspiracy.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"Income-tax receipts for March may touch $600,000,000"—*Head-line.* From the taxpayer's view-point, some touch.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Contempt of the Senate is a crime, according to the Supreme Court. This appears to indicate that Charley Dawes will come to no good end.—*San Diego Union.*



WHO'S WHO IN CHINA

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

It's funny how the automobile that is ten years ahead of its time always comes out the next spring with a greatly improved model.—*El Paso Times.*

Senator King announces that he will not visit Haiti. As Haiti had already made the same announcement, that makes it unanimous.—*Washington Post.*

There are more judges and lawyers in French insane asylums than men of any other profession, but in this country there aren't near enough.—*American Lumberman.*

The Chinese built the Great Wall of China, but the American protectionists are responsible for the Great Wall of Europe now in course of construction.—*Louisville Times.*

One definition of a charity dance is that it is an entertainment at which people with whom it is a charity to dance are given an opportunity of dancing with one another.—*Punch.*

Mr. Upton Close seems to believe the Chinese are determined to run the foreigners out of their country. Sh-h-h, Mr. Close, the Indians will hear you.—*New York Evening Post.*

A good many theories are advanced to explain President Coolidge's decision to spend the summer in the West, but maybe he just wanted to be near Senator Borah.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The ever-receding saturation point in the automobile industry has been put off a few more years by dealers' setting a quota of two or three cars for every family. Here's hoping this won't establish a precedent for the saxophone manufacturers.—*Life.*

To learn all about iceless refrigeration: Invite France to a disarmament parley.—*Detroit News.*

Movement is on to require married men to wear rings. Nose-rings, for choice?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

As the head of the Republic of Haiti, Mr. Borno naturally hasn't much use for a King.—*Marion Star.*

You wouldn't think, to look at Broadway now, that English drama started in the Church.—*Tampa Tribune.*

China ought to be a great nation. Every Chinese laundryman in this country has made his mark.—*El Paso Times.*

No doubt the effect of the President's going West for the summer has been carefully Calculated.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

It's corrupt to swap money for votes, but after you get to the Senate it's all right to swap votes for votes.—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

A Massachusetts historian has discovered that an unlisted passenger came over on the *Mayflower.* That explains everything.—*El Paso Times.*

The Chinese conflict is unfortunate, but if we all had to familiarize ourselves with its names and places it would be simply terrible.—*Dallas News.*

While Nevada may be having a gold-rush, there has been no perceptible falling off in the number of gold-diggers here at home.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

We don't see how those statisticians figure out there is one divorce for every four marriages when each divorce usually paves the way for a couple more marriages.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Nevada House has passed a bill to legalize wide-open gambling. Probably proposes to open a marriage-license bureau at Reno.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Trotzky has announced that he does not agree with having British troops in China. If he did we should want to know what was wrong with the idea.—*Punch.*

Man may have learned how to keep from looking like a fish in the last 200,000,000 years, but he hasn't yet learned to keep his head above water.—*El Paso Times.*

Trying to find a method of farm relief that will be fair to everybody seems to be a good deal like looking for a black cat that is white all over.—*American Lumberman.*

It is estimated that we have 5,000,000 illiterates in the United States, and an even larger number of unfortunates who can't read traffic signals.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A new comet, too small to be seen by the naked eye, has been discovered by the astronomers, and they want a name for it. Why not call it "Farm Relief."—*Chicago Tribune.*

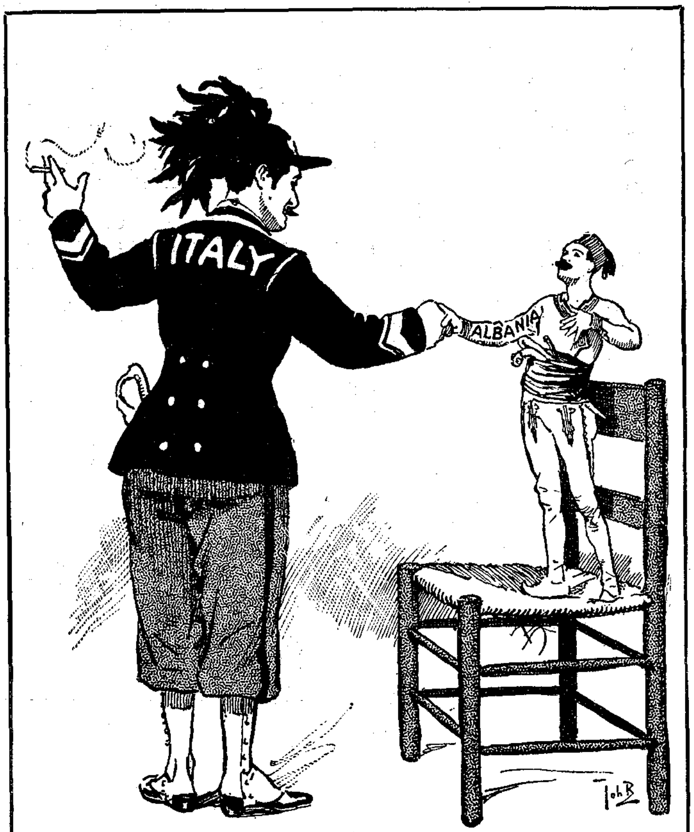
A contemporary describes betting as a means of getting something for nothing. Experience teaches us that it is usually a method of getting nothing for something.—*Punch.*

Fifty-four million years ago the horse was a little thing no bigger than the average cat and considerably smaller than the late Nicodemus and, the way things are going, we guess he might as well begin to revert if he wants to.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

NEW DANGER SIGNALS IN THE BALKANS

THE QUARREL BETWEEN Italy and Jugoslavia, which has arisen as a result of the pact Italy made with Albania last November, is the more perilous in its possibilities, we are told, because it deeply concerns other Powers. According to London press dispatches, the Italian Government notified the British and other Governments that it had received information about the middle of March that preparations were being made on Jugoslav territory for an incursion on a formidable scale into Albania for the purpose of overthrowing the present government at Tirana. The Albanian correspondent of the London *Times* reports that considerable and justifiable anxiety has been aroused by reports of fresh preparations being made on Jugoslav soil for a renewal of the insurrectionary movement against the Albanian Government which failed last November, and this informant adds:



ALBANIA THE LITTLE HELPER

ALBANIA: "If you are ever in trouble you can count on me!"

—*De Groene Amsterdammer.*

> "That malcontent elements have an organization and governing committee in Jugoslavia has long been known. In itself this would not greatly disturb the Albanian Government, which is confident of its ability to defeat any insurgent bands. But a struggle, with an invasion led, equipped and officered by another and stronger Balkan State, is a much more serious problem.
>
> "Following are the facts: for some time past local officials in Southern Jugoslavia have called in well-known Komitaj leaders and instructed them in enrolment at £4 monthly, an attractive wage for an Albanian mountaineer. The Governor of Monastir, between which town and the Albanian border there is a considerable Albanian population, is particularly interested in this measure.
>
> "In the north, General Martinovitch, one time Minister of War in the Montenegrin Government, appears to be equally interested in enrolment of Komitajis. Meetings of the Albanian revolutionary committee and its branches are attended by Jugoslav officials and at times by officers. A certain number of junior officers of the Jugoslav regular Army are with General Martinovitch. All seem to have been put on a pension lately.
>
> "While no important troop movements have occurred, a battalion has been moved to within two hours' march of Scutari, the chief town in Northern Albania, and the garrison of Dibra has been strengthened.
>
> "Other reports give the impression that it is intended when the snows melt to let loose irregular bands against Albania from Dulcingno on the coast as far south as Lake Ohrida, and that, in the event of such invasion, Jugoslavia would declare a frontier zone of a few miles depth to be neutral, and would disclaim all responsibility for what might happen there.
>
> "Should such a situation arise, it is clear that the Treaty of Tirana would become operative, and that Italian aid would stiffen Albanian resistance. It is unnecessary to lay stress on the serious possibilities of such a situation."

"Jugoslavia has only to choose the day and hour if she desires to break her head against the Fascist will," is the downright manner in which the Rome *Tevere* expresses itself, and it goes on to say:

> "How is it possible to fail to use the word 'madness' in speaking of Jugoslavia, for whom we saved an Army; with whom, repressing the pain in our hearts, we began a policy of friendship beyond territorial considerations, and to whom we offered a collaboration which might have seemed unnatural and illogical, but which the desire for peace and Fascist loyalty imposed upon us?
>
> "Jugoslavia, the restless Balkanic creature still torn by party struggles, which we as a great Power have treated as an equal; Jugoslavia, the troublemaker, always trying to provoke us, to-day with the poisoned darts of Raditch, to-morrow with an Albanian insurrection, and then with secret military treaties."

Another Rome newspaper, the *Giornale d'Italia*, denounces France for her supposed support of Jugoslavia's aims, and reminds France that the present imbroglio is dangerous not only to the relations between Rome and Paris, but also to the peace of the whole of Europe. This newspaper alleges that France has systematically, tho secretly, fought Italy in the Balkans, and adds:

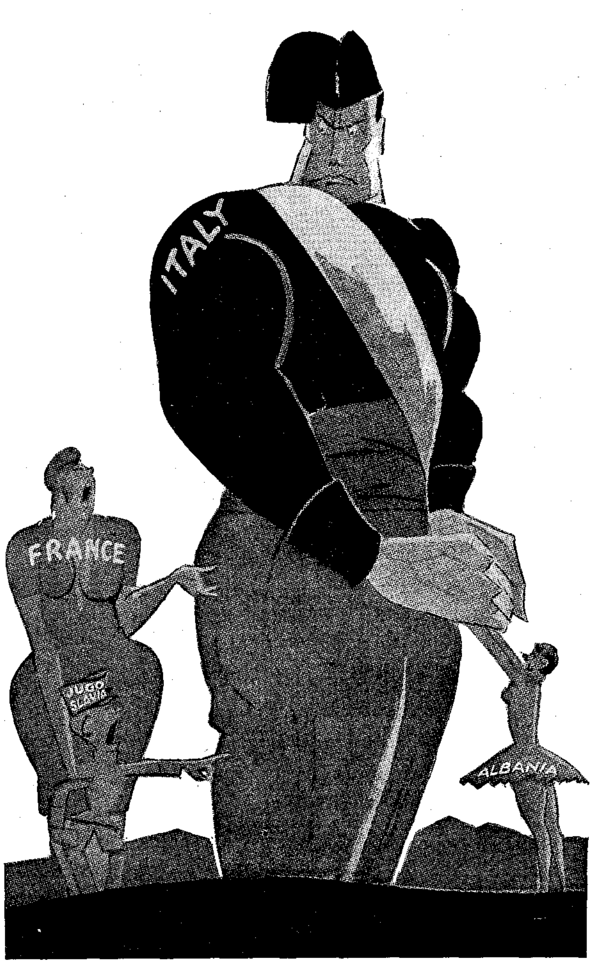
> "Italy does not wish with her constantly alleged but never proved threats against the peace of the world to act as a convenient screen for the aggressive policies of other countries. We ask France only to remain neutral. That is sufficient to maintain good relations between Rome and Paris. This neutrality has not existed hitherto. And France's eagerly given help to the Jugoslav agitation now becomes a new element of confusion in Europe and a new danger to the peace of the peoples of the world who need straightforwardness above everything else to continue in their peaceful work."

What the feeling is in Paris may be gathered from a special cable of Edwin L. James to the New York *Times*, in which he says:

> "The diplomats of Europe are working overtime to dissipate the war-cloud which has spread over the Balkans because of the territorial aspirations of Italy's dictator.
>
> "Mussolini would undoubtedly deny he is to blame. Indeed, he has already done so in all directions. But the hard, cold fact remains that if Italy had not injected herself into Albanian affairs in her tentacular manner, no one would be losing any sleep over one more promised revolution in a revolution-ridden little country of 800,000 inhabitants. And when all is said and done, not even Rome accuses Jugoslavia of trying to gobble up Albania at this time.
>
> "Who can deny reasonably that Italy seeks complete control of

both sides of the Straits of Otranto? She owns one bank, Albania owns the other. Mussolini wants the two banks in the name of Italy's special interests, the main one of which is mastery of the Adriatic Sea. There is also no denying that just as ardently Jugoslavia desires that Italy shall not control Albania and thus bottle up the Adriatic. It is the force and power of Jugoslavia which comes to complicate Mussolini's task."

In Jugoslavia the Belgrade semiofficial *Politika* argued from the start, in commenting on the pact of Tirana, that it was the plan of Italy "to provoke a revolt in Albania which would be used as a pretext for the landing of the Italian troops on Albanian territory, while, at the same time, Bulgaria would get into play from the South in order still more to embarrass Jugoslavia." According to this newspaper "Italy has succeeded in bringing about a close cooperation between the Albanian organization of Kossovo and the Macedonian organization of Bulgaria, with the view of a concerted attack on Jugoslavia, especially in the southern part of it, early in the spring."



AN ITALIAN JIBE AT FRANCE

Marianne: "If you take young Albania under your protection you will have trouble with this wild Serbian lad."

Mussolini: "I don't believe you. Besides, Marianne, don't you think you ought to look after your own affairs and not worry about mine?" —*Il 420* (Florence).

But the extreme Jugoslav opinion concerning Italian "designs" on Albania is not shared by a correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* who has lately traveled extensively in Albania, and who writes:

"For many reasons the sending of a foreign expeditionary force into Albania would not meet with popular approval in Italy itself, because Italy as well as Austria have a bitter recollection of what happened to them on some former occasions. The more one studies Albanian history, the more one finds there a manly, indomitable, mountaineer people that have always crusht the troops of any invader who attempted to conquer them. Turks, Byzantines, Romans, Greeks have all tried to impose their will on Albania and have always failed. There is no Army in the world to-day that could subdue the Albanian population, which is now organized into a State, with a daily increasing national pride and consciousness."

Among the Turkish press we find a leading Turkish newspaper, *Djumhouriet* of Constantinople, alleging that Great Britain is taking sides with Italy. Thus in an article written by its editor, Younouz Nadi Bey, who also is a member of the Turkish Parliament, we read:

"It is the uncontroverted truth that in many questions affecting the Near East, Italy is cooperating with Great Britain, and it may also be stated that this latter Power has promised to help Italy, on account of the many mutual interests of the two countries. The close relations between Great Britain and Italy have brought about many interchanges of visits and views between the Governments of London and Rome, and it is a fact that Italy felt the need of coming to an agreement with Great Britain before she ever attempted to secure her freedom of action in the Adriatic, or to conclude the famous pact with Albania.

"On the other hand, Italy continues a policy of expansion, and Mr. Mussolini quite recently stated that Italy 'must expand or explode.' This confirms those who claim that a complete understanding exists between Great Britain and Italy on this point. Turkish opinion is not pleased at the prospect of an Italian move against our country, altho Rome has repeatedly denied all rumors to that effect. Or is it that Great Britain is trying to create a diversion in the Near East while fighting for her position in the Far East?"

This connection of the Balkans with the greater Eastern question agitating Europe at this time is further evidenced by another Turkish editorial in the Angora *Milliet* from the pen of another Turkish parliamentarian, Mahmoud Bey:

"Altho Turkish opinion remains calm in the face of what is going on in the Balkans, Angora will take its part in the affair when the proper time strikes. It is true that Turkey does not nourish any aggressive designs, but at the same time she can not remain disinterested in the Balkans. It was said in Belgrade, that if it comes to the worst, Jugoslavia will join Soviet Russia and Turkey in a single front. Now such rumors have no value at all. Turkey maintains excellent relations with Italy, and can not let such rumors pass without a denial. Balkan security will be realized only when the policy of secret pacts gives way to an understanding in which all Balkan States will participate on an equal footing. And Turkey will support such a policy."

Greek official opinion is exprest in an editorial of the Athens *Hestia*, which considers that Jugoslavia is placed in a difficult position by the Italian-Albanian pact, and says:

"As far as we know, the Greek view regarding our relations with Jugoslavia have never deviated from the principle that an understanding with Jugoslavia, aimed at the maintenance of the Balkan status quo, and harboring no aggressive designs against any country whatever, is still the best policy, provided Jugoslavia thinks the same way. It is only in case Jugoslavia should not show the same interest for a similar agreement that Greece would be forced to look in another direction."

An American parallel of Italy's position in the Adriatic and that of the United States in Latin America was drawn for a Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* by "a cynical American who keeps in touch with foreign policies on both sides of the Atlantic," and who is quoted as saying:

"Italy has a special interest in controlling the Straits, which means mastery of the Adriatic, just as the United States has a special interest in the Panama Canal Zone. Italy has had a favorably inclined President installed at Tirana in the person of Ahmed Zogu, who has drafted a treaty giving Italy a free hand in Albania. The United States has a favorably disposed President in Diaz, who has drafted a treaty with that country. American troops are in Nicaragua to keep Diaz in power, and what Mussolini wants to do is to put troops in Albania to keep his President in power. Diaz is threatened by the aspirant Sacasa, whereas Ahmed Zogu is threatened by former Premier Fan Noli, who in addition to being a bishop is a graduate of Harvard."

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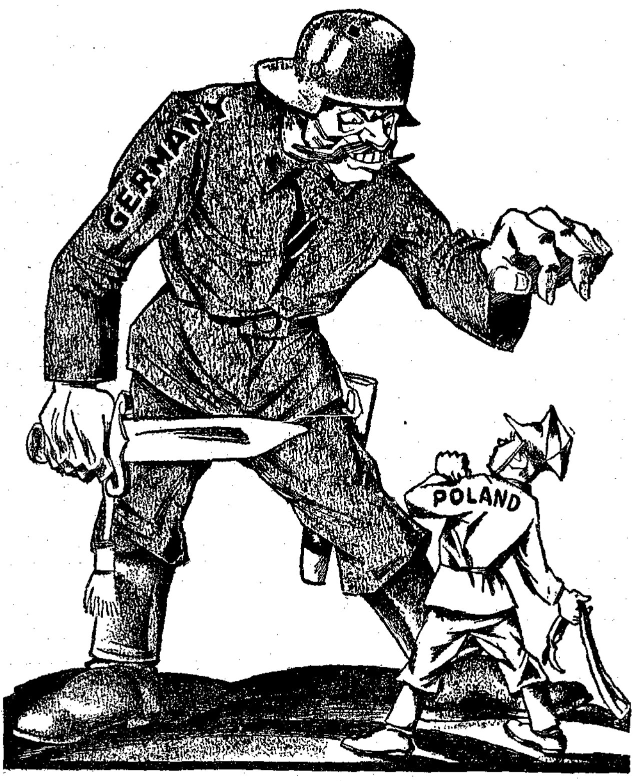
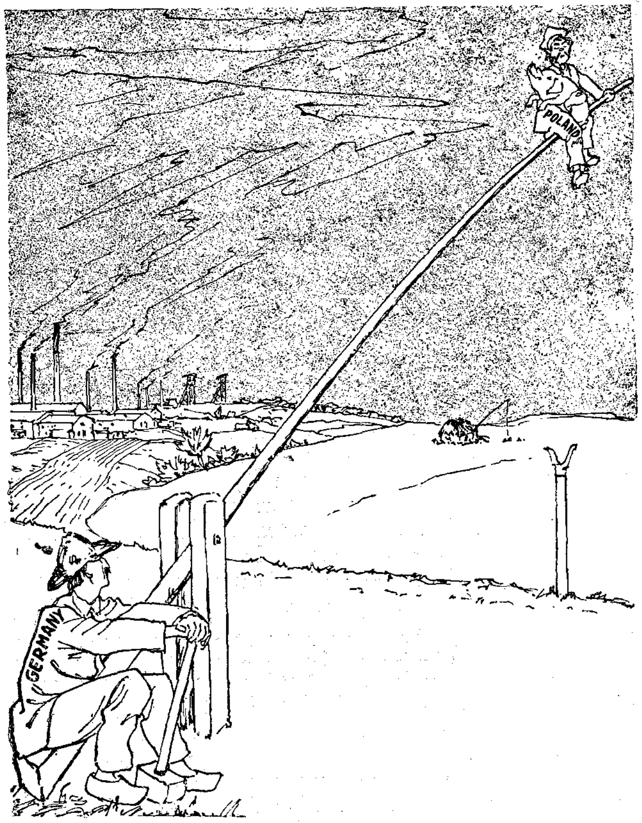


A POLISH JIBE

POLAND: "Don't be so rough, Germany! Remember little David slew big Goliath." —*Mucha* (Warsaw).



GERMAN IRONY

THE POLE (in the air): "I have only to hold out until he gives in, and when he does—" —*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

CARTOON CONTRASTS ON GERMAN-POLISH FRICTION

GERMAN-POLISH BICKERINGS

THE SUSPENSION OF TRADE TREATY negotiations between Germany and Poland adds one more misunderstanding, according to some German editors, to the long list that has been harming relations between the two countries ever since the end of the war. These bickerings would hardly be worth recording, remarks the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, if they did not influence the larger question of the political relations between the two countries as it affects peace in Eastern Europe. While there is no occasion for pessimism, adds this informant, and he tells us that he has been constantly reminded of this fact in German government circles, "it is agreed that life at enmity with neighbors is a luxury no State in present-day Europe can afford." One of the main German grievances against Poland, we are advised by the German press, is that the Polish Government is alleged to pursue a policy of harsh reprisals against German citizens in its territory and also against German-born Polish citizens. But according to some non-German observers, the Poles would seem only to be giving a dose of the same medicine that the Germans dealt out to the Poles for centuries with prodigal liberality.

This, it is charged by the German press, explains why there is a continuous "state of war" in Upper Silesia, where hundreds of thousands of Polish-born Germans live. A year ago, it is averred, more than 8,000 German-born children were expelled by the Polish Government from the German "minority schools" established under the Geneva Convention in Upper Silesia. But it is admitted by some German editors that this particular case was solved at the March session of the League of Nations, when a compromise was worked out. Yet the German press maintain that there are hundreds of other such cases that remain unsolved and that is why the German-Polish quarrel continues to prevent the two countries from working out a satisfactory method of economic cooperation. Says the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung:*

"Will the Polish or the French press deny that in the German districts that were given to Poland, the Polish authorities have for years been carrying on a policy of denationalization of German-born elements, and even expulsion of German-born citizens? Is it not true that a million Germans had to expatriate themselves from these regions? Why did the Polish authorities quite recently expel twelve German clergymen from Westphalia? Is it not true that the industrial enterprises of Upper Silesia have recently received an order from the Polish Government to communicate to the police the names of their workmen and employees whose children are receiving education in German schools? And how about the liquidation of the land belonging to Germans?

"Thanks to the energetic intervention of the League of Nations the so-called Vienna Agreement on the just liquidation of these properties was concluded. But this agreement is not being observed by the Polish authorities. They are simply confiscating the property of 3,500 farmers without compensating them. This short and incomplete enumeration of facts suffices to bring out the aggressively anti-German character of the Polish policy. Yet there is one more question which one may ask. Why does Poland, which is economically weak and disorganized, keep an Army of 450,000 men which eats up over 40 per cent. of her State budget? . . . Indeed, it would be useless to conclude commercial treaties with a country which treats in an essentially medieval manner not only German citizens, but also its own citizens, who are of German extraction or speak German. There can be no normal commercial relations with a country which may any day expel a German trader or traveler as a 'traitor,' for the sole reason that he is a German."

One German explanation for the breaking off of the trade negotiations between Germany and Poland is given by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, as follows:

"The German Government instructed its Ambassador in Warsaw to submit to the Polish Government a protest against the expulsion of four Germans who were employed in an industrial organization in Upper Silesia from Poland. Officially the Polish authorities explained this banishment by the fact that the four Germans in question were 'undesirable foreigners,' tho they recognized at the same time that these Germans were 'undesirable' not in the sense of the generally accepted international 'undesirability,' but in the sense that they held jobs which might be held by Polish citizens. It is but natural that this measure should have put an end to the negotiations over the commercial treaty, for one of the main questions to be decided by this treaty is the right of German nationals to reside in Poland. Indeed, what is the use of negotiating any treaty if the residence of a German national in Poland can be so abruptly cut short by expulsion without cause? Negotiations for the conclusion of the commercial treaty have been going on between Germany and Poland for two and a half years. Yet one could never attach great hopes to them."

The *Koelnische Zeitung* adds this:

"When the protest of the German Government was handed to the Polish Government, a 'storm of Polish indignation' broke out in Pomerania and in Posen. The Polish press which, for two weeks before that, displayed unprecedented enmity to Germany, stated clearly that negotiations should be severed. It must be stated here that German feelings were hurt not only by the exile of four Germans against which the Government of the Reich protested, for together with these four, scores of other Germans were exiled from Posen. Engineers, traders, artizans, scientists—all elements of the German population have suffered. Meanwhile, the Polish press is full of articles like this: 'Now, at last, the Germans have challenged us, and we must accept their challenge. We must show to them that we are stronger than they are, and that we will hold out until a complete triumph over their Junkers. Therefore—forward, into the fray! Our victory over the German pride will be recognized and admired by the entire world!' Such articles are nothing less than a provocation for violent outbreaks. The only thing we can advise German nationals to do is to keep as far away as possible. Moreover, since neither the French nor the English language is spoken in Poland, almost all foreigners speak German there. Therefore, it will not be astonishing if some day the French or British residing in Poland also become acquainted with the Polish rubber whip or stick. Let us remember that the French and the Belgians who look like Jews and speak German have already been thrashed more than once in Posen."

Meanwhile, this paper tells us further, the absence of a workable commercial treaty between Germany and Poland badly affects the economic interests of both these countries, especially of Poland. For, it says, because of the tariff war Polish imports into Germany have considerably decreased during 1926. German imports into Poland, it adds, have increased by some 30 per cent., yet this is far from what they might be. Some Polish statesmen, this paper tells us further, understand that this situation is abnormal, and it quotes Mr. Gawronski as saying that "since the two countries have many economic interests in common, the result of their misunderstandings is that Germany does not gain what it might gain and that Poland is losing what it might gain." Unfortunately, this paper concludes, not all the Poles understand this. The *Berliner Tageblatt* believes that some Nationalistic German journals are "unjustifiably aggressive in attacking the Poles as a nation of bandits and parasites suffering from a mania of grandeur and having no civilization." Yet this daily indorses the "protest of the German Government, which is entirely approved by the business circles of Germany, too, and which gives to the Poles the last chance to change their mind on the question of the expulsion of German nationals from Poland."

A Berlin dispatch relates that when Mr. Pradzynski, head of the Polish Trade Delegation, handed his Government's note to the German delegation it transpired that—

"The Polish Government had decided that no useful purpose was to be served by further discussions between the two trade delegations of the right of *domicile* and expulsion. . . .

"In acknowledging the receipt of this decision, Mr. Pradzynski explained in his letter that he found it impossible to enter into a discussion, because the reasons advanced for the German Government's resolve went beyond the limits of trade treaty negotiation. He felt, however, bound to place on record his Government's opinion that the interruption of the Berlin negotiations was by no means justified; on the contrary, the Polish Government was convinced that it could not but delay and render more difficult the achievement of economic agreements between the two countries."

SOUTH AFRICA SOLVES A PROBLEM

THE GREAT BITTERNESS that has raged for many years in the controversy about the rights of Indians living in South Africa is said to have been wiped out by the agreement reached between the South African Government and a delegation from India. The full significance of the agreement, we are told, lies in the sentence stating that British Indians who wish to remain in South Africa, and are prepared to adopt "Western standards of life" may do so, and go about their concerns as freely as any European, and will not be segregated. A correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes:

"It is not a whit too much to say that if this provision be lived up to faithfully by both sides there is here the beginning of a solution of the color problem throughout the Empire. Only those who have lived in the Union, and noted the conditions of racial life there, can fully realize what a tremendous step in the improvement of racial relationships is covered by this phrase. The European worker, especially the retail business man, has always had a certain case against the British Indian in South and East Africa.

"The European trader holds, with justice, that it is not fair that he should have to observe certain sanitary conditions, send his children to school, keep certain hours of business, and pay certain rates, while his Indian competitor, whose wife and usually numerous family are all 'spanned into' his business, does not observe these standards. To this the reply of Mr. Gandhi and other Indian leaders has always been, in effect, that they recognize the unfairness of this competition and invite the local Government or municipal authority to use all the powers of its police or municipal services to force any offenders to come into line with the higher standard."

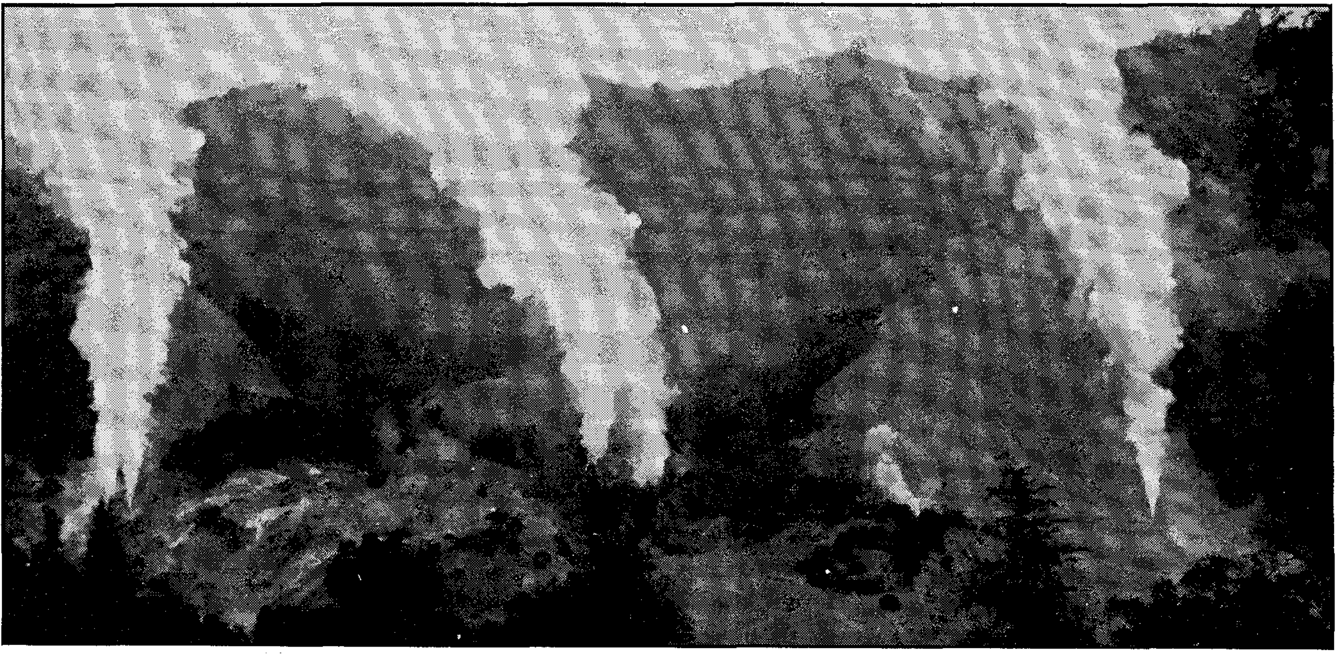
This contributor to *The Guardian* goes on to say that he speaks with some knowledge on this point because nearly twenty years ago, when the trouble reached one of its numerous acute phases, and Mr. Gandhi and some of his friends lay in prison, he acted as a confidential intermediary between the South African Government and the Indian leaders. We read then:

"Over and over again Mr. Gandhi assured me that the Indians were perfectly prepared to accept the principle that only a very small number of their people should seek admission to South Africa, and that these or any others would have to accept European standards or abide the consequences, in the shape of prosecutions as frequent and as harrying as the police and sanitary departments cared to make them. What they would not accept, what they would strenuously and continuously resist, was attempted assertion of the principle that, whatever their degree of culture or mode of life, they should, because they were Indians and because the color of their skin was different from the color of the British skin, in no circumstances be allowed to live and carry on their business as free men.

"General Smuts on that occasion made an earnest effort to bring about an understanding, and full credit is due to him, tho he may not have foreseen that many years afterward the promising result now announced would be reached. This result is all the more promising because General Hertzog and his colleagues, who have so fairly and so wisely conducted the negotiations from the South African side, represent a party many degrees more anti-Indian that that led by General Smuts ever was. There is an additional guaranty in the fact that the South African Government has agreed to the instalment within the Union of a special representative of the Indian Government, whose duty it will be to supervise the working of the scheme.

"It does not seem dangerously optimistic to say that, if this agreement affecting the Indians be carried out in the spirit in which both sides have reached it, there will almost certainly be a by-result which will prove quite as important as its main result. There can not well be the improvement in relations between Europeans and Indians in South Africa, which the agreement foreshadows, without there being a corresponding improvement in the Europeans' relations with their native African neighbors. Hitherto, in almost every considerable South African town, two spectacles have presented themselves—on the one side the trim, well-kept European settlement; on the other, as far away as possible, a miserable, squalid collection of horrible hovels called the native location. Its people have been without political power and without municipal or any other power except the grim power which comes to it when pestilence breaks out."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



CALIFORNIA STEAM WELLS THAT MAY SOMETIME TURN THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Engineers are studying how to use this natural power in Alexander Valley, Sonoma County, California.

POWER FROM NATURE'S BOILERS

IN THE WESTERN STATES, particularly in California, is developing a new source of power, both inexpensive and apparently plentiful. California is blest, we are told by Uthai Vincent Wilcox, writing in *Business* (Detroit), with direct connections to a huge subterranean power-plant that supplies power more cheaply than do our rivers and mountain streams. Writes Mr. Wilcox:

"Industrial development on a large scale seems to be likely in the much-discust thermal regions of Alexander Valley, in Sonoma County, California. Even now there is under way a plan so carefully and laboriously prepared, and scientific, as to affect, directly, population centers throughout the country.

"Familiar mostly to tourists, Sonoma County long has been a Mekka for addicts to mud baths, sulfur springs, hot and cold mineral waters of all kinds. But now, it seems, Dame Nature in this locality is destined to furnish, as well, live steam with which to drive the wheels of industry.

"Engineers are investigating the strange forces that spout steam into the air, under tremendous pressure, through the geysers and steam vents that dot Sonoma County and certain localities in other Western States. Unlike similar phenomena in a number of other countries, the steam that issues from the ground in California is comparatively free of impurities.

"Years ago, these strange steam vents were treated as scientific phenomena and no more. No one thought seriously of putting them to work, until the idea struck J. D. Grant, a large property owner of the valley, and others with a scientific turn of mind, that here, beneath their feet, was a source of power whose potential commercial possibilities might be unlimited.

"The Carnegie Institution's geophysical laboratory undertook an investigation that has lasted for many years and now is nearing completion. Dr. E. T. Allen, chemist of the geophysical laboratory, and Dr. Arthur L. Day, its director, have spent considerable time seeking to obtain an accurate measure of the possibilities of the steam wells that now stand ready for harnessing.

"'Six wells,' said Allen, 'have been drilled to depths of from 200 to 500 feet, closed in and completed. The capacity of four of these wells averages 1,000 kilowatts, and the two others, altho somewhat less powerful, possess a valuable store of energy. One of the wells produces 50,000 pounds of steam an hour, and the roar of the escaping steam may be heard for miles.

"'The geophysical laboratory has undertaken a great amount of work, testing temperatures and pressures within the wells, determining the kind and amount of gases that accompany the steam, investigating the hot springs and natural steam vents of the area and their radiation to the rocks and other geologic elements, and the natural chemical processes that are in progress. All this has been undertaken for the purpose of determining the ultimate cause of the phenomenon.

"'The subject is intensely interesting, from either the standpoint of science or of economics. Endurance tests are now in progress, and if they turn out as well as the previous tests, it is expected that a large amount of capital will be expended in further drilling, in the construction of big power-plants, and in the actual marketing of this natural power.

"'Until now there has been no decrease in the steam pressure, altho several of the wells have been left open continuously for months. The technical difficulties in the construction of a suitable power-plant to operate from these wells are considerable, but they already have been overcome in Italy, where a similar project has been successfully completed by Prince Ginori Conti.'

"Dr. Day, director of the laboratory, describes the examination of the steam thus:

"'The quantity of uncondensable gases that we found in the steam was unexpectedly small, amounting to only one and one-half per cent. This is an important factor in favor of commercial exploitation. The acid content, too, is so small that I am sure it would not corrode the casing of a well, the valves, or any machinery.'

"No water has been supplied to these experimental wells from above ground, according to Dr. Day. From some subterranean channel, water in a continuous stream, apparently, comes in contact with molten earth, for altho a recent summer in California was extraordinarily dry, the steam columns from these wells did not drop in pressure.

"Two of the wells, when tested by a big electrical corporation, gave such a promising demonstration that other power companies and promoters are eager for the Carnegie Institute to investigate similar 'steam fields' elsewhere. Dr. Allen admits that 'there are, in fact, in many parts of California and Nevada, manifestations of volcanic energy not unlike that under observation in Sonoma County; and, if the project here is successful, it would not surprize me to see power plants, using natural steam, in a number of places.'"

Scientists claim that these strange manifestations are evidence that at one time these portions of the country were active volcanic regions. Spots have been found recently where three feet underground the temperature reaches 400 degrees. In Italy, Mr. Wilcox goes on to tell us, the successful development of steam wells is found in Tuscany, northwest of Rome. Here, over an area of some forty square miles, are numbers of wells, called puffing holes. From one, the steam spurts in high-pressure jets; around others are formed miniature craters of boiling water. To-day, the valley contains a number of thriving towns that owe their existence to these freaks of nature. He goes on:

"Volterra, one of the oldest towns in the world, even older than Rome, was the first town to use electricity generated by natural steam power from the earth. Now, however, this underground steam supplies electricity to Siena, Florence, and other cities on Italy's west coast.

"A puffing hole near Larderello yields from 6,600 to 30,000 pounds of steam an hour, at a temperature of 356 degrees Fahrenheit. To generate in an ordinary boiler the power delivered by eleven average puffing holes would require the consumption of ten tons of coal an hour.

"So much for Italy, whose engineers have put to work natural steam that contains considerably more impurities than does the natural steam found in California. In the Alexander Valley it will not be necessary to use aluminum piping to prevent corrosion. In Italy no other metal will serve. And in California there is a considerably greater amount of potential underground power.

"In Hawaii, too, the Government is drilling for steam near the crater of Kilauea. If, then, nature's own boilers are tapped successfully in California, in Nevada, in Hawaii, and possibly in Yellowstone Park and other regions, is it stretching the imagination too far to assume that the national business map in time may reveal a number of new and great industrial cities in localities that now are sparsely inhabited?"

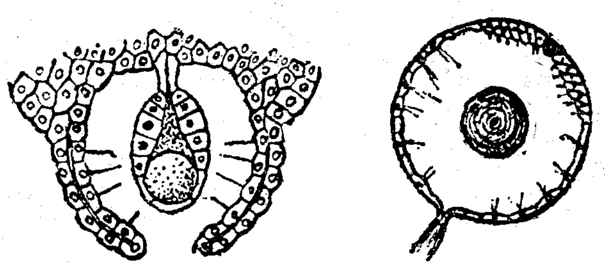
ELASTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC FILMS—Photographs taken with a small camera are frequently enlarged to a more desirable size. This is especially advantageous in travel, where a large camera would be unwieldy. News comes from Germany that a new specially treated film has been put on the market which can be soaked and then stretched to any desired size, afterward being slipt upon a glass plate and dried. The advantages of this method consist in making unnecessary the dark room required in the ordinary enlarging process. Cheapness, too, is a factor, for the new film "Kluni," can be furnished at a very low cost when prepared in large quantities. We read in *Umschau* (Frankfort):

"The degree of extensibility depends on the thickness of the film and the temperature of the water in which it is soaked. Experimentally it can be stretched until it is ten times the original size.

"In ordinary commercial practise the size of the picture is double the original. With proper precautions the enlarged film can be transferred to a clean glass plate to which it adheres when dry, so as to form a new negative of twice the size. In stretching, there is an alteration in the percentage of silver in the emulsion, so that the film is thinner than at first. But experiment has shown this to be practically negligible, as is the slight corresponding alteration in the grain of the picture."

SENSES THAT WE LACK

MAN HAS FIVE SENSES, the text-books tell us, without counting "common sense," which is often lacking. But on closer examination, says a writer who signs himself "Onyx," in *L'Echo de Paris*, we may see that this classification is arbitrary, and that we are really much better provided. Our ears, for instance, not only enable us to hear; they also, by means of the semicircular canals, located according to the three dimensions of space, inform us of our attitudes and bodily movements. Besides form, our eyes show us also colors—which is not done by those of certain other creatures, nocturnal ones, for instance; and our skin is susceptible not only to touch, but also to heat-rays. Then, too—



SOMETIMES A STATOCYST MIGHT BE USEFUL

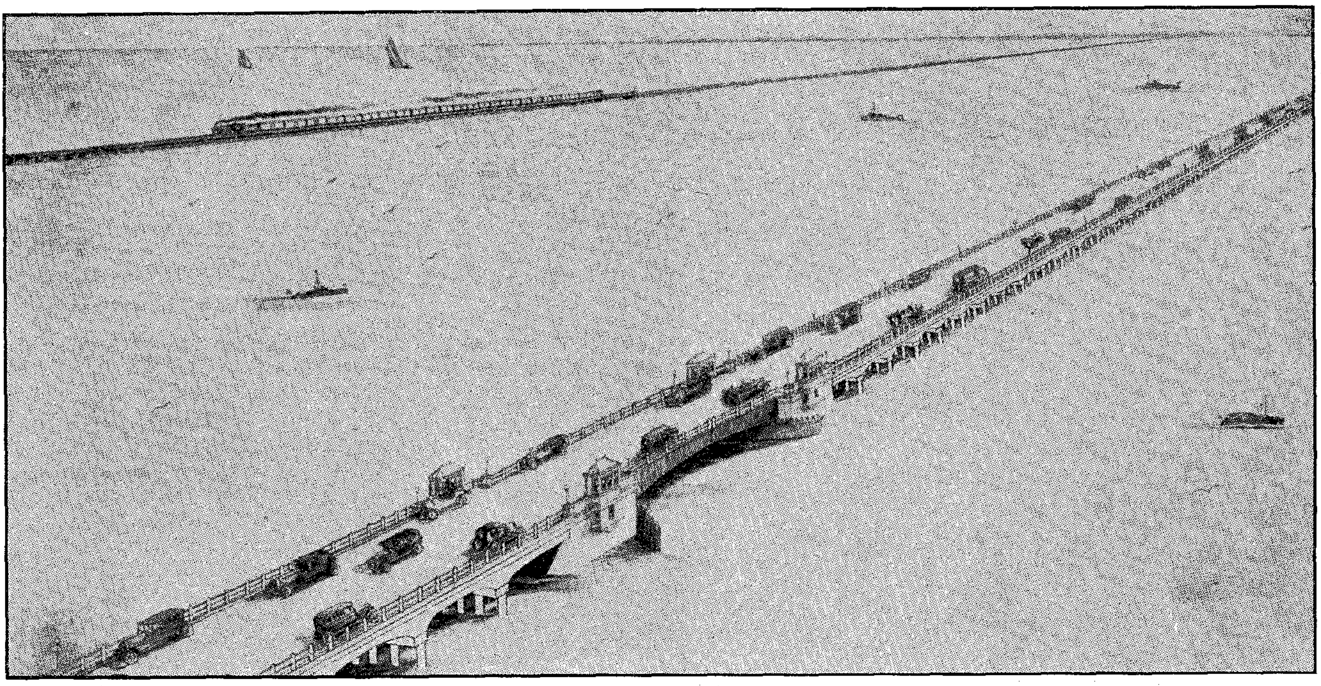
Here are two types of statocysts, a sort of plumb-line by which certain primitive creatures know whether they are upright or not. At the left is a statocyst of a medusa, including a pendulum-like apparatus; at the right, that of a mollusk.

"Besides this information about the exterior world, our brain receives also internal sensations. Special nerves tell us of muscular contraction, the stretching of tendons and the condition of various organs. Man is thus probably the best furnished of all living beings with useful sensations; he must recognize, however, that some animals possess sense-organs that we lack, and that our organism fails to perceive directly a host of radiations or physical states, whose existence has been shown us by science. Sensitiveness to chemical, tactile, luminous, calorific and vibratory impressions is a primordial property of protoplasm, so we find the simplest creatures, without any differentiated sense-organs at all, reacting to all these impressions. One of the first specialized devices that we meet is the 'statocyst,' which plays the part of a plumb-line, telling the creature of its position with regard to the vertical. In medusæ, for example, the arrangement is like a small bell. The 'clapper,' by striking the sensitive hairs that line the cavity in which it hangs, indicate to the animal to which side it is leaning and how it should straighten up. We find statocysts, with a heavy mass hanging freely in a cavity, in worms, mollusks, crustaceans, and fishes; their number and arrangement vary, and as the suspended mass is sensitive to vibration, it is probable that they frequently constitute primitive auditory organs.

"The rôle of the statocyst has been shown by a curious experiment due to Kreide. Replacing with particles of iron the suspended calcareous mass in a crab, he placed a powerful magnet above it. Feeling the particles coming into contact with the upper wall of the statocyst, which would happen normally only when it was upside down, the crab at once turned over and swam belly-up. It thus possest for the moment a 'magnetic sense' that no animal has normally.

"Fishes, so badly provided with sight and hearing, have remarkable sense-organs adapted to their particular habitat. Thus many of them are able to appreciate the depth at which they are swimming, owing to a special pressure-gage connected with the swimming-bladder. A more valuable organ still is the 'lateral line'—a canal that runs beneath the skin, along each side of the body and communicates with the outside world through orifices at several points. In the canal, corresponding to the orifices, are small organs that respond to vibrations. This device makes it possible for the fish to know exactly from what direction water-waves caused by its enemies or its prey are approaching. As the front or rear organs are first affected, the fish knows that the wave is coming from before or behind.

"If we may judge from the odd character of their sense-organs, insects should have a strange idea of the world—very different from ours. What must they see with their huge eyes, made of compound lenses! Ears are replaced with enigmatic devices, sensitive to vibration, but located in all sorts of queer places, such as the thorax or the leg. Their antennæ form very important organs of sense, not only of touch and smell, but also sometimes of hearing, as is the case with the feathery antennæ of male mosquitoes. Some male butterflies recognize the odor of the female several miles away. As for ants, their sense of 'contact odor,' enables them, according to Forel, to



By courtesy of *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore)

THE FIVE-MILE BRIDGE WHICH WILL MAKE NEW ORLEANS EASIER TO REACH BY AUTOMOBILE

acquire an idea of locality by the juxtaposition of olfactory sensations, as we do it by means of visual images.

"There have been described in some animals organs with an eyelike structure, but with a crystalline lens or a cornea opaque to the visible rays of the spectrum. It is supposed that these are 'thermoscopic' organs, sensitive to the infra-red or heat-rays. This is notably the case with the frontal eye of lizards and the 'third eye' of vertebrates, of which man has a rudiment in his pineal gland. At the other end of the spectrum, the ultra-violet rays, which we can not see, very clearly influence protozoans and even some shellfish and insects. As for the X-rays and the Hertzian waves, it would appear that they are not perceived directly by any living creature.

"To complete this list, we should also mention the 'sense of moisture,' which, almost nonexistent with us, is so fully developed in certain creatures, such as mollusks, frogs and cats, that their migrations or movements have always been regarded as barometric, or more properly hygrometric, indications."

OUR LONGEST HIGHWAY BRIDGE

LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, is to have the longest highway bridge of the type ever undertaken in the United States. It will provide an automobile outlet to the East and will connect this city with the Mississippi gulf coast, which has been making phenomenal development during the past two years. Says Thomas Ewing Dabney, of New Orleans, writing in *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore):

"The bridge is being constructed by the Watson-Williams syndicate across Lake Pontchartrain, a link in the Old Spanish Trail. It will be about 10,000 feet longer than the famous Gandy bridge of Florida, a monolithic structure of reinforced concrete, upon concrete piling. Approaches through marshlands on the north and south shores will be about five miles each. With these approaches the bridge will cost $5,500,000, approximately $5,000,000 of which is outside capital brought into New Orleans.

"For the past several months the Raymond Concrete Pile Company of N. York, contractor, has been building its plant and has recently begun operations on the job. At about the same time was begun the work of throwing up embankments for the approaches on each side of the lake.

"The Raymond plant is in Slidell, Louisiana, on the north shore of Pontchartrain, where the northern end of the bridge enters upon the land. Part of the Canulette shipbuilding yard at Slidell has been turned over to the company, which has assembled some $450,000 of equipment, with rail and waterfront facilities. Rail facilities consist of enough trackage to handle 5,000 cars during the next twelve months. These will carry sand and gravel from the pits of St. Tammany parish, a few miles from the concrete yard, where it will be used in making concrete piling, and from which place it will be barged to the job. With this exception practically every ton of material used in the bridge will be handled by water; the steel and cement from Birmingham, Alabama. These materials are now arriving in unbroken barge-loads of the Mississippi-Warrior Barge Line. This water transportation is especially significant to a section that owed its original rise to river freight business, and which to-day is seeing a heavier tonnage carried on the Mississippi River than the greatest records in the golden age of steamboats, and is besides being served by nearly a dozen trunk-line railroads.

"The plant at Slidell is merely an enlarged concrete mixer. It consists of machinery and trackage and wharves to handle material, a 100-ton gantry crane to lift piling after they have been cast, supply sheds and concrete-mixing towers. Piling will be 24 inches square, 40 to 80 feet in length, according to the depth of the water and the penetration required. A hundred and twenty forms have been built and casting has begun. The piling will sustain a weight of 263 tons, as compared with a required 51 tons."

To complete the bridge by the scheduled date, February 15, 1928, a capacity of only 240 yards of concrete is required, whereas the plant can furnish 400. The extra capacity is provided to make up for possible delays. To quote again:

"The structure will contain two bascule drawbridges, one 150 feet long in the clear and the other 110 feet. The viaduct will be an arched-beam concrete structure, 30 feet wide between curbs, having 35-foot spans, supported on reinforced pile bents. The roadway will be about 15 feet above mean water-level. There will be a reinforced handrail along each side of the bridge, but no sidewalks. The structure has been designed for three lines of vehicular traffic, and will conform to standard specifications by the American Association of State Highway Officials.

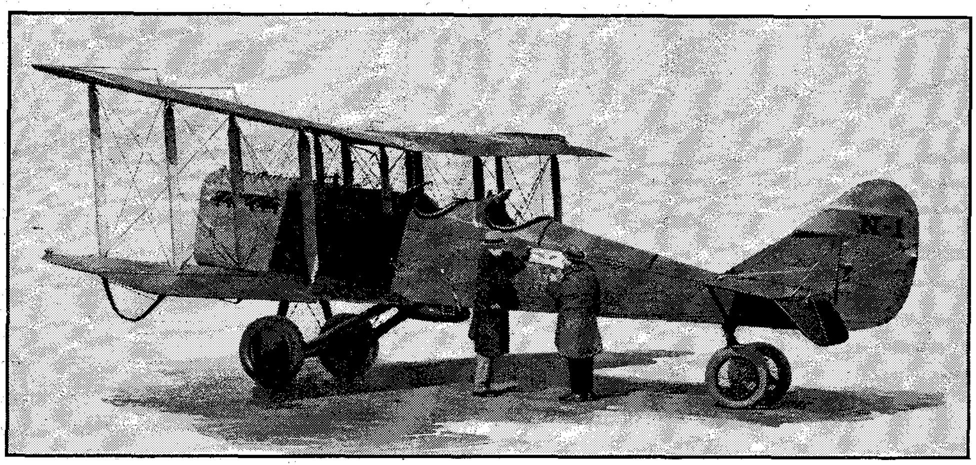
"The roadway of the entire bridge will have a wearing surface of natural rock asphalt. It will be illuminated at night by a double line of electric lights.

"Out in the lake the first mighty drawbridge pier is now being cast. A cofferdam of steel has been sunk, and mud and silt dredged out of the lake bottom excavated to a depth of 12 feet. This pier will be 50 feet square on the base, and will rise in reduced size about 15 feet above the lake-level. The lake itself is 10 to 15 feet deep. Three other piers will be built in similar manner. When all phases of the work are under way there will be about 400 men engaged.

"Toll rates will be $1.25 for each automobile and driver and 10 cents for each additional passenger, 10 cents of each automobile fee to go to the State Highway Department. The maintenance of the bridge and building and maintenance of the highway approaches will be paid by the building company. The bridge syndicate is bound to sell the bridge to the State at any time the public can take it over at cost of the work plus 10 per cent. and minus deterioration. The announced toll is on the same basis as ferry charges for transportation across Chef Menteur and the Rigolets, the route that traffic now follows, and the franchise requires that rates be further reduced with the growth of traffic. It is estimated that 625,000 cars will use the bridge the first year. This is considered to be one of the most important steps ever taken toward opening to the rest of the United States a city originally built upon an island, and which has continued almost to the present time to be something of an island, at least from the standpoint of automobile accessibility."

TRAFFIC RULES FOR AIRCRAFT

LIKE THE RULES FOR AUTO DRIVERS are the traffic rules for aircraft just issued for the first time by the Aeronautics Branch of the U. S. Department of Commerce, reports H. C. Davis in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York). Reading them, he says, it is easy to imagine the day when the air will be thick with airplanes, and traffic officers may direct the streams of flyers from captive balloons. Now right of way and license numbers belong as much to the air as to the motor road, as set forth in the Government's new rules. He goes on:



By courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

FIRST PLANE LICENSED BY THE GOVERNMENT UNDER NEW SKY TRAFFIC RULES

It is for government use and bears the nationality mark "N." The two men are examining the identification plate, which, on all planes, must "be affixt to the fuselage in a prominent place."

"First rule of all, you must have a pilot's license—without this you can not take the air, unless you would risk a $500 fine. There may be as yet no 'motor cops' of the air to blow a whistle and shout, 'Pull over to that hill—let's see your license!' but it is well to carry on your person the certificate that proves you have passed an official pilot's examination.

"A simple test is all that is required for a 'private pilot's' license—one who flies for pleasure, not for pay. In figure 8's, you circle two pylons and make several landings. Then a written examination proves you know how an airplane engine works; that a plane in distress at night fires a succession of Very lights; that a seaplane alighted in a fog must use a fog-horn. Your test is less severe than that for 'industrial pilots,' who carry commodities, or for 'transport pilots,' who carry paid passengers.

"Now you may fly, but take care that you observe the 'rules of the road.' See that plane about to cross your path, just emerged from the white cloud bank on your right? You must wait to let him by; he has the right of way. A moment, and he is past; the 'road' is clear. There is no speed limit. Without warning, a plane thunders straight toward you out of the mist ahead. Coolly you swerve to the right, and pass him.

"Now you are overtaking another craft—the letters on his tail are easily visible. Pull over your rudder, sharply!—for you must give him plenty of room as you pass on his right—at least 300 feet, the regulation is. He might strike a treacherous air current and be hurled against you if you were near him. Throttle wide open, you go by.

"You decide to alter your course. You turn to the left, dive through a cloud, and swoop down to a lower level. There, almost beneath you, is a field black with people and lined with parked cars. Don't go below a thousand feet; that's the safety limit for an open-air crowd. A balloon ascension is in progress; the balloonist has just left the ground, and is wobbling skyward in his spherical ship. Turn out as you approach him; the right of way is his.

"A graceful landing ends your day's flight. Home again, there is one thing more you must do. In a log that you keep for the purpose, make a brief record of your flight. Every three months you will send a duplicate of this log to the Secretary of Commerce at Washington. It must contain, also, notes of any repairs you have made on your plane, of the engine's running time, and of the result of the inspection you are required to make before each flight. Thus the Secretary has at hand the condition of every licensed plane in the country.

"Like an automobile, every plane must now be registered and carry a license number. Huge figures painted on the wings and rudder serve as license plates, and are visible from above or below and from either side. A letter prefix signifies the airplane's class. 'P' indicates a private craft, flown for pleasure; 'C' designates a commercial plane, while aircraft owned by States or cities are marked with an 'S.' U. S. Government planes carry special letters, according to their department.

"So an air pilot nowadays may lose his license because some one 'took his number.' If he violates any of the air traffic rules, his certificate may be suspended or taken away."

HEART-THUNDERINGS BY LOUD-SPEAKER

AN ELECTRIC STETHOSCOPE with radio loud-speakers attached rumbled and roared recently with the noise of human heart-beats amplified 10,000,000,000 times in its first clinical demonstration at the University of Pennsylvania, says a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Two hundred members of the junior class of the Medical School took notes as the dull roaring of the hearts of eight patients of the university hospital, one at a time, reverberated throughout the hospital auditorium.

"The patients, all of whom are afflicted with some form of heart ailment, were wheeled, one by one, on their beds into the center of the amphitheater beside the huge apparatus flanked by two large, rectangular loud-speakers, and had the stethoscope placed on their chests.

"As the first patient was 'hooked up' with the radiolike apparatus, a rumbling as of distant thunder filled the room.

"'That's the heart-beat,' explained Dr. C. J. Gamble, assistant instructor in pharmacology, who, with H. F. Hopkins, of the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Company, New York, in charge of the heart-beat amplifier, conducted the class.

"'This is amplified 10,000,000,000 times,' said Dr. Gamble.

"The roaring was irregular, as if a man were pounding on a barrel with a hammer, alternating the interval between the strokes.

"Dr. Gamble explained that the machine was the result of seven years' work in the Bell Company laboratories. It was devised especially to enable students to become familiar with heart sounds in diagnosis. The demonstration, Dr. Gamble said, was its début in actual work. Heart-beats have been heard over the radio before, but this was the first time the beats have been amplified to such an extent.

"Differences in the heart-beats of the several patients were discernible to the lay auditor. Some hearts beat rapidly, slowing up when the patient held his breath momentarily at the request of Dr. Gamble. Others were irregular.

"The most interesting patient was a sixteen-year-old high-school boy. He grinned when he heard his own heart-beats pounding into his ears, watched the blackboard chart of his heart's functioning, and waved his hand in a cheery good-by as he was wheeled out."

NO SOLAR X-RAYS

LIGHT AND HEAT, in usable quantities—and sometimes in objectionable amounts—we owe to the sun; but the stimulating X-ray reaches us only from the distant stars. Why this is so—if it is so in fact—is explained by an hypothesis put forth recently by an English astronomer and popularized in an interesting article contributed by Charles Nordmann to *Le Matin* (Paris). Mr. Nordmann reminds us that the letter X is the algebraic symbol of mystery—it signifies the unknown. This is why the name of "X-ray" was applied to the radiation discovered by Roentgen when nothing was known about it. To-day, he says, we know that these rays are waves like those of light, but vastly shorter, and that they are propagated like it, at the same speed. Thus the X-rays are X-rays no longer. He goes on to say:

"But lately the discovery that X-rays are continually reaching us from the celestial spaces bids fair to endow them again with the element of mystery, for we know nothing, at present, of the origin of these celestial rays.

"As they are nearly as intense at night as by day, they can not come from the sun. On the other hand, according to the investigations of Kolhorster, they are peculiarly strong when the Milky Way is in the zenith.

"Here is a singular paradox; how can it be that these rays reach us with less intensity from our sun—our nearest star—than from the far-distant stars of the Milky Way?

"To answer this question, we have at our disposal the fascinating game of Hypotheses. Among those that hitherto offer the highest probability, we may mention that formulated by the English astronomer Jeans.

"Jeans thinks that all the energy, all the radiation, of the stars proceeds from the gradual annihilation of their substance. This takes place because the different electrons that make up their atoms, and revolve around the nucleus or central sun of each, fall one by one into this nucleus.

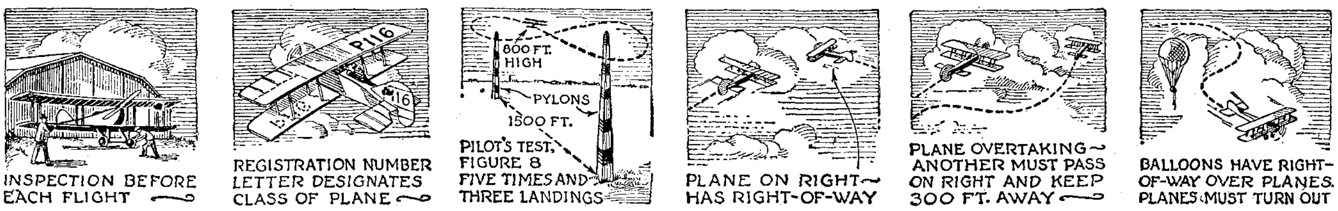
When the last electron falls into the nucleus of an atom, that atom is destroyed. Now, calculation shows that the radiant energy produced by the fall of an electron on an atomic nucleus corresponds, in frequency and penetration, to that observed in the celestial X-rays.

"And this is how we may explain the fact that certain very distant stars, lacking in density, can send us much more X-radiation than the sun.

"There is a phenomenon well known to radiologists, called the Compton effect [after its discoverer, an American physicist], and consisting of the fact that the X-rays, when they come into contact with matter, alter continually into 'softer' rays, that is, into rays of greater and greater wave-lengths, according to the density of the matter that they meet. The material obstacle has softened or diminished their original energy.

"The very penetrating X-rays produced in the interior of stars by continual annihilation of atoms thus have their wave-lengths increased as they move toward the outer layers. When this takes place in a very old, highly condensed star like our sun, they reach the surface as very soft rays of great wave-length—in fact, as heat and light rays. On the other hand, in young, slightly condensed stars, the X-rays from the center encounter little matter and reach outer space almost unaltered.

"This is why our daughter is mute. At least, this is why—from the X-ray standpoint—the sun is only, among the glowing bevy of stars, the dumb sister in the seraglio. It is a dethroned queen whose charms can not excite. Only the younger stars, even those so distant that we can not see them, bathe us with the effective, energetic, stimulating celestial X-rays."


INSPECTION BEFORE EACH FLIGHT
P116
16
REGISTRATION NUMBER LETTER DESIGNATES CLASS OF PLANE
800 FT. HIGH
PYLONS
1500 FT.
PILOT'S TEST, FIGURE 8 FIVE TIMES AND THREE LANDINGS
PLANE ON RIGHT HAS RIGHT-OF-WAY
PLANE OVERTAKING ANOTHER MUST PASS ON RIGHT AND KEEP 300 FT. AWAY
BALLOONS HAVE RIGHT-OF-WAY OVER PLANES. PLANES MUST TURN OUT

By courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

ILLUSTRATING A FEW OF THE OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT TRAFFIC RULES FOR AIRPLANES

FIGHTING GERMS WITH SUGAR

SUGAR PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART in combating disease and building up resistance against germs, according to the author of an editorial article in *Facts About Sugar* (New York). As bottled carbonated beverages are high in sugar content, says *The Carbonator and Bottler* (Atlanta, Ga.), this information, which is not entirely new to members of the industry, will give them ammunition to combat those who decry the products of their plants and insist upon regarding them as having little or no food or health value. The article in question, as given in *The Carbonator*, is substantially as follows:

"One of the first uses for which sugar was employed was in the compounding of medicines. It was a staple article in the equipment of chemists' shops long before it came into general use as a food commodity.

"In view of the long acquaintance of the medical profession with sugar, it is surprizing that so little was learned until recently regarding its physiological action, and that it should actually have been unjustly accused of causing or encouraging various diseases, such as diabetes, rheumatism, and cancer.

"The latest discovery along this line was announced by Dr. Ralph Pemberton of Philadelphia, in a paper presented before the American Medical Association at Dallas, Texas. Speaking of diseases of the bones and joints, Dr. Pemberton said that the amount of sugar digested in the body has a well-defined relationship to inflammation of the joints. In more than sixty persons with disturbances of the joints he found a low tolerance for sugar. Dr. Pemberton believes that control of sugar digestion is a factor in the healing of such diseases. The condition is not the same as that which occurs in diabetes, but seems to depend on some changes in the circulation of the blood. Low sugar tolerance was produced experimentally in individuals by changing the administration through the administration of drugs. By these studies it was determined that sugar taken in through the mouth passes by way of the blood to the fluid of the joints, and there is evidence indicating that it aids their resistance to infection."

As a parallel to the discoveries of Dr. Pemberton, the author notes that plant experts have found that sugar performs a similar service in the vegetable world. In studying the resistance of corn and wheat plants to fungus, Professors Dickson and Holbert of the Department of Agriculture have found that high sugar content is associated with such resistance. He goes on:

"Previous investigations have shown that sugar is superior to anything else that can be taken into the system in enabling the body to resist fatigue or to undergo long-sustained physical effort. Soldiers on the march and athletes participating in races and games are more refreshed by a few lumps of sugar or a cake of chocolate—containing a large percentage of sugar—than by any other form of food or drink.

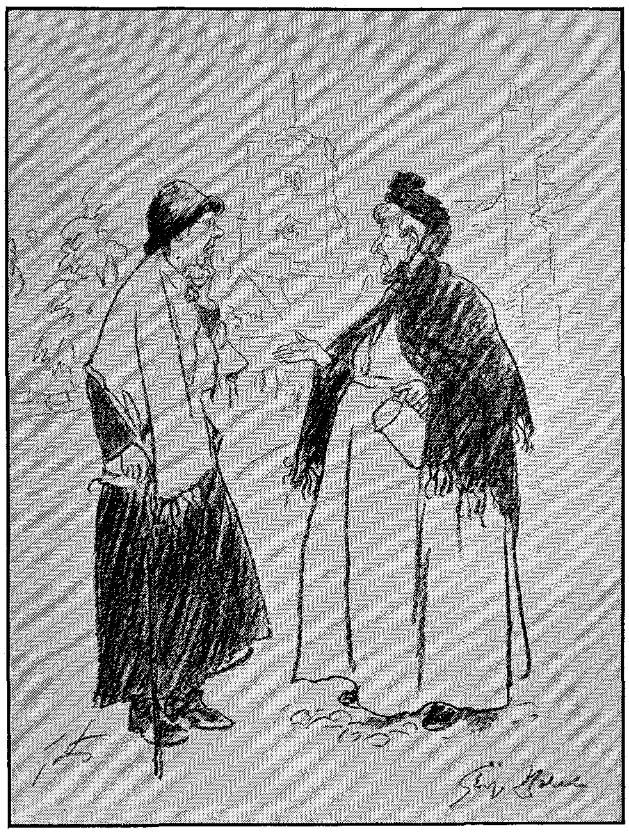
"Tradition is no less powerful in the medical profession than in other walks of life, and there are many practitioners who still cling to the belief that sugar, except in small quantities, is harmful. Only recently a prominent British surgeon condemned the building of beet-sugar factories in England on the ground that the people were eating too much sugar and thereby poisoning their systems. These attacks are never supported by statistical or scientific evidence. Repeated tests on men and animals have demonstrated that its consumption, even in large quantities, not only has no harmful effect, but is conducive to bodily health and mental activity. The fact that scientists are finding it helpful in warding off certain troublesome diseases is only one more step toward its recognition as the world's most useful food."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ARE WE ALL ABSURD?

DON'T WE LAUGH at caricature because we think we never could be made to look that way? It was some other fellow who gave the artist his hint. George Belcher has been drawing humorous skits on life for the London *Tatler*, *Punch*, and *Graphic* for years. He is perhaps the nearest in line of succession to Phil May. But why we are able to laugh at comic distortions of ourselves is not quite clear even to him.



MRS. HOOVER: "Where are you off to, Mrs. Bloggs?"
MRS. BLOGGS: "I'm going to see the new rector ignited."

—George Belcher in *The Tatler* (London).

"Perhaps it is because of our racial spirit of independence that we can laugh at other people's impressions of us," he says in *The Daily Express* (London); "perhaps it is because our sense of humor is greater than our vanity, but whatever the reason we all flock to the plays which tilt at our private lives, and chuckle at the artists who caricature our faces." Mr. Belcher would not imply that we are not sensitive about ourselves. In fact—

"We are—especially about our faces. Every one who sits for me is extremely anxious that I shall do him justice. I remember a man who was minding a hole in the road. He promised to come and sit for me one Monday, but did not keep his appointment until the Tuesday. He explained that he had been out with a friend on the Sunday evening, and ''aving 'ad one or two,' was afraid he might come out blurred in the picture!

"The figures in all my drawings are taken from life, and finding sitters is rather like finding recruits for amateur theatricals. When I have decided on the joke, I have to 'cast' the drawing for it. I must find each of the characters in it—often not an easy matter—and when I have found them, I have to persuade them to come to my studio.

"But I find that I am generally free from reprisals when the drawing is done. That is where I am luckier than a writer, who risks a libel action if he draws his characters direct from life. I can draw people as I see them, and when they look at themselves in black and white they seldom threaten me with legal action.

"I can only remember one occasion when a sitter took serious offense. A certain man who had been sitting for me wrote to me as follows:

"'Sir,—I have been shown my photo in a magazine. I never authorized you to put it there. My friends say it is disgraceful. You will hear further from me.'

"Evidently he thought better of it later, for I heard nothing from him. After all, why should not any man be proud to possess a face which labels him as a 'character'?

"It is the people with accentuated features who go to make up the real stuff of life. They crowd the pages of Dickens; they throng the pavements of our cities to-day. *Pickwick*, *Micawber*, *Sarah Gamp*, and the rest still stir abroad, differently drest, perhaps, but in face and form substantially the same. They are the changeless types of the race. England would not be England without them.

"All faces and fashions seem eccentric through somebody's eyes. Is it the realization that all human beings are a little absurd which enables us to smile at ourselves?"

THE COVER—One of the greatest of the Spanish painters, whose life ranged from 1746 to 1828, is represented on our cover by a portrait. It is true that when Goya's name is mentioned, it is not a portrait, as a rule, that is called to mind; nevertheless, he painted many, and they are regarded as lifelike and unexaggerated, for he disdained flattery. The realist whose etchings, by which we know him best, are either satirical studies of life or terrible representations of the horrors of war, would not be likely to make pretty pictures of his sitters. Yet he achieved such fame that the Duke of Wellington and four sovereigns of Spain sat to him. The story is told that the great Duke made some remark which displeased the painter, and Goya seized a plaster cast and hurled it at the head of his distinguished tho alien patron. The man's life is full of romance and he has been described in such terms as "bold, capricious, headstrong, and obstinate." He was born in a small place near Saragossa, where rival religious processions were apt to end in frays in which he was not loath to take a part. At nineteen he was sent away to Madrid, and from there he went to Rome after he had gained the reputation of being anything but an orderly citizen. His wild life did not win favors, so he had to make this journey at his own expense, and to do this he joined a company of itinerant bull-fighters. Tho he won a second prize in an art competition instituted by the City of Parma, his waywardness made it necessary for him to quit Rome, and upon his return to Spain he began painting canvases for the tapestry factory of Santa Barbara, in which the King took much interest. Between 1776 and 1780 he executed as many as thirty of these designs. Winning the favor of Raphael Mengs, the King's painter, his career became associated with the Court, and he executed frescoes at the King's command for the Church of St. Anthony of Florida in Madrid. Other churches secured his work, tho religious art was not congenial to his natural temperament. His fame throughout the world has been gained mainly by his etchings, as his work in oil remains largely in the possession of Spanish museums and country houses. The Metropolitan Museum of New York and the Hispanic Society exhibit specimens of his work.

BOSTON'S BOOK CENSORSHIP

IT WAS PROBABLY not New York's agitation over play censorship that led the Boston police to take a fall out of nine novels of recent publication. Boston occasionally administers purgatives to its plays, but the cases are never big enough for a country-wide sensation. It has long had a society keeping "watch and ward" over the printed matter offered in the bookstores, but the activities of this society have not attracted attention since the death last year of the Rev. J. Frank Chase, its secretary. "The Massachusetts statute on indecent literature has for years been regarded as unbeatable," says a Boston correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the booksellers have been quick to take the hint of coming troubles and remove offending volumes from their shelves. Publishers of these books are all from New York, and at the time of writing have made no protest, the belief being that a test case will be made with some particular book. The Boston and Providence newspapers (for Providence has joined Boston in the prohibition) have generally uttered protest against the action of the police, the Providence *Journal* being inclined to show up a ludicrous side of the crusade:

"It is an extremely amusing list of books which the unofficial censors of Boston and Providence have induced the police to withdraw from the bookstores of the two cities.

"One, published three years ago, had a sale of 80,000 copies and has been already read by every one likely to be interested in it.

"One is already in its eighth edition and is of such clever construction as to be beyond the comprehension of any one likely to buy a book for pornographic purposes.

"The remaining are so badly written and so dull as to die of their own weight.

"Left to their natural courses, none of these books was likely to damage the morals of American youth—unless the rugged tendency toward decency which one sees in every gathering of boys and girls is a clever and complex lie. Left to their natural courses, those which happen to be dull would have sold an average of two or three thousand copies in all America. Now, of course, they will sell like hot cakes in those cities not saved by the heroic efforts of the censors.

"To attack the contemporary novel by this fumbling method is not only a humiliating business (for a free and equal democracy does not want to be spoon-fed by reformers), but it is profoundly ridiculous. Two-dollar novels are beyond the purse, the patience and the perverse instincts of the sort of people who buy dirty printed matter."

If the books objected to are such as "tend to corrupt the morals of youth" argues the Boston *Globe*, "the proper place in which such charges should be lodged is the courts, established by the Commonwealth for that purpose." But the whole course of Mr. Broun's and Miss Leech's recent book on Anthony Comstock is to show how extremely difficult it is to define what is meant by such broad and inclusive phrases. The Boston *Globe* concurs in this view, saying:

"Obviously, it is not the function of the Police Department to constitute itself accuser, judge and jury in the matter. Yet that in sum is what has happened. No complaint about any of the books involved has been taken to the only tribunal qualified to pass judgment—the court. Instead, we have an action which suppresses out of hand and arrogates to the police the authority most people had assumed belonged to the court.

"In another sense, the act of suppression is bootless. It does not stop the sale of the books concerned. In fact, it constitutes a valuable free advertisement for them. Those who want them can still obtain them by the simple maneuver of sending to bookstores out of the city. For this local ban does not bar the volumes from the mails. As a suppression device it is as full of holes as a sieve.

"The comicality of the whole performance is disclosed by the fact that one of the novels, 'The Plastic Age,' by Percy Marks, has long been forgotten by most readers. It is at least two years since it was a best seller. Its author has written two new books since it appeared. If it 'tended to corrupt the morals of youth' it would seem that ample opportunity was given it to get its horrid work in before the local authorities became alarmed. Censorship of books by public officials is a dangerous business, as well as, generally, a stupid one."

The Boston *Post* is inclined to place responsibility more on the publishers than any one else:

"Many of them have succumbed to the craze for daring and sensational books. Even some of the most staid of publishing houses have lowered their standards.

"Only one of the suppress books can, by any stretch of imagination, be classed as a sincere human document. The other eight are purely commercial ventures, written to sell and spiced up to meet the urge of this age of jazz. There is no violence done to the cause of literature in cutting them out. None is likely to achieve any permanence.

"It so happens that the one book which might have some claim to artistry, 'As It Was,' written by the widow of Edward Thomas, the English poet, who was killed in the war, is, in the words of Superintendent Crowley, 'the worst of the lot.' It is a far more dangerous book for impressionable young persons to read than any of the others.

"Its very frankness and sincerity makes conduct, which, to say the least, is hardly to be recommended to young people, alluring and seductive.

"Those who declare that works of art are great because they are inspiring and uplifting to the soul, can hardly deny that works of art may also exert a debasing and degrading influence.

"Censorship, if exercised, should be a practical matter. It does not need a literary genius or a college professor to tell whether a book tends to exert an evil influence on young people. The present age is surely not a prudish age, but there must be some limit to literary license."

"So your Bill's been an' got a different job. 'Ow's 'e gettin' on?"
"Fine! 'E can turn 'is 'and to anything, 'e's that injurious."
—George Belcher in *The Tatler* (London).

The Herald Tribune reports that the immediate effect of the suppression was to bolster sales, and one publisher reported that there had been a demand for 135 copies of one of the banned novels within a few hours of the publication of the news. H. L. Mencken, who last year defied a Boston ban on *The American Mercury* and won his case in the courts, gives some views of the present situation to the New York *Evening Post:*

> "It is possible for any one to have a book suppresṭ in Boston merely by advancing the idea. I wager that I could suppress four books in as many minutes if I should go to Boston and make the effort.
>
> "An unusual feature of the situation is the consolidation of interests among various religious sects that are rarely united in other localities. These have joined in a common interest to suppress anything that is antireligious or anything they think shouldn't be discust.
>
> "In the books already supprest and in books under discussion there is not one word that is indecent or obscene. True, many of these books might be construed to be antireligious, and it is this fact that causes the clamor among the fanatical moralists for suppression.
>
> "The power of the merged religious sects is such that all city officials and prosecuting officials are creatures of the political machines dominated by the moralists. Decent people in the city, lacking any support from their elected officials, offer no resistance to the moral tyranny imposed on them.
>
> "As a matter of fact, Boston is one of the greatest markets in the country for books that actually are dirty. There has never been any outcry against these or any outcry against the so-called art magazines that are objected to in other cities. In Boston it seems that every one knows almost immediately when a new 'dirty' book is offered for sale. The city has developed a prurient taste for literature as a result."

The Springfield *Republican* views its neighbor's trouble with calmness, tho it sees that "the publicity involved in the case of the unholy nine is regrettable, yet it was made unavoidable by the decisions of the Federal and municipal courts last spring in the case of Mencken's *American Mercury*." Mr. Chase, it appears, used to send out "warnings" to booksellers, and they obediently withdrew offending books; but Judge Morton of the Federal court in the Mencken case "abolished him by an injunction against the issuing of 'threats' to book and magazine vendors."

> "Under the Chase system, these bans and suppressions never came to the police or the district attorneys. A gentlemen's agreement between Chase and the trade did the business. The lawful method now is for some one to complain to the police; the police examine the book and move against it by arresting or threatening to arrest the sellers of it. Superintendent of Police Crowley of Boston seems to have tried to keep secret his recent operations by warning the trade to quit selling the nine books, rather than by making an arrest, but there were too many 'leaks.'"

One thing or the other will have to come, we are warned:

> "A 'cop' literary censorship seems absurd to bookish people and to writers and artists. Yet it must be accepted, with court review always to be had, unless official censors are to be established in our several forty-eight States who shall be empowered to determine in advance whether any book or any article shall be published at all. Even a Boston police censorship, in spite of its clumsiness, crudity, and grotesque prudishness, is to be preferred. There must be some law on the subject. Lubricity can not be allowed to flow with absolute freedom. The natural agency to enforce this law is the police.
>
> "And there is at least compensation for the notoriety attending police offensives. When the police make mistakes of literary judgment, critical opinion can be brought to bear as a corrective. If they become too puritanical, the moral consensus of the community will teach them something. The police in matters of art can be lectured or ridiculed to advantage. But the censorship, in whatever form, that works in secret—from that may we be saved."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* speaks in favor:

> "There will be variance of judgment as to the action as a matter of policy. But there can be no denial of the fact that Boston is doing what many people in many other communities think ought to be done. Pollution of the mind of the community on the stage is not worse than the pollution which is wide-spread by the printed page. Protection of public morals, and particularly of child minds, by close censorship of the movies never had more justification behind it than there is back of some form of censorship of the book stands. Bald, inartistic peddling of nastiness ought to have no standing as literature."

HOW CAME "COMSTOCKERY"

PLAY CENSORSHIP IN THIS COUNTRY got a thrill over Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but the net result seems to have been the addition of a new word to the language—"Comstockery." Mr. Shaw called the interference with his play by the Society for the Prevention of Vice by this word, and Mr. Comstock after the event "pinned it upon himself as an honor and a decoration." Lest its meaning be misunderstood, he defined it from his point of view: "The applying of the noblest principles of law, as defined by the Higher Courts of Great Britain and the United States of America, in the interest of Public Morals, especially those of the young." Comstock, as we are told in the newly published work by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, the first issue of the Literary Guild of America, did nothing beyond calling the attention of the police to the play which Arnold Daly had announced for production. He attended no performance and never read the play; but he had heard that the New York Public Library had put Shaw's "Man and Superman" on the "reserved section," and he scented something dangerous in anything of Shaw. The word broke out in an interview by Shaw given to a correspondent of the New York *Times*. As quoted in the book of Broun and Leech, entitled "Anthony Comstock; Roundsman of the Lord," Shaw said:

> "'Nobody outside of America is likely to be in the least surprized. Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country-town civilization after all.'
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> "'Everybody knows,' added Shaw, 'that I know better than your public library officials what is proper for people to read, whether they are young or old.' As an afterthought, Shaw admitted that his work probably could and would do harm 'to weak and dishonest people.'
>
> "After Shaw had spoken in his home across the water, reporters bearing copies of his remarks called on Comstock and found him weeding his garden in Summit, New Jersey.
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> "'George Bernard Shaw? Who is he?' was Comstock's first remark after reading what the Irish playwright had said about him. This may have been sheer pose, but it is entirely possible that Comstock was sincere. Other great figures in the world of art and letters were not known to him. 'I never heard of him in my life. Never saw one of his books, so he can't be much,' continued Comstock, according to the story printed in the New York *Times* of September 28, 1905. 'Did you ever see such egotism,' Anthony cried out, as he went over a copy of Shaw's attack upon him. 'I had nothing to do with removing this Irish smut-dealer's books from the Public Library shelves, but I will take a hand in the matter now. I see this man Shaw says down here that he knows that his works can probably do harm to weak and dishonest people. Well, that lays him, his works, his publishers, the people who present his plays, and all who or which has anything to do with the production or disseminating of them, liable to the law which was made primarily to protect the weak. He convicts himself.'
>
> "And at another point in the interview, Comstock said: 'The English and the Irish have furnished their full quota of unfit books and pictures and plays. And if this Irish writer, Shaw, describes himself fairly in his own words, we will bring his works and the people who disseminate them to the test of the law. This Shaw is not outside of our rules.
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> "'You say he has plays also, and some of them have been presented and liked in New York City? Well, they will be investigated, and the playing people will be dealt with according to the law if it be found that they are such as are indicated by this Shaw himself. We will investigate his books.'"

The chapter dealing with this episode is signed by "H. B." So Mr. Broun is our informant. He thinks it "not beyond the bounds of possibility that revenge was in the mind of Comstock, as well as public policy, when he undertook to frighten Arnold Daly out of producing 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.'" But Mr. Daly loved a fight, and saw the advertising value of such an encounter. It was in October, 1905, that the preliminary scene to the play itself was staged. Daly invited Mr. Comstock to witness the play:

"This invitation was not accepted, but it seems reasonable to assume that Arnold Daly was aiming over Anthony's head in the general direction of the public. So many came to the first performance that it was necessary to call out the reserves to dispel the crowd. Shaw, Daly and Comstock were all concerned in the ballyhoo, and as each was a master in the art of puffery it may be a little unfair to single out one of the three and give him the credit. Still, all the evidence points to the conclusion that it was Anthony Comstock who was chiefly responsible for the tumult, tho he took no further part in the proceedings. Having started the ball rolling, Anthony could sit back, for Shaw and Daly were capable of keeping it in motion. Shaw gave out an interview in which he said that he had been striving all his life to awaken the public conscience, while Comstock had been examining and destroying ninety-three tons of indecent post-cards.''

The preliminary fulminations brought crowds to the theater; but no conviction followed:

"To many in America, Comstock was a joke, but he was still a figure of great power. His attitude toward 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was that of his times. At the moment he did not stand as one more readily shocked than those about him. While the editorial writers of New York made a certain amount of fun of Anthony, they generally agreed with the estimate which he made of the play which he had not read. The liberal New York *World* spoke of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' as 'tainted drama.' *The Sun*, often recklessly daring in its own news columns, said in all seriousness, 'All New York will now discuss the hitherto unspeakable. Race suicide is for the moment back-numbered.' From which one may gather that in the year 1905 'race suicide' was a phrase considered hardly proper and the farthest north as a theme for emancipated conversation. Eventually 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was held to be not actionable by the Court of Special Sessions. Shaw cabled to *The World:* 'It is a strange country where the press is blind and the eyes of Justice are open. I am profoundly grateful.'

"But Shaw was grateful for small favors. Justice Olmstead and Justice Wyatt concurred in acquitting Arnold Daly. Justice McAvoy dissented, but wrote no opinion. The play was cleared, then, by the narrow margin of two to one, and the majority opinion was severe as to the quality of the comedy. Both justices seemed to suffer from the dramatic-critic complex, to which most of the world is subject, and undertook to digress from the law long enough to tell Shaw how a play should be written:

"'The theme is not a pleasant one . . . stereotyped railings against current social conditions . . . another of the dramatist's shock producers . . . the dramatist has in this play used old and hackneyed materials, the common tools of scores of other playwrights . . . In fact, there is so little that is attractive that it is safe to predict, without the preliminary advertisement of this proposed production, its life on the boards will be short.'

"And so in a sense the court decided that Bernard Shaw was a person made important almost wholly because he had chanced to come across the path of Comstock.

"Looking back over a period of time no longer than twenty-one years, it is astounding to find that not Comstock, but almost the entire New York community, regarded Shaw as a clever and ribald charlatan. Gallery seats for the first night went for ten dollars, and extra chairs were put in the orchestra aisles and sold for fifteen dollars. Outside the Garrick a multitude was assembled. 'Disappointed prurients gathered like peeping Toms,' said the *Sun* man. He added, 'Such a collection of mugs has seldom gathered on the hither side of Broadway.' And it was his impression that 'the house inside was divided between the Tenderloin and fashionables.'

"Parenthetically, much of the irony of the occasion lay in the fact that here was a community outraged and shocked because a playwright dared to discuss prostitution. And in the year 1905, prostitutes ranged openly up and down Broadway only a few steps from the theater. Comstock was always one more intent upon chasing shadows than actualities.

"When the curtain went up (said the lively account in *The Sun*), there was a hush like that which falls on a pool-room at the first whisper of 'police.' It was fifteen minutes before there was a timid titter. 'Laugh' after 'laugh' passed in silence. The opening act was all but over before people seemed convinced that nothing would happen to make Mr. McAdoo pull the joint."

A BAN ON SHYLOCK

TENNESSEE FORBIDS THE TEACHING of evolution and Los Angeles prohibits "The Merchant of Venice" as a part of the high-school curriculum. Fourteen years ago opposition was first made and the play banned by the Board of Education, but in a few years the ban was forgotten and the play came back. Then in January, 1926 it went once more upon the "Index," but "the news was never given out," says *The California Graphic* (Los Angeles), and the facts have thus belatedly come to light. The R. D. MacLean here referred to is the veteran Shakespearean actor:

ANOTHER BELCHER LAUGH

"We shall never see eye to eye, Mrs. Green, but no offense meant, seeing as you squints!" —From *The Tatler* (London).

"When R. D. MacLean was told of the local interdiction of the Shakespearean comedy, he didn't know whether to be angry or amused. Having played *Shylock* a thousand times in his career, he knows the character thoroughly, and said it was past his ability to understand how intelligent men and women, at the head of our educational system, could take such a narrow action. 'The Merchant of Venice,' as Mr. MacLean pointed out, is a standard drama, and accepted as such for hundreds of years all around the world. The greatest Jewish actors have delighted to play *Shylock*, such as Moscowitz and Warfield; while the foremost Jewish producers and managers have never held any compunctions against presenting the play.

"But those whose sensibilities are hurt always object to some figure on the stage or screen. In the days when burlesque was at its height, the Ancient Order of Hibernians made a vigorous protest against the comedy Irishman, contending that he was being held up to ridicule. It wasn't so long ago that the national association of police officers complained against the Keystone cops on the ground that they tended to lessen respect for the law. Protestant ministers in convention assembled have deplored the fact that the stage dominie is always more or less of a foolish person; while the Catholic priest is invariably presented as a lovable man to be respected.

"And so it goes! If the objectors are to prevail, our dramatists will soon have to construct their plays exclusively of lily-white men and women—which is pretty much what the advocates of censorship would like."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

TOLLING THE KNELL OF PROTESTANTISM

THE CRACK OF DOOM has sounded for Protestantism, it is shivering on its foundations, and this generation, it is forecast, will see the total and final collapse of Protestantism as an organized religious force. It is a Protestant, the Rev. Herbert Parrish, rector of an historic New Jersey church, who tolls the knell. He sees disintegration creeping up through the Sunday-school, through the church itself, through the denominations, eating into the whole bundle of sects commonly known as the Protestant Church. He weeps no tears over the prospect, knowing that the seed must die before the flower blooms, and hoping that something better will spring up. He does not prophesy what form that something will take, but believes it will fit the needs of the day. To put it briefly, this breaking-up is symptomatic of the Protestant Church's evolution. As Protestantism was the progressive party of the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, and broke with any authority which conflicted with its conscientious conviction of truth, writes Dr. Parrish in *The Atlantic Monthly*, it is logically forced to continue the process. And in the process of house-cleaning, says Dr. Parrish, it is greatly to be wished that the Protestant Church "shall sweep out into the dust heap of time its own superstitions and hypocrisies, its narrow nationalisms and racial peculiarities, its sentimental cant, its vapid prayer-meetings, its redundant and verbose liturgies, its stodgy services, its preposterous confessions of faith, its bigotry and prejudices, its padded and fictitious martyrologies, its smug self-satisfactions, its holier-than-thou pose, its lay popes, its fond and fanatical trust in secular legislation, its bitter intolerance, its suspicious and terrible emotionalisms, its assumption that mere negation constitutes salvation, and the thousand and one other Pecksniffian attributes that in its name have so often brought all religion into contempt among sensible people. Let the good work be thoroughly done this time, and not stopt by any premature armistice."

The first evidence of the breaking-up, as Dr. Parrish sees it, appeared in the Sunday-school, which, because of its absent treatment, its untrained and incompetent teachers, its lack of a system to take the place of the catechisms and confessions which have "gone increasingly out of use," has become "the despair or the joke of the Protestant ministry almost everywhere." Our Protestant grandparents had some definite religion as children; this generation has none. The evil of sectarianism persists, and will persist, for Dr. Parrish holds that "at the present time there is less hope of church unity than there was twenty years ago," and he definitely lays it aside. Another symptom of decay is that "the old feeling of an obligation to attend service on the part of the laity has almost vanished from the earth. The members of churches feel no obligation whatever. They go or stay away as they like. They also pay what they like. The average Protestant church is like a club in which there are no conditions of membership, no dues, no responsibilities." Indeed, the only thing that has kept Protestantism alive as an organized force, we are told, has been the Prohibition movement. But following Prohibition's "failure to freeze up Hell" and the evils it is said to have brought in its train, a reaction has set in. Division in the ranks of the clergy, it is claimed, will follow. "Already the Lutherans have come out strongly against Prohibition. Episcopalians in increasing numbers refuse to praise its works. Prohibition as a religious rallying point will fail."

But the actual force which is disrupting Protestantism, says Dr. Parrish, is the force of money. The natural leaders of the Church are the ministers, but the money of most of the churches is controlled by the lay board, the vestry, or the trustees.

> "The consequences of this method of administration, except in the case of pastors of unusual genius and powerful personality, can be clearly defined. Without knowledge, without vision, without faith, with no higher motive than economy and the fear of venture, many lay boards erect mean, cheap structures on obscure, cheap sites. Their chief concern is to scale down the architect's dream and to save money. The glory of God and the splendor of worship seldom enter their heads. Every pastor who has built a church, and every architect, knows the infinite ineptitude of these men. It is not so much their fault, however, as the fault of the system which places them in a position they are unfitted to occupy. And it is this same system which, making the real head of church affairs not the pastor but an irresponsible lay board, puts so much of the church work in many places into the hands of the 'little mousey men who are religious,' to the annoyance and despair of the nominal leader, who is powerless to direct affairs because he is a mere hired man."

Protestantism, then, is undergoing a revolution, says Dr. Parrish, and he goes on:

> "It is my conviction that the sooner Protestantism disappears from American life the better. Its narrow sectarian spirit, fostering division, incapable of a large synthesis of values, of unity, unfits it to represent our national religious life. Its differences of polity and doctrine, of forms and customs, do not justify the expense of its duplication of effort and upkeep. It does not answer to the deep needs of human nature. As a moral guide it is superficial, depending on the exterior force of State legislation to effect the redemption of the race. As a mystical experience it is sentimental, without intelligence, and with narrow vision. As a teaching force it is vague, negative, and uncertain. As an organization it is illogical and chaotic.
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> "Considered in relation to the idea of worship, Protestantism is particularly lacking. It began by eliminating the element of beauty from its meeting-houses, and it has never succeeded in bringing it back. At the best, its services are coldly dignified. At the worst, they are slovenly and drab. But beauty is an attribute of God and should be exprest in worship. There is no wonder that men prefer the ceremonies of the lodge, with the vestments, lights, moving acolytes, and swinging incense, to the undecorated dulness of their Sunday worship."

Other counts in this long indictment include Protestantism's lack of a moral theology. It has never learned how to deal with the subject of sex. It is unable to instruct adolescent youth in this profound matter. Sex has become "the Great Tabu of the Protestant world." The consequences of this failure, we are told, are abundantly apparent. Again:

> "The old disciplinary systems by which the lay members of Protestant churches were bound to profess certain beliefs, to maintain certain rules of conduct, and to sustain certain obligations to the church on pain of loss of membership, have become as obsolete as the old formulæ, the confessions of faith. Where they still remain on the books they are practically dead letters. The decline in the numbers of the church membership, the desperate need of money, the intense rivalry of sectarianism, combined with the liberal spirit of the age, have swept them into the discard. Most churches will do anything for anybody—receive anybody, marry anybody, bury anybody. They hawk their sacred wares about the streets. They cry aloud for people to fill their large and empty buildings. They offer inducements for those connected with other churches to leave their accustomed pastures and try new ones. The organizations are without confidence and without dignity. They are breaking up."

What of the morrow? "Perhaps in dying as an organized force, Protestantism will in reality save itself." For

"Is it not reasonable to hope that, leaving the outworn dogmatisms and methods of the past, the children of the new age will construct out of those values which have been the real sources of inspiration and of power, both for Catholic and Protestant, a Church that will meet the needs of the day and generation, combining with the old the new wisdom of the present era, raising mankind to a higher plane of spiritual experience, a more vivid realization of eternal life?

"'Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.'"

Such dissections of Protestant weakness have their value, if not altogether convincing, comments *The Reformed Church Messenger*, which describes itself as "among those who are not afraid of the truth." It believes that

> "Lent is a peculiarly appropriate time, however, for sackcloth and ashes, also for confession and contrition. Some of the things Dr. Parrish says are only too true, and cry aloud for serious attention. Both he and others will render a larger service by constructive suggestions. We can dispense with the present form of Protestantism if its essential spirit and ideals are preserved in a higher and more useful form."

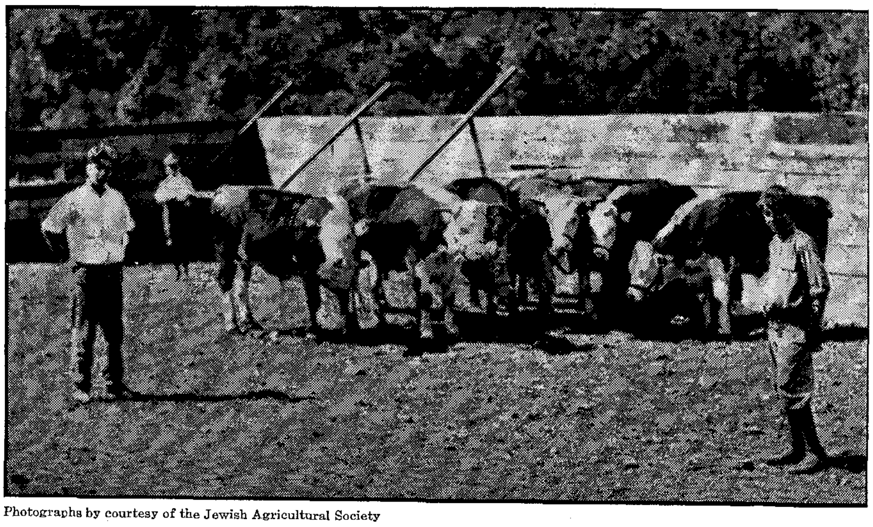
THE JEW WITH THE HOE

AMERICA IS LITERALLY the "promised land" to 75,000 Jews, who have taken up hoe and spade, as did their ancestors in Biblical days, when there were no ghettos and no restrictions against tilling the soil. And, according to the twenty-seventh annual report of the Jewish Agricultural Society, which aids and forwards the Jewish back-to-the-soil movement, these farmers are doing exceedingly well in caressing crops and flowers from the land and in raising and fattening cattle. From a total of barely 1,000 in 1900, the Jewish farm population has grown to its present number in 1927. They cultivate an area of 1,000,000 acres, and their real estate and personal property is appraised at more than $100,000,000. They are engaged in every branch of agriculture, and, according to the published report of Gabriel Davidson, general manager of the Jewish Agricultural Society, "there is not a single branch in which Jews have not attained signal success." It is admittedly difficult to envision the Jew as a farmer, so long has tradition limited him to trade, and many Jews themselves are probably unaware that a little more than 2 per cent. of the Jewish population in the United States is engaged in agriculture. As to what they are achieving by the sweat of their brows, take this from Jean Piper, writing in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle:*

> "If poor, struggling old Isaac Mulkowski, bending beneath his pedler's pack in the streets of Warsaw in 1860, or Jacob Lubin of St. Petersburg, hastily closing the small case that held his locksmith tools, preparatory to flight for his life, could look to-day at the magnificent duck farm of Morris Mottis and his son, Arthur Mottis, at Eastport, Long Island—one of the largest on the island—they would have just died of amazement and joy. And, if they could drop off for a day in Rockville Center, Long Island, and see the 6,000 running feet of sweet peas blooming in the $100,000 greenhouses of Morris Perlow, they would surely say to each other in wonder: 'this is the Promised Land Moses saw so long ago.' Mr. Perlow, a short while ago a Russian Jewish immigrant, ships daily into New York City 30,000 sweet peas. The elder Mottis came to this country from Germany thirty-eight years ago, a boy of twelve years, his only asset a steamship ticket.
>
> "Farming enterprises among the Jews are varied. Out in Lexington, Kentucky, Herschel Weil, a German Jew, who came to this country thirty years ago, raises more cattle than any one else in Kentucky, and more blue grass seed than any one in the whole country. Over in Connecticut a Polish Jew is fattening cattle the while he raises tobacco—even tho the two seem somewhat far removed from each other.
>
> "This 'back-to-the-farm movement' began to take definite form with the advent of the Russian and Polish Jew. For centuries land, under any circumstances, had been proscribed for them. Their passion for it grew with each added restriction."

UP FROM THE GHETTO

Louis Radding, who raised the cattle seen in the other picture on this page. He got his start on a loan of $1,000 from the Jewish Agricultural Society. Here he is leaving an agricultural college hall where he delivered a lecture on farming.



Photographs by courtesy of the Jewish Agricultural Society

WHAT A JEW HAS RAISED IN THE PROMISED LAND

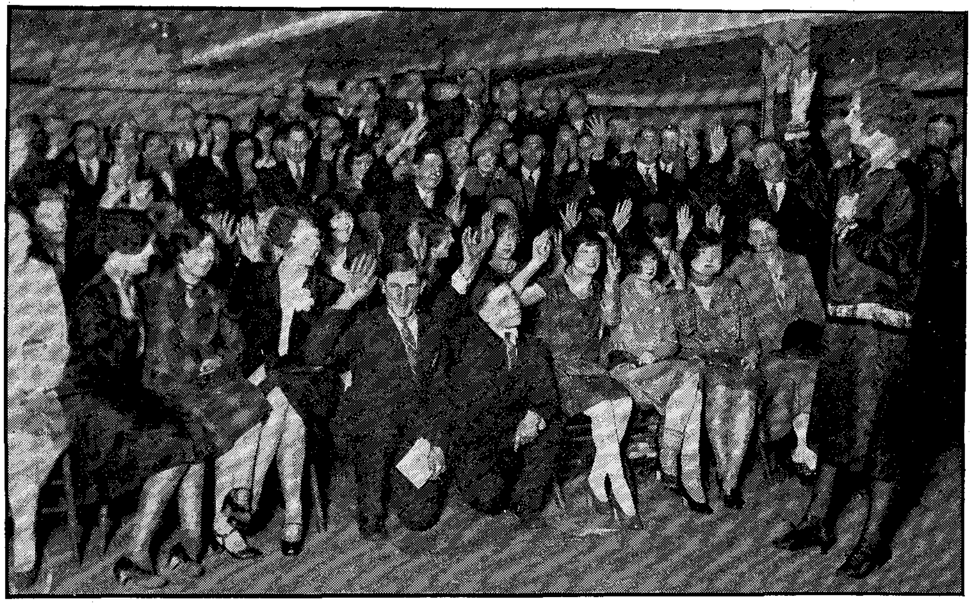
A herd of prize-winning cattle raised by a Polish Jew in Connecticut. He is also a successful raiser of tobacco, and is in demand as a lecturer on agricultural problems.

Here they were encouraged and aided by the Jewish Agricultural Society, founded February 12, 1900. Strangely enough, we read, the Jews' call to the land came at the time of the general trend to the city. Last year the society placed 600 men on farms, and out of this number 339 were either native-born Americans or came here in early youth. And, continues the writer:

> "It is a significant fact that as farming becomes more scientific, it makes a greater appeal to the Jew. Another fact worth noting is that altho the movement is only twenty-seven years old, already 2 per cent. of the Jewish population of the country is on the farm to-day.
>
> "The Jewish Agricultural Society carries on a system of itinerant instruction, and since 1900 has granted a total of 8,360 loans, aggregating $5,310,215, covering forty States. Last year it made loans to 464 individual farmers in eighteen States."

"SLOW" CLUBS THAT ARE NOT SLOW

TIRED OF PAYING FOR ENTERTAINMENT with caresses and of being expected to pet and drink, girls in Chicago and Philadelphia have formed what are called "slow" clubs as a protest against jazz and the "fast" life. Kisses as coin are banned in these clubs, but the members, including both sexes, expect, we read, to get more fun and pleasure out of life than those who consider that evening poorly spent in which a bottle is not uncorked. The clubs are, we are told, in the nature of a counter-revolution against the slicked sheik, the amorous lounge lizard, and careless young maidenhood. The key-note of the club founded in Chicago may be found in the words of Annabelle McClure, nineteen, who is quoted in the Chicago *Tribune* as saying: "I am simply tired of going out with men who expect a good-night kiss. So many of my girl friends say the same thing. It ought to be possible to have a good time without being expected to pay for it with caresses." Upon that platform the Slow Club got under way, with the initial meeting presided over by Miss Olive Potter, an artist model of seventeen. Any one between the ages of sixteen and thirty-two may join, the only stipulation being that they agree not to drink or pet. "Boys and girls," says Miss Potter, we read in *The Tribune*, "will be able to find in the club an opportunity for sane fun without making fools of themselves." In lieu of the Charleston and the Black Bottom and the sundry other jazz modes of entertainment, the club will take up drama and debate. Dancing will be a feature of the meetings, we read, but it won't be of the sort to damage the building or the morals of the dancers. Smoking will be left to individual taste.



P. & A. photograph

NO PETTING, NO PROMISCUOUS KISSING, NO DRINKING

The "Slow" Club being organized in Chicago by Miss Olive Potter as a protest against the life given to jazz. "Boys and girls," says Miss Potter, "will be able to find in the club an opportunity for sane fun without making fools of themselves." The clubs are said to be spreading rapidly.

The revolt of the flappers in Philadelphia started just before Christmas, when Rose Marie Carney, nineteen, a stenographer, took up the challenge of Isador Kirschner, nineteen, who complained that he had no chance in these "so-called wild days." Meeting followed meeting, and now, we read in a Philadelphia dispatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, twenty-nine chapters, with a paid-up membership of 9,000, and a waiting-list of 25,000, have been formed. In the same dispatch we read:

> "The Slow Clubs have not made a campaign to enlist the shy, backward, impossible or 'underprivileged' young people. Instead they have recruited their ranks from the very highest types of youngsters, who had lost contact with the craze of the dance-halls, automobile parties, 'petting and necking' parties, and such other of the jazz-age amusements which are bringing about such a controversy to-day.
>
> "The girls were especially of a high type, some with a bruised point of view, some whose brief excursions into the dance world had sickened them, others with an eagerness to escape the penalty of going with the 'gang' or being a wallflower at home.
>
> "The boys were of a more serious-minded type—those seeking an opportunity for self-expression, and those who had to watch the mad pace of their chums with disgust. There also were those who had been disheartened with the apparent giddiness of the girls they met, and who sought girl friends whose thoughts were about something other than dancing, automobiles and clothes.
>
> "Under the organization scheme, as has been developed, there are six divisions in each chapter. While the classes may be different in purposes and names in some instances, the general classification of these divisions are: 1, dramatic; 2, literary; 3, athletic; 4, hiking; 5, camera clubs, and 6, boys' and girls' clubs.
>
> "Each subdivision meets one or more nights a week. The general chapter meeting also is held once a week, and a program contributed by all of the divisions is given.
>
> "The dramatic subdivision has a program of a playlet a week, rehearsed and given by its members. The athletic crowd stages a special series of events for their subdivision sessions; the camera club has an interchange of views and pictures as well as general topics of instruction.
>
> "The literary members have a special course of study which they map out and take a certain portion at each session. Other subdivisions have such programs as their names indicate."

It is a most encouraging evidence of returning health and sanity, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, which finds much in the movement to commend:

> "The Slow Club is revolt; it is protest; it is assertion of independence; defense of individuality. These young people refuse to be herded with the mass. They have respect for their persons and their personalities. We like the name of their organization. There is defiance in it. We hope they stick to it. To adopt the enemy's jeer as a badge is to make the jeer stingless.
>
> "And we are glad because this is a demonstration that the spirit of revolt and protest and individual expression is still in the soul of youth. We are glad that a pretty young woman like the Slow Club's founder can stand up on her own feet, with her own spinal column erect, and say, 'There are some things I will not do whatever the crowd may do.'"

In the same spirit of commendation, the Chicago *Daily News* looks at the revolt of youth, whether it takes form in a wild hysteria or in sane method, as "a withering indictment against social conditions that are not primarily in the keeping of youth, but are in the keeping of those who are responsible for the training of youth." As *The News* sees it:

> "Youth is clean at heart and serious thinking has not departed from it. Denial in too many homes of the simple pleasures which count for much and the charming intellectual contacts essential to culture is a bitter wrong to the alert young generation. Perhaps such agencies of revolt as its 'Slow Clubs' and its drama leagues, to mention no others, will grow in power and influence to the point where presently the callow cake-eater with a flask on his hip and about as much real conversation as a blue-faced baboon will be generally recognized in young society for the total loss that he is."

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Volume Production *makes possible* Greatly Improved Quality at amazing Low Prices!

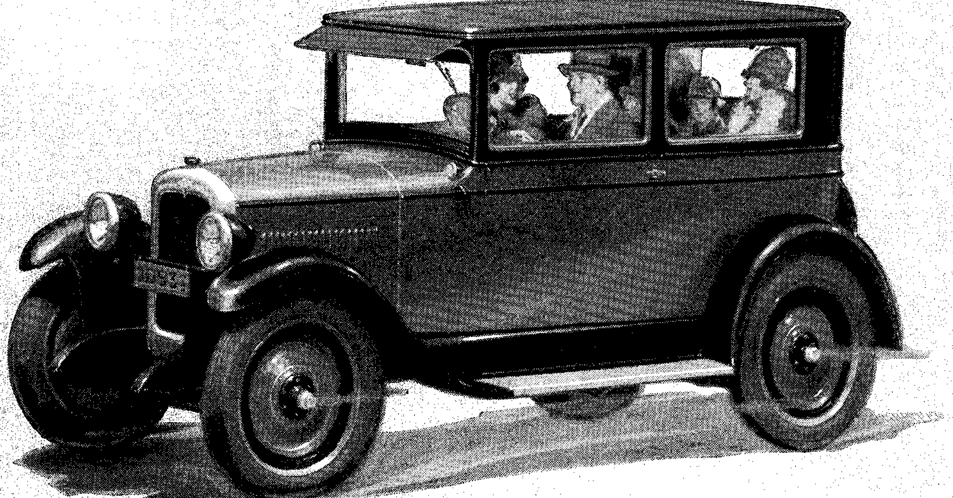
January 1925—There was introduced a new Chevrolet which scored a tremendous success. Among its many new features were a new and rugged rear axle, an improved unit power plant, a new single-plate disc-clutch, a much stronger frame, semi-elliptic chrome vanadium steel springs, cowl and dash lamps, and new Fisher bodies finished in Duco. The price of the Coach was . **The COACH $735** f.o.b Flint, Mich.

August 1925—Chevrolet announced a new measure of value based on many new quality features such as a motor-driven Klaxon horn, improved sheet metal construction in the bodies, corrugated steering wheel with walnut finish, new headlamp rim construction and a more convenient gearshift lever. Yet, despite all these additions, the price of the Coach was reduced to . . . **The COACH $695** f.o.b Flint, Mich.

January 1926—Saw another spectacular increase in Chevrolet value—a model offering many mechanical improvements such as a smoother, quieter motor with three-point suspension, silent V-belt generator drive, new oil pump, more efficient cooling, an air cleaner, 33⅓% larger brakes and other refinements. Nevertheless the Coach price was again reduced to . . . . . . **The COACH $645** f.o.b Flint, Mich.

January 1927 The new Chevrolet came to the public at an amazing price reduction—yet it provides many new and important quality features. The new Fisher bodies are paneled and beaded, rakishly low, finished in modish shades of Duco—and enhanced by full crown, one-piece fenders, bullet-type lamps and "fish tail" rear deck modeling. Many mechanical improvements—such as AC oil filter, AC air cleaner and full 17" steering wheel—give finer performance and longer life. See and drive the new Chevrolet today! . . . . **The COACH $595** f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The Most Beautiful Chevrolet *in Chevrolet History*



The Touring or Roadster . .	$525
The Coupe . .	$625
The Coach . .	$595
The Sedan . .	$695
The Sport Cabriolet . . .	$715
The Landau . .	$745
1-Ton Truck *(Chassis only)* . .	$495
½-Ton Truck *(Chassis only)* . .	$395

Balloon Tires now standard on all models. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. In addition to these low prices Chevrolet's delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE new French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, just coming to take up his post in Washington, is poet and dramatist as well as diplomat. In an anthology compiled and translated by Joseph T. Shipley, "Modern French Poetry" (Greenberg, New York), we find the three following selections. Claudel, says a prefatory note, "combines with his religious depths a sure sense of the external world; concrete objects strike sharply on his consciousness, tho in his work he often builds them into a vaguer whole":

SHADOWS

By Paul Claudel

I am here, the other elsewhere, the silence seems to live:
We are wretched ones, and Satan sifts us in his sieve.

I suffer, the other suffers, and there is no traveled land
Between her and me, from the other to me no word and no hand.

Naught but the common and incommunicable night,
The night where naught is done, and love's incredible affright.

I feel a subtle wind, and my horror is released.
Flee from the danger of death, from the jaws of the beast.

Here once more the savor of death is between my teeth.
The travail, and the vomit, and the turning beneath.

I was alone in the wine-press, I trod the grape, accursed
That night as I walked from wall to wall, while maniac laughter burst.

He who has made the eyes, without eyes shall He behold me?
He who has made the ears, without ears shall He be told me?

I know that where sin abounds, superabounding is Your compassion pearled.
I must pray, for it is the hour of the Sovereign of the world.

FROM "FIVE GREAT ODES"

By Paul Claudel

But what matter all things seen, to the eye that makes me behold them?
And the life I hold, if I yield it not, and all that is strange to me,
And all that is other than Thyself,
And this death beside Thy Life that we call my life!
I am worn with vanity. Behold how I submit to vanity without desire.
Wherefore do I look without pleasure on Thy works!
Tell me no more of the rose! No fruit retaineth its savour.
What is the death that Thou hast spared me beside the Truth of Thy Presence
And the indestructible void that I am
With which I must uphold Thee?
O weariness of days! I can endure no longer, I am as one who leans his hand against the wall.
Day follows after day, and behold, the hour when the sun stays in its course!
Here is the harshness of winter, the affrights and the shocks of immobility,
Here is inexorable cold, here is God singly!
In you I am anterior to death!
And here too is the new surging of the year.

FROM "THE MAIDEN VIOLAINE"

By Paul Claudel

The Angelus sounds. First stroke

Pierre de Craon: The angel of God bears tidings of peace, and the infant hearkens within the mother's bosom.

Second stroke

Jacques Hury: Man goeth forth in the morning and returneth at night, and the earth stretcheth out from his doorway.

Third stroke

Anne Vercoro: Sound the trumpet! And all things are consumed in the consummation.

Deep silence. Then the peal

Pierre de Craon: Thus speaks the Angelus as with threefold voice, thus in the Maytime.

When the unmarried son returns from his mother's burial to his home,
"Voice-of-the-rose" speaks in the silver twilight.
O Violaine! O woman through whom temptation slips upon us!
For, not yet knowing what I did, I regarded whither you turned the darkness of your eyes.
Assuredly I have always thought joy is a goodly thing,
But now it is mine!
I bear it within my hands! I am as one who, beholding a tree that is laden with fruit,
Climbing the ladder, feels the depths of the branches yielding with his body.
And I must speak under the tree, like an eventoned flute!
How the water uplifts me! And thanksgiving unloosens the stone of my heart!
Thus may I live! Thus may I grow, merged in my God, as the olive tree and the vine.

PORTOFINO is an enchanted place on the Italian Riviera a bit below Genoa. It is beloved of many Americans and it is time some one celebrated it in verse. This in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (Charlottesville):

AT PORTOFINO

By William Alexander Percy

I

Here life pays peace and ecstasy for tithe:
The dissonant trumpets of the world are mute
And God is but an old man with a scythe
And love the faltering fancy of a flute.
To lie with kissing lashes and confuse
The silver olives and the golden sun,
To sort the greens and purples from the blues
When the lean racers of the south wind run,
Rounding abreast the bulging Apennine,
And burst upon the clapping bay—ah, these
Are all the drudgeries of this demesne
Whose boundary is music and the sea's.
Ye starved and hurt, ye hives of busy ghosts,
Would I could lend your ills this sea, these coasts.

II

Where through the olive trees I see bright shawls
And bathers laughing in the beryl bay,
Lovers more bold for tilted parasols,
And waters summery and cerulean, lay
The hoarse and sweating legionaires of Rome
Breaking their march. And when they marched their last,
Algerian pirates made of this their home
And heckled Genoa from here, and passed.
In some pale after-day of Arctic fear
When all the glittering tribes of us have thinned,
One of our last, perhaps, will wander here
Beneath the sockets of the stars and wind,
And facing seawards in the thickening night
Pray the old prayer to the last god "More light!"

DEVOTIONALISM mixed with sensuous charm marks this poem from *The Commonweal* (New York):

BENEDICTION

By Margaret Lee Keyting

Let me grow quiet
In this sanctuary!
My flesh is hot with the burning of the sun;
Let me creep close to this altar
Where cool waters run.

Let me kneel at Benediction
Swaying with the music
Of twilight,

Straying down cool aisles
Where verdue swings its incense
And evening walks with surpliced step
To light the candles of the night.

Here will I cool my hot body,
Here will I bathe my heart
In the waters of love.

I shall rise refreshed
With the pressure of God's Hand on my brow
To steady me while I stand,
In the heat of another day!

WE can not recall many tributes to *Ophelia*—the pitifully weak heroine of Shakespeare. This in *The London Mercury* makes up for the void:

OPHELIA

By Robert Herring

Lift and drift with your tresses, maiden,
Far outspread like the treacherous weed.
Fold your arms with the blossoms laden,
They are the last flowers you will need.
Draw your dress, let it drag you under:
You are free of your world's wry wonder.

Sink and think, as you fall to sleeping,
Of ditties and catches to fill your mind—
Not in death, where there's no dream-keeping,
But to ease what you leave behind,
For you're leaving, believe you're leaving,
The scene of your weakness and love and grieving.

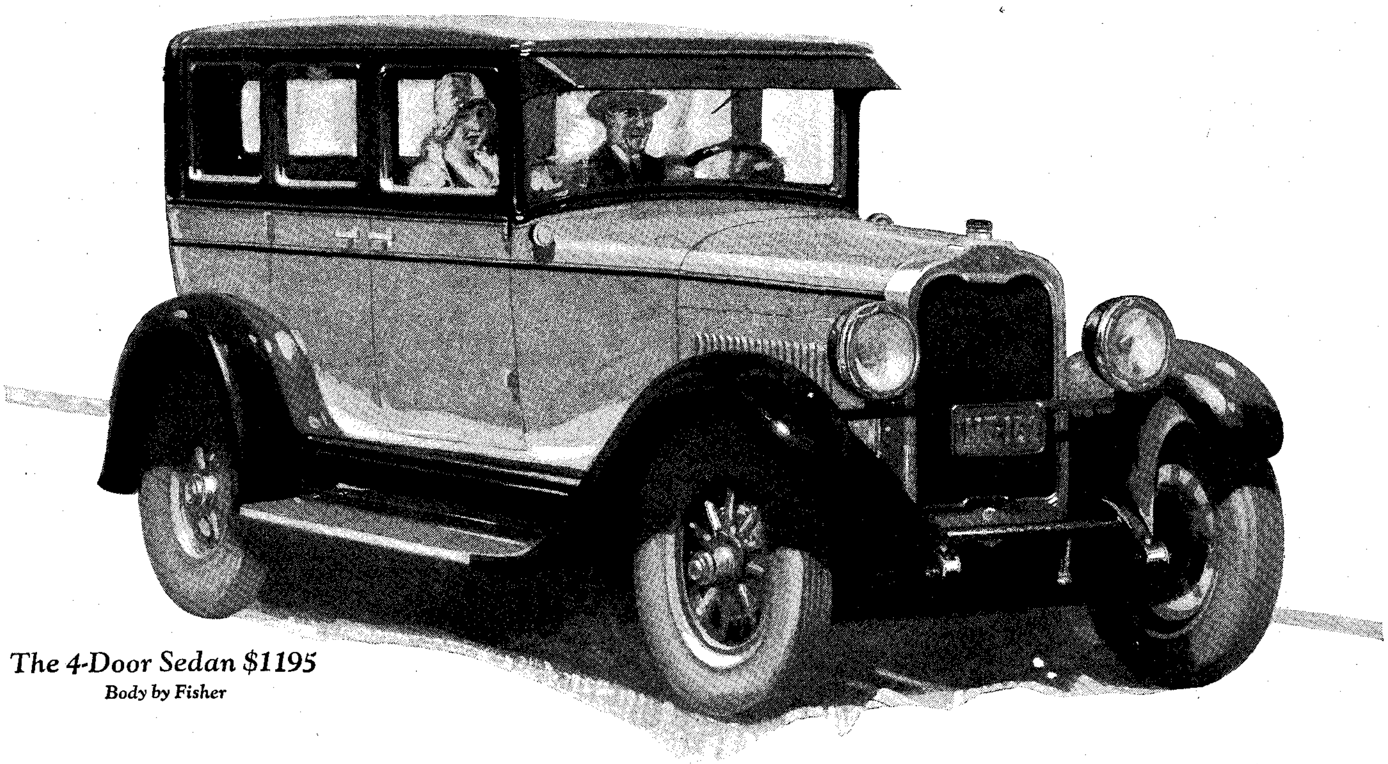
Die, and lie, with no headstone raisèd,
Where a brother will fight with the man who killed
The love in himself, and a maid half-crazèd;
He tramples now on a heart that's stilled,
And first to suffer finds suffering splendid,
And last to linger leaves nothing mended.

THE young Keats delighted to call up such sense impressions as *The New Yorker* here furnishes us:

FOOD

By Nancy Hoyt

"Food can be lyric? No!" you said.
Think of hot loaves of crusty bread,
Of cheese just pressed from cruddled cream;
Smooth-polished cherries in a stream
Of icy water, slowly chilled,
Frosty as cool green mint distilled.
Chicken pâté in jellied gold,
Bland mayonnaise on a salad mold.
Honey, strong-flavored with the sun,
Roast Spanish chestnuts overdone,
Ripe olives, black as rainy nights
When wet streets shine with winking lights.
And if you do not like their flavor,
At least admit a lyric savor.



The 4-Door Sedan $1195
Body by Fisher

"...all the advantages of Oakland's super-precision construction, *plus* the rich beauty of New Colors in Duco"

In this great era of industrial precision Oakland manufacturing processes stand out as a marvel of the day and age. Not in the entire history of the automobile has any low-priced car embodied so many super-precision processes—so many practices previously used only in the manufacture of the costliest cars ...Piston pin bushings diamond-bored to limits of three ten-thousandths of an inch! Piston, ring and rod assemblies balanced to fifteen one-thousandths of a pound! Main bearing seats aligned to two and one-half thousandths of an inch! A 100% hardness test on axle shafts. And the list could be extended almost indefinitely—for Oakland is going to unheard-of lengths to make certain the Greater Oakland Six continues to be the finest built car of its price in the world. Merely on the basis of such scientific accuracy, the Greater Oakland Six would constitute the outstanding value in its field. Yet today's Oakland Six is winning an entirely new measure of popularity, offering *all the advantages of Oakland super-precision construction, plus the rich beauty of new colors in Duco.* These original color combinations were developed in cooperation with Dupont, the world's leading industrial color authorities. They lend refreshing smartness to every Oakland body. They introduce into their price field a new note of modishness and luxury—one that you will instantly mark the moment you see the car.

SEDAN
$1095

Touring, $1025; Sport Phaeton, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; 4-Door Sedan, $1195; Landau Sedan, $1295. The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $775 to $975. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

The Greater OAKLAND SIX

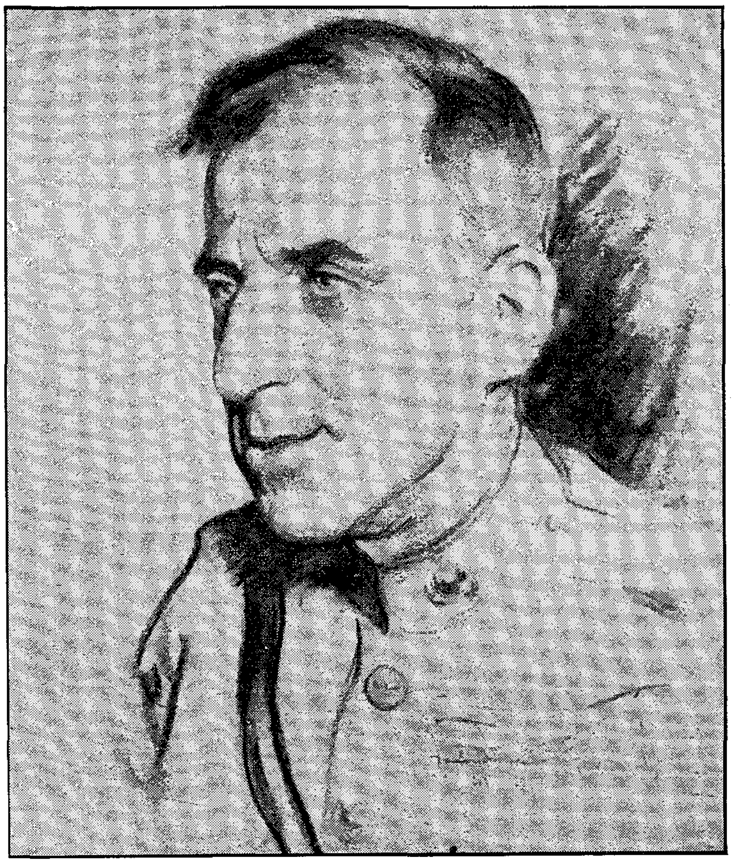
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ∾ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

WILL SMEDLEY BUTLER SNIFF MORE POWDER IN CHINA?

DEVIL DOG AND QUAKER, "Old Gimlet Eye," as Smedley Darlington Butler is known among his fighting marines, is once more on his way to China, where he will assume command of the American marines there. He won his spurs in China, while helping to crush the Boxer Rebellion, and now wears campaign ribbons and decorations of a dozen wars. S. T. Williamson describes him in the New York *Times* Magazine as a provoking figure, whether marine or Philadelphia policeman, a wiry man of average height, with sloping shoulders, strong wrists, and the face of an adventurer, long-nosed, fiery-eyed. "Impetuous," "excitable," "theatric," are some of the adjectives the *Times* writer uses in describing him, and altho he has a glamour of the stage about him, he is "too realistic for his part, too much a typical marine to be the real thing." We are enjoined to look up his record, in Cuba, the Philippines, China, Nicaragua, Mexico, and Haiti, with two Congressional Medals of Honor and an offer of the Victoria Cross thrown in for good measure. Butler may behave like a stage soldier, says Mr. Williamson, but he is a stage soldier who has lived his own drama, and the scenes in which he has played the rôle of hero "flash across the panorama of the last thirty years in a series of vivid episodes." For instance:

> There is the picture of a young Quaker who would be a soldier, who lied about his age to get into the service. Another scene is that of a young marine officer rushing out between the lines in China to bring back a wounded British Tommy. Then he is caught in ambush in Nicaragua, risking hanging to go to Mexico City as a spy, charging a bandit fort in Haiti, carrying duckboards with his men in the soupy mud at Brest, climbing down from his horse at Quantico to carry a sick marine's pack. To cap it all is the picture of him as a Philadelphia cop, the last thing he should have attempted.
>
> And now he's off to China. It is not a very safe thing to make guesses about what Smedley Butler is likely to do, but it is a sure-thing gamble that if there is any action for our marines in China, a swearing, rough-and-tumble sort of person with an eye as penetrating as a gimlet and the silver star of a brigadier on his shoulder will be in the thick of it. Butler is forty-six years old, but already he has lived through several volumes of Richard Harding Davis.
>
> If any suitable explanation can be made for Smedley Butler's turbulence, perhaps the best one is the fact that he was born a Quaker.
>
> Just about the time that his father thought that he would like to go to Congress—his father is Thomas S. Butler, who occupies the post of Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee—Smedley Butler, then sixteen, decided upon a soldier's career. It was scarcely an influenced decision, for the Spanish-American War had just broken out. The youngster ran away from his home in West Chester to Philadelphia and tried to join the National Guard, but his protestations that he was over eighteen were not believed. The elder Butler outwardly was furious over this warlike attempt. The suspicion is that inwardly he was somewhat proud.
>
> A few weeks later the boy heard that the marines were short of second lieutenants, so he and his mother slipt away from Chester one day and appeared at the monastic-looking barracks and headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington. Again were embarrassing questions about age, but there was the presence of a Quaker mother to confirm the unbelievable statement that the applicant for a commission was over eighteen. Young Butler was passed as eligible and returned with his mother to await orders at West Chester.
>
> "When did thee tell them thee was born?" his father demanded.
>
> "April 20, 1880."
>
> "Thy mother and I were not married until February, 1879, so do not add any more years to thy age."



From the New York *Times*; drawn by S. J. Woolf

HE'S GONE BACK WHERE THE BOXERS RAGED

Gen. Smedley D. Butler, of the marines, disillusioned by "cop" work in Philadelphia, may get a new "kick" out of a fresh edition of soldiering in China, where he learned the fighting trade.

Lieutenant Butler was with Sampson's fleet when the Spanish ships came steaming out of Santiago, continues the account, and:

> His next assignment and taste of real action was on the other side of the world in the Philippine insurrection. Hardened gunnery sergeants took the young officer under their wings, and out of guerrilla fighting in the islands, a form of warfare in which unseen enemies, or expectation of the unseen, make cowards out of most men, emerged a steady-eyed hit-first-and-ask-questions-later, campaign-seasoned first lieutenant of marines, with a pride in his corps and his men and a vocabulary that would blister the paint off the side of a battle-ship.
>
> His next employment, and he did not have long to wait, was across the bay in China, where American, British, French, German, Russian, and Japanese forces combined to crush the Boxer Rebellion and relieve the besieged Peking legations. For sheer, foolhardy daring, the exploits of this force have seldom been duplicated. The various international detachments were small and were therefore on their mettle to show their superiority over units from other countries. In the American column were marines and regulars, which served to heighten the rivalry.
>
> Lieutenant Butler participated in the storming of the Tientsin forts. He was wounded in one leg, a brother officer was struck in the other, and it is more or less of a Marine Corps stock story how the two casualties tied their wounded legs together and ran a three-legged race to the first-aid station. Before Peking was reached, Butler was back on active duty. In one engagement he ran out beyond his lines to bring back a wounded British soldier, and but for the fact that foreign decorations were not permitted then in the American services, he might now

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

AT INTERVALS of a few miles over the entire Pennsylvania Railroad these block-towers stand like sentries, on guard to protect the passing trains. Connected by a marvelous "nerve system" of telephones and telegraphs, operators in these towers prepare the way for miles ahead of each train, setting the switches and lights, reporting it in and out, providing an additional check on the accurate automatic machinery of the railroad.

Skilled operators in a thousand towers guide these swift trains

FROM TOWER TO TOWER the signal is flashed, miles ahead of the speeding train.

"Clear the way for 28."

The Broadway Limited is coming through the night.

In each tower in turn the operator repeats the order into the telephone from which it has come.

Small indicating lights in the block tower and clear lights over the track, show that the way is clear.

A click of tiny levers. Half a mile away the switch swings into place—the signal sets.

Minutes of silence. Then far away in the distance a dim murmur grows quickly, swells to thunder. The black bulk of the locomotive rushes past, windows of luxurious cars glitter warmly.

"Clear the way for 28!" The signal flashes on, often a hundred miles ahead, and the Broadway Limited speeds into the night, guided by a thousand unseen hands.

* * *

PILOTS of the Pennsylvania's fleet of 6700 daily trains—so these operators and levermen might be called. Day and night they are at their posts, a living chain from one end of the railroad to the other, linked together by the largest private system of communication in the world. From tower to tower they pass the great trains, guiding them swiftly, safely through the long network of shining rails.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4⅔ hours

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

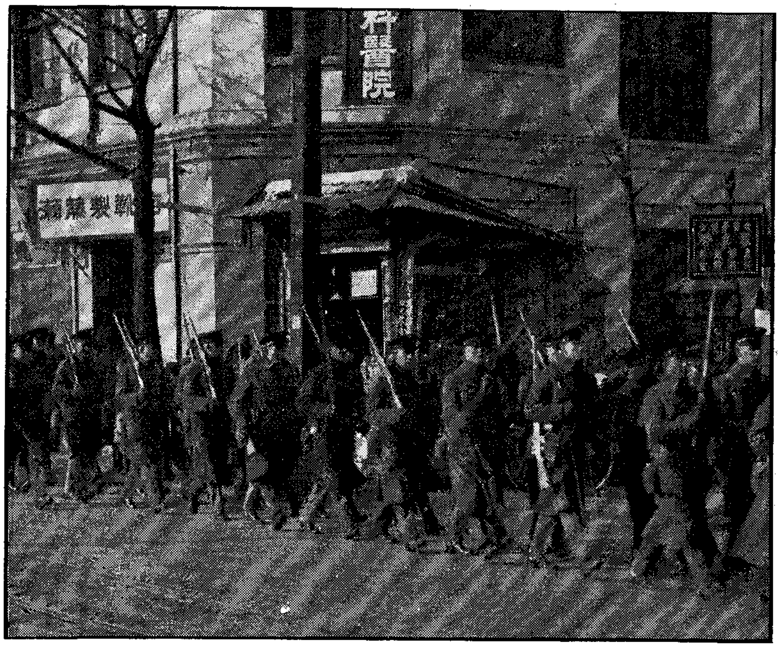
Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

be wearing the dark red ribbon of the Victoria Cross. Yet he came back home with one more wound, the double silver bars of a captain on his shoulders, and cited for "eminent and conspicuous courage."

But he was not home long. There were situations in the Caribbean for marines to take in hand. A revolution was engineered in Panama. Butler was there. A revolt broke out in Honduras. Butler was there, umpired it, and when bullets flew too near American holdings, suggested that the hostilities end.

Next in Navy Department orders was garrison duty at Panama. President Taft and a party visited the canal construction, and for their entertainment Major Butler staged an exhibition drill of marines. So impress were some officials with this marine drill that they asked Major Butler to give them a copy of his regulations that they might bring them to the attention of the War Department with the recommendation that they be adopted by the Army. If ever Butler showed tact, he did so upon this occasion. The close-order drill of the Marine Corps is the same as that of the Regular Army, but instead of sending the influential members of the Taft party a bound copy of these drill regulations, Butler had them neatly typed out and sent by courier to the Washington officials.



International Newsreel photograph

SOME OF THE "DEVIL DOGS" BUTLER WILL COMMAND

A company of U. S. Marines marching through Shanghai to a neighboring rifle range, for target practise—incidentally, no doubt, serving the purpose of a "peaceful demonstration" that Uncle Sam was not asleep.

Nicaragua, with Major Butler in command of the forces there, followed Panama. It was his duty to keep communications open between the capital and the coast, and we read on:

Altho it was supposed to be a revolution, with fighting confined to two parties striving for power, it turned out to be a little war of pacification for Butler and his two or three hundred marines. Once he and a handful of men were surrounded in a Nicaragua town and had to fight their way out. Upon another occasion Major Butler and 180 marines guarding the railroad were menaced by a few thousand Nicaraguan troops. Butler lifted the siege single-handed and in a manner more direct than polite. He walked up to the commanding general of the opposing forces, grabbed the latter's mustachios in one hand, poked a pistol between his ribs with the other, and addrest the leader in loud, threatening language. The words were not understood, but there was no mistaking their meaning.

After a year's leave, Butler appeared again, in 1914, with our fleet off Vera Cruz. The leaders of the landing forces wished to find out the strength of the Mexican troops guarding the port, as well as the condition of the route to Mexico City, and so, we are told—

Butler with two enlisted men volunteered putting their necks in a noose to find out.

There were rumors that there were 40,000 Mexican troops around Vera Cruz. Butler landed, posed as a detective in search of an American criminal supposed to have taken refuge in the Mexican Army, so goes the story, and received permission to look for him. He counted a little over 4,000 Mexican soldiers. The spying-out trip to Mexico City was slightly more dangerous. Butler was arrested on suspicion many times. "Because I carried a net and studied rocks, they thought I was a nut and let me pass," he explained. Then came the taking of the Custom House and the occupation of Vera Cruz, and Butler received his first Congressional Medal of Honor.

His second was awarded a little over a year later. Marines were landed in Haiti. Lieutenant-Colonel Butler was their commander, and his first job was the pacification of the black republic and the extermination of the Cacos bandits. There were some desperate encounters in the mountain fastnesses and headlong charges led by Butler on bandit strongholds. Next Butler organized a native constabulary, and the man of action became an administrator.

His hitherto undemonstrated administrative qualities kept him out of action in France when the United States entered the war, and the Fifth and Sixth Marines earned undying glory, for Brigadier-General Butler, the holder of two Congressional Medals of Honor, was assigned as commander of the base camp at Brest. In late October, 1918, he took over an area distinguished only by the fact that it was a continuous soup of red, clinging mud. The Armistice came out of a clear sky and with it orders for the immediate construction of an embarkation camp capable of handling 40,000 homeward bound troops a day. The first task was to keep these troops out of the mud. Miles and miles of duckboards—boardwalks with rungs three and four inches apart—were built and laid. Drest as an enlisted man, General Butler carried the first duckboards and material out to Camp Pontanezan from Brest. The incident is described thus in the camp paper:

"'Heads up. Detail, halt!' shouted the M. P., as the head of the 2,000-man column carrying duckboards came to the cross-roads. 'Get t'ell out of the way while that car goes by! Can't you see they is a General's star on that Cadillac?'

"'Just a minute,' said the tall, stooping figure leading the column with an eighty-pound duckboard on his shoulder, 'that's my car.'

"'Who the devil are you and how do you get that way?' said the doughty M. P. 'If yer don't back off and give that car gangway, I'll show you who you are.'

"General Butler then laid down his duckboard, showed the guardian of the soldier the star on his shoulder and complimented him for doing his duty. Thus did General Smedley D. Butler earn the sobriquet of 'General Duckboard.'"

Back in the United States at last, General Butler was assigned to command of the marine barracks at Quantico on the Potomac. Here he showed rare ability as an impresario. Each summer he marched his 5,000 marines to one of the Civil War battle-fields. One day the marines would reproduce as faithfully as possible the action between the Blue and the Gray. The next the show was staged under modern warfare conditions, with tanks, airplanes, and blimps.

Then came temptation. Philadelphia's new City Administration asked General Butler to take over its police force. He was promised full authority to clean up the town, and the President granted him leave from the Marine Corps. The story of Butler's two years in Philadelphia is told in a series of black head-lines, "Crooks Rush Away as Butler Starts Quaker City Drive," "Butler Threatens to Oust Detectives," "Butler's Men Raid Philadelphia Again," "Push Move to Keep Butler," "Butler and Mayor Kendrick Patch Up Differences," "Butler Suspends Forty Policemen," "Philadelphia Courts Assailed by Butler," "Butler Dismissed as Police Director," "'I'm Cured,' says Butler, Vice-Fighter of Philadelphia."

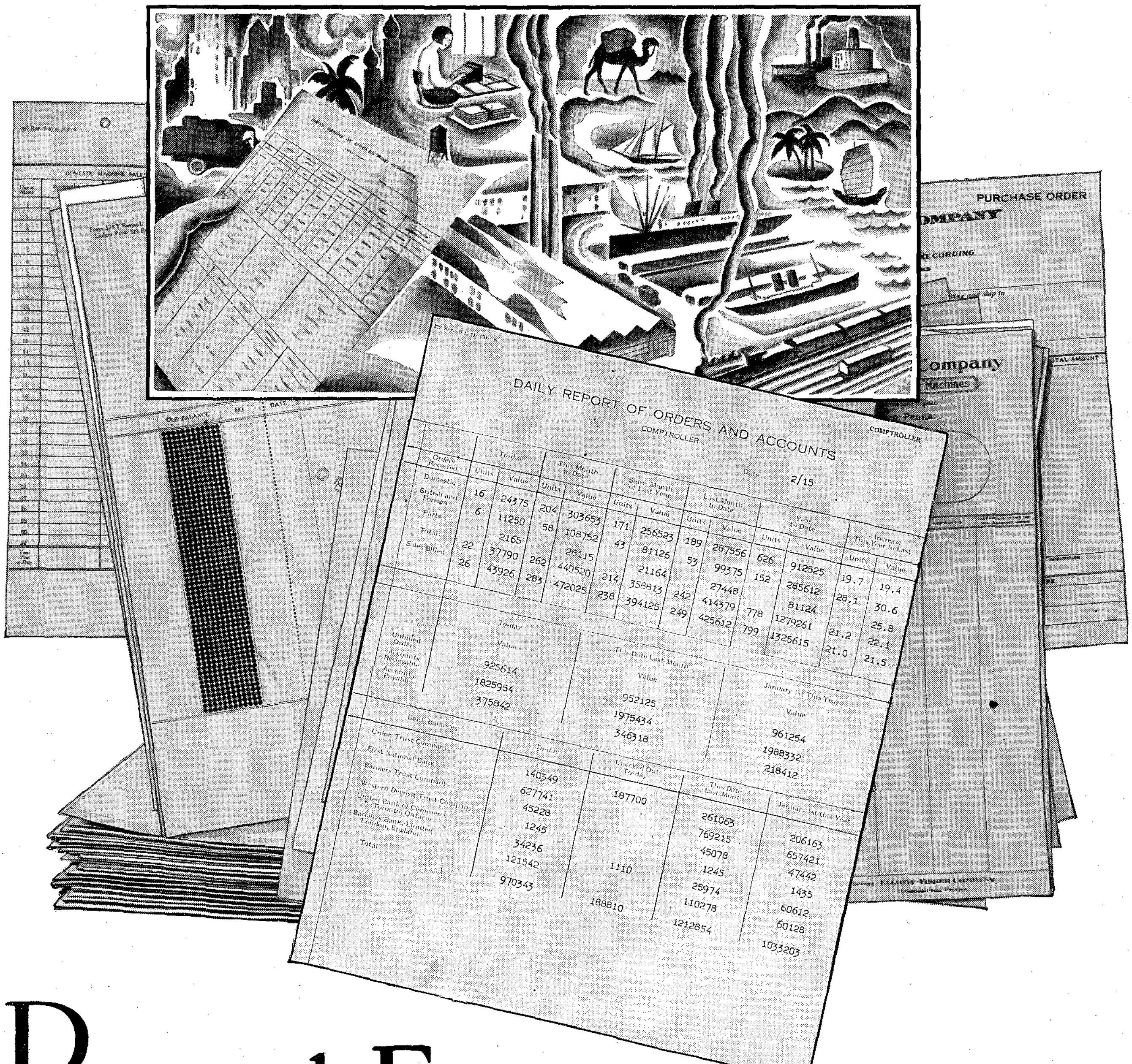
"Before General Butler left City Hall at 12:30 o'clock he had decided to withdraw his resignation as Brigadier-General in the Marine Corps," reads a vivid contemporary account of his departure.

"'I'm going back to the troops,' he said.

"He cleared his desk. He took a pistol from his desk. He inserted it in a holster. It was a handsome blue-steel Army Colt .45 caliber weapon. On the holster was written in ink: 'To Gen. Smedley D. Butler, from W. Freeland Kendrick.'

"'Give him the letter and the pistol,' he said. 'He can publish the letter and he can do what he pleases with the gun.'"

Now the question is, with Butler on his way to China, will Mayor Kendrick send him back the gun?



DAILY REPORT OF ORDERS AND ACCOUNTS

COMPTROLLER

COMPTROLLER

Date 2/15

Orders Received	Today Units	Today Value	This Month to Date Units	This Month to Date Value	Same Month of Last Year Units	Same Month of Last Year Value	Last Month to Date Units	Last Month to Date Value	Year to Date Units	Year to Date Value	Increase This Year to Last Units	Increase This Year to Last Value
Domestic	16	24375	204	303653	171	256523	189	287556	626	912525	19.7	19.4
British and Foreign	6	11250	58	108752	43	81126	53	99375	152	285612	28.1	30.6
Parts		2165		28115		21164		27448		81124		25.8
Total	22	37790	262	440520	214	358813	242	414379	778	1279261	21.2	22.1
Sales Billed	26	43926	283	472025	238	394125	249	425612	799	1325615	21.0	21.5

	Today Value	This Date Last Month Value	January 1st This Year Value
Unbilled Orders	925614	952125	961254
Accounts Receivable	1825954	1975434	1988332
Accounts Payable	375842	346318	218412

Bank Balances	Today	Checked Out Today	This Date Last Month	January 1st this Year
Union Trust Company	140349		261063	206163
First National Bank	627741	187700	769215	657421
Bankers Trust Company	45228		45078	47442
Western Deposit Trust Company	1245		1245	1435
United Bank of Commerce Toronto, Ontario	34236		25974	60612
Barclays Bank Limited London, England	121542	1110	110278	60128
Total	970343	188810	1212854	1033203

"Printed Forms *present a daily picture of our business*"... says The Elliott-Fisher Company

At nine o'clock every morning a piece of paper is placed on the desk of the president of the Elliott-Fisher Company, makers of accounting-writing machines. It is a printed form containing vital figure-facts.

This sheet of paper gives a complete picture of the Elliott-Fisher business up to the close of the previous day.

Printed forms keep facts before you in writing. Printed forms abolish alibis and get things done. They keep a business moving swiftly on the main track, without friction, lost motion, or noise.

Salesmen's statements, shop memorandums, invoices, packing lists, factory repair orders, daily work reports, cost records, purchase orders, credit memos, material specifications—are a few of the printed forms used by the Elliott-Fisher organization. And for these printed forms Hammermill Bond is used generously. For five reasons Hammermill Bond is considered ideal for all printed forms:

First: This standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Second: It is available in twelve colors and white. Third: It is uniform in quality. Fourth: Hammermill Bond is tough enough to stand rough usage. Fifth: Its reasonable price makes it an economy.

You can get Hammermill Bond from your printer whenever you want it. He knows it, uses it, likes it, recommends it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

Write for Working Kit

Dictate a note asking for our Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. There is no obligation, but please write on your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

International Newsreel photograph

THE FIRST MANSION REARED IN GOLDEN WEEPAH, AS A HOME FOR THE BOOM TOWN'S FIRST FAMILY

Here Frank Horton has established himself with his brother and his sons, one of whom, young Frank, launched the great new gold rush by discovering rich "pay dirt" while poking into a badger-hole. No wonder the Hortons have the air of monarchs of all they survey!

THE RAINBOW OF TREASURE—NEVADA TO THE TRANSVAAL

FIFTY DOLLARS A POUND—what price pay dirt? That's Nevada's brand-new romance of treasure, with yellow grains galore in a random spoonful of soil, and flivvers racing like sixty in the species of "rush" at which Maude, the mule, once officiated as chief transportation unit. And meanwhile, away off in the region of Johannesburg, South Africa, seventeen thousand adventurers, "including women and girls"—not to mention champion Marathon runners engaged for the occasion—are pictured by the cable correspondents as legging it furiously in a long-distance free-for-all to peg out diamond claims in the newly proclaimed Grasfontein district. So the romance of Dame Nature's treasure-trove is not dead, as many believed, but the sly old lady has permitted two more of her inexhaustible cupboards to be pried open by foot-weary and ever-hopeful snoopers for the elusive "lucky strike." Two nineteen-year-old boys, prying into a badger-hole in the Weepah district of Nevada, started the current gold rush and incidentally enriched themselves and their families, we learn from news dispatches filed in Tonopah, the nearest outpost of frontier civilization. It "sets the very blood of the nation tingling," remarks one of the many editorial commentators on this revival of Bret Harte romance in the Far West. There is something in the hunt for the precious yellow metal, continues this writer in the New Haven *Register*, that "makes it so exciting that men will undergo the greatest privations with a heroism that is past understanding. The history of the California stampede of '49, or of Colorado in the '80's, or Alaska in the last of the '90's is still being written as this new strike drives almost numberless men out on the trails through the barren and inhospitable hills of Nevada." Already, it is pointed out, reports from the auriferous front indicate that "the bootlegger is on the job, and the gambler has spread out his roulette wheel and faro layout. Thus the rush takes on the form of normalcy at once. Without whisky and gambling no gold rush would be conventional." And we read on:

> It has been said, and it may be true—history seems to give credence to the thought—that if gold were discovered at the North Pole, there would not only be a stampede there, but that within a surprizingly short time after the news was given out that the precious metal was to be had by those hardy enough to go and get it, saloons, gambling-halls and dance-halls would dot the snow and ice for miles around the little spot that has called to the great explorers of the world.
>
> A gold camp is an entity. It is a peculiar sort of thing that can not be law-abiding and clean. In its very nature it presents to the grafter and the grifter opportunity not to be overlooked. Hence the jam on the road that takes the world to the place where wealth awaits the bold and the lucky.
>
> The unfortunate part of this gold rush is that there is likely to be much more gold carried into the place than ever will be taken out. Not more than one in a hundred, if that many, will succeed in making expenses, and of those nine out of ten will win through unlawful means.
>
> The trails to gold-fields are strewn with the bones of the weaklings, the failures, the victims of "circumstances." The pathways out of the maelstrom are trodden to the hardness of granite by the feet of the unsuccessful, the fugitive.
>
> It has been said that nature chose the most inhospitable places on the face of the earth wherein to deposit its gold. So it is. Hospitality has within itself love, friendliness, helpfulness—in gold camps these attributes cease to exist. "May the best man win and the devil take the hindmost" is the rule of the road. Let all tenderfoots beware.

Commenting on the fact that the Nevada Senate was considering a bill to legalize gambling by licensing it (the bill was afterward killed by one vote), the New York *Sun* predicts that games of chance will continue to flourish at the new mining-camp, "and in mining-camps the world over." And we are reminded:

> Gambling has been a favorite pastime in Nevada since the first mining-camps were there. In 1879 practically all forms of gambling were legalized by Nevada through licensing and flourished under that law until 1910, when the licensing law was supplanted by an antigambling act.
>
> When Montana was admitted to the Union in 1889 straight poker and faro and other gambling games were legalized by a licensing system similar to that of Nevada. But there was an exception. Dealing double from a "brace box" in faro was punishable as a felony—if the crooked dealer lived long enough after discovery to face a jury.
>
> In that day gambling was conducted quite openly. In Butte, the State's greatest copper camp, there were gambling palaces on Main Street. The gamblers had a big advantage over banks and tradespeople, for where the latter were open only eight hours a day, the gambling palaces were open twenty-four. Men worked on three eight-hour shifts in the big mines and reduction works, so the gamblers did not lack for patrons day or night.
>
> The licensing system was expected to bring large revenues to the State, but it failed of that purpose. In 1894 the returns from it were only $34,894.44, of which the State received one-fourth. An antigambling act passed in 1895 did away with the licensing system. It was intended to put an end to the gambling evil, but succeeded only in driving the gamblers to cover.

That Weepah, the new gold-boom town, "rests on a golden foundation" is proclaimed by an Associated Press correspondent, who wires:

> While 200 persons looked on, an Oakland newspaper reporter, guided by Frank Horton, owner of Weepah's principal claim, dug his fist into the earth and pulled out as much rocky soil as his hand could hold. A San Francisco newspaper man crusht it, and it was panned by Horton. It produced two tablespoonfuls of gold.

(*Continued on page 49*)

DRURY COLLEGE L...
Springfield, Missouri

Will their light hearts be heavy at 40?

Pyorrhea takes 4 out of 5 as its victims

To them each day is a gay adventure and life one long happy hour. But will it always be so? Or will they pay the high price demanded by neglect? . . . That depends upon what you do now to protect their health in later years.

Pyorrhea strikes like a deadly rattler, leaving a trail of shattered health in its wake. It takes as its victims 4 out of 5 past forty and thousands younger.

Its poison ravages the system often causing rheumatism, neuritis, anemia and a host of other serious ills as well as embarrassing facial disfigurement.

No precaution should be overlooked. The troubles resulting from Pyorrhea are too serious. Safeguard your health and the health of your children against the attack of this enemy by going to your dentist for a thorough examination at least twice a year. Have him watch your children's teeth and gums, closely.

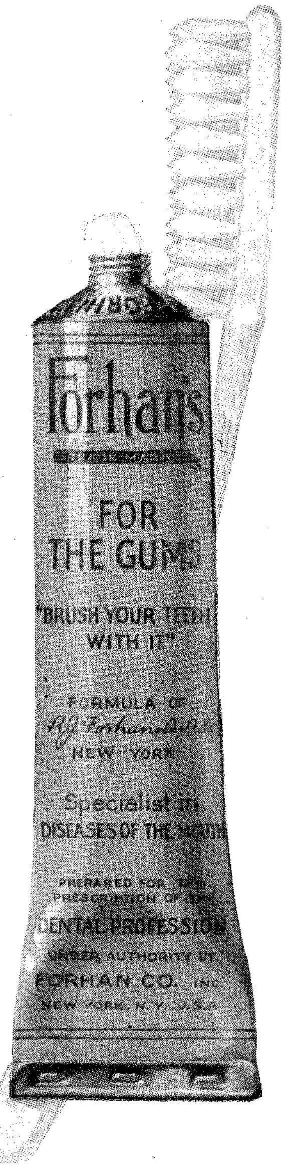
And start using Forhan's for the Gums, at once. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course, if used in time.

It firms gum tissue and keeps it strong. It makes teeth lustrous white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Teach your children to use Forhan's regularly morning and night. They will like its refreshing taste. And it will protect their precious health. Use it yourself. It is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. Get your first tube of Forhan's today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

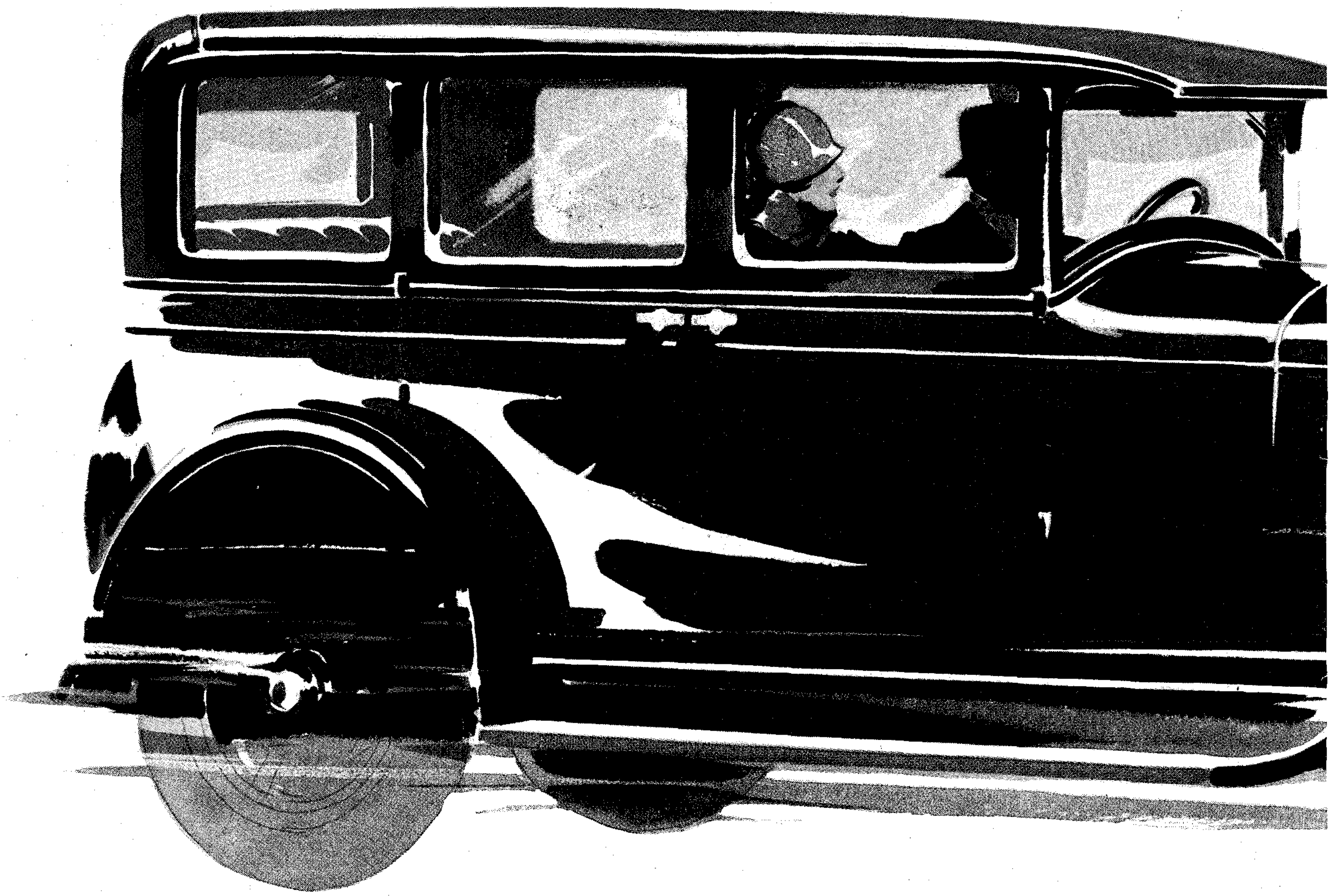
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You can be sure of this

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouth washes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it. 35c and 60c—all druggists.

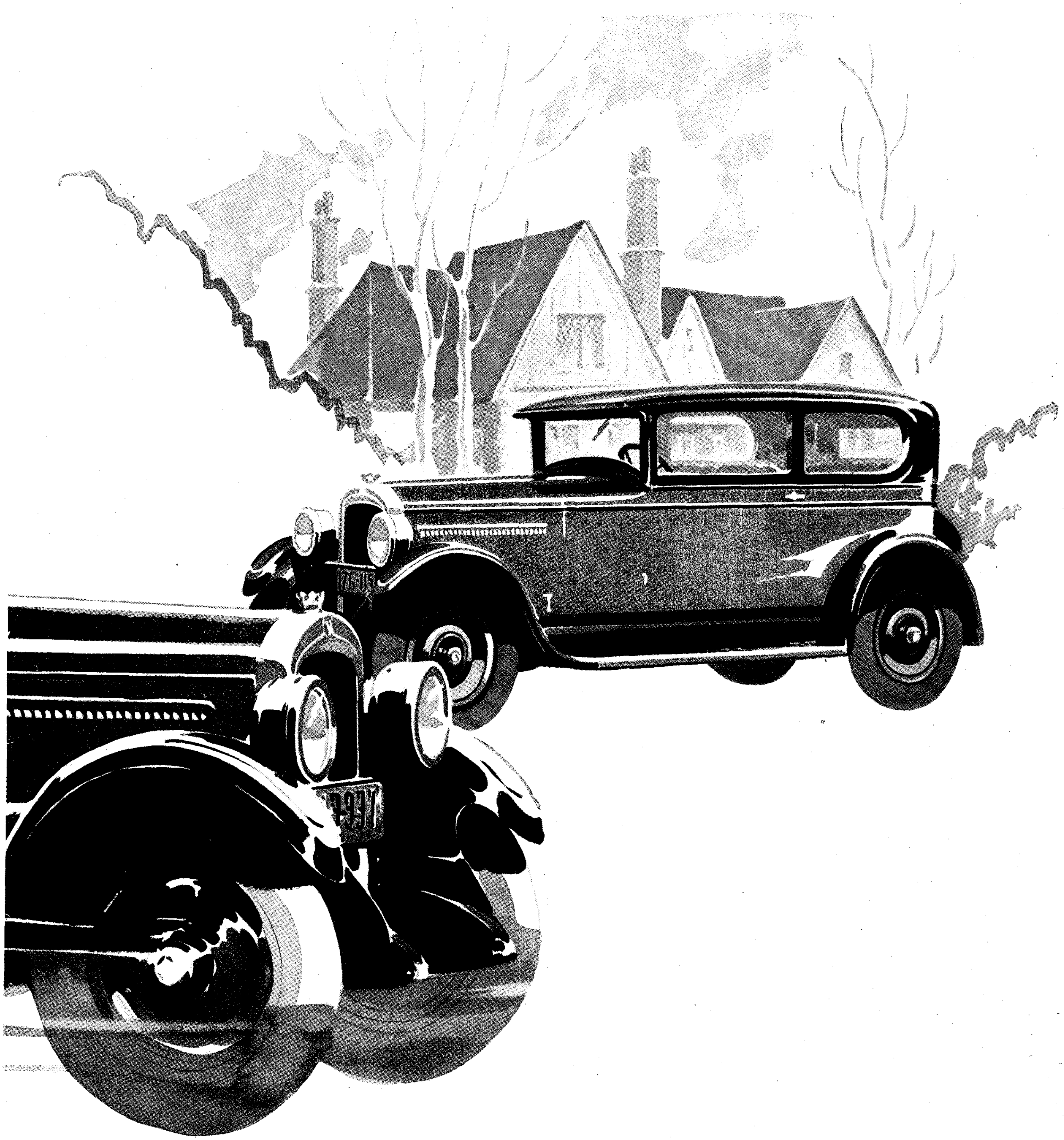
HUPMOBILE
SIX



THE CLOSEST PRIC

The Closest-priced Six in America ∞ with 10 per cent extra quality but not a penny added to the price. Hupmobile's own seasoned engineering and precision manufacturing assure power as smooth as electricity, superb roadability, economical operation, zest and go. In sound value, in engineering and accessory features, no rival near its price. Beautiful, clear vision, ball-back bodies ∞

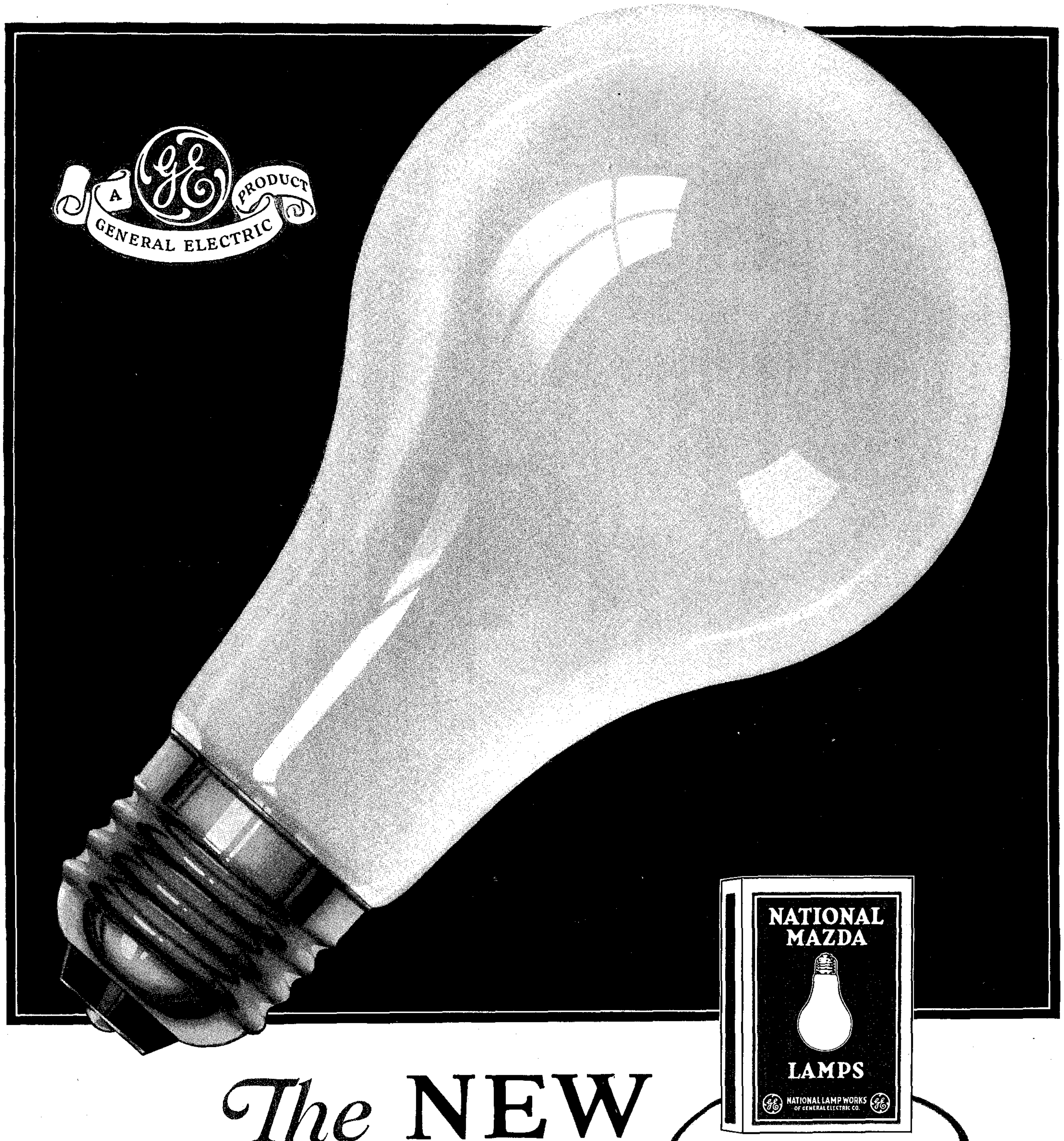
Color options ∞ Genuine
ware ∞ All instruments
Vision-ventilating windsh
Solid walnut steering wh
headlights, with controls
thermostatic heat contr



D SIX IN AMERICA

ir upholstery ∞ Beautiful hard-
one glass, indirectly lighted ∞
Automatic windshield cleaner ∞
ear view mirror ∞ Tilting beam
ering wheel ∞ Both manifold and
ash gasoline gauge ∞ Gasoline
filter ∞ Force feed lubrication ∞ Oil filter ∞ Special vibration damper ∞ 4-wheel brakes ∞ Balloon tires ∞ Snubbers. Sedan, five-passenger, four-door (at left) $1385; Brougham, five-passenger (at right) $1385; Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385; Roadster, with rumble seat, $1385; Touring, five-passenger, $1325; All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

A Miracle for a Quarter


A PRODUCT
GENERAL ELECTRIC
NATIONAL MAZDA
LAMPS
NATIONAL LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

The NEW National MAZDA LAMP

Still Lower Prices

The New MAZDA Lamps, *frosted on the inside,* are better, stronger and easier to clean than any lamps you have ever used before. And now, effective April 1, prices are still further reduced:

25-watt, reduced from 25 to 23 cents
40-watt, reduced from 25 to 23 cents
50-watt, reduced from 27 to 25 cents
60-watt, reduced from 30 to 25 cents
100-watt, reduced from 43 to 40 cents

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Company*
Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from page 44)

Thirteen ore sacks, filled as the result of leisure picking on the claim, stood near by. Each contained eighty pounds of ore. Horton said each sack would produce $1,800 worth of gold.

Fred Gilbert, seasoned young "desert rat," who recently sold a claim twelve miles from Weepah to New York interests for $100,000, and who not so long ago found ore near here which produced $12 in gold to the pound, declared after seeing the find that he "never would speak of high-grade ore again."

P. & A. photograph

BOY FAVORITES OF LADY FORTUNE

Well pleased with themselves, as any one may see, are Leonard Traynor (left) and Frank Horton, Jr., heroes of the now famous badger-hole, whose discovery has enriched their families and themselves beyond all their previous dreams.

Sourdoughs and prospectors who have ranged from the Yukon to Peru and from Cripple Creek to Hudson Bay looked on and said they never had seen the like before.

"I broke open a chunk of rock a while ago about six inches in diameter," said Gilbert, "and found the whole inside plastered with free gold. And I saw other boulders disclose the same values. They were at least 60 per cent. gold."

Weepah to-day began to blossom forth as a real town. Its first "emporium" hung out a sign reading:

"Water $2 a barrel; gasoline 50 cents a gallon; ham and eggs 80 cents; white mule 50 cents a drink, chaser free."

Guy Millard, prospector, who saw Goldfield at its height, said after examining the Horton-Traynor claim that he had seen rock which was worth $80,000 to $100,000 a ton.

So far as blooming into a regular town is concerned, Weepah is under a serious handicap. No one will work for $10 a day at carpenter work while there is the prospect of becoming rich overnight by hunting gold. There is no lumber in the camp with which to build.

Brokers, organizers and promoters are working feverishly, doing their best to get toe-holds before "big money" comes in and drives things out of their reach. Their favorite method of closing a deal is to arrange for spot-cash payments for stock, with deferred payments extending up to six months. Stock in any company that happens to be incorporated is sought in a clamor.

Printing-presses here are working day and night printing gold-sealed certificates. New companies are incorporated by telegraph. The first company organized worked so fast that 200,000 shares in it had been sold before announcement of the incorporation appeared in the newspapers. Scouts were out to-day looking for an architectural nucleus for Weepah. They don't want carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and other building-trade artizans. Building is too slow a process. They want houses already built, and they are finding them.

Here the procedure is to locate a small shack, buy it at any price, hoist it on a big truck and scoot for Weepah. Truck-drivers are learning the art of balancing houses on their vehicles as a fine art, for the long journey across the rugged desert is a precarious one for such a load.

Most of the cabins are being moved here from a road camp which was abandoned only recently. Contractors had just finished building a road and were abandoning the cabins as worthless. Weepah, however, found it out and they are being bought at from two to three times their ordinary value.

These little cabins will do double duty in the hunt for gold, for the road contractors bought them in Goldfield, where they had been stored for years after going through the rush there in 1906.

Another dispatch from the same source tells us that Weepah is situated in stretches of desert and waste-land more famous than all the rest of the West for barrenness and desolation, with no animal life or timber. Reading on:

Sage-brush is the only thing that can survive season after season.

Looking down from Weepah on "drylake" is a favorite pastime. One beholds an expansive blue surface as level as the sea, dotted here and there with little islands studded with trees of the most inviting appearance. In the summer the view offers much diversion to the lonely traveler, but he who seeks to escape from the heat of the desert into its coolness meets disappointment. It is nothing but a mirage. These mirages appear constantly to the traveler in this country.

The road to Weepah is a devious one, and skilful driving is required to avert calamity because of the precipices and the danger of meeting vehicles on narrow passes.

"Weepah" means "no water" in the Pah-Ute tongue. It is well named. In addition to the mirage, water in unlimited quantities can be seen down the canyon from Weepah, but it is unfit for anything except motor-car radiators.

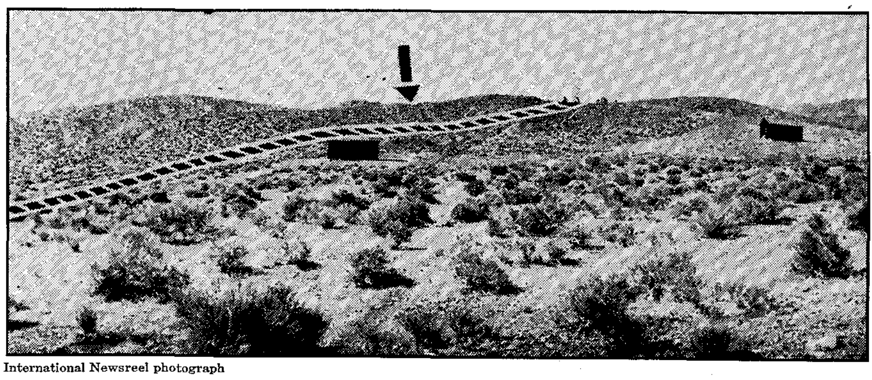
The specter of trouble over duplication of filing on placer and lode claims appeared at Weepah to-day as the gold-boom camp found itself potentially twice as rich as was first supposed.

Weepah has been electrified by the discovery of rich surface deposits by a red-shirted prospector who came quietly back to camp after a day of work in the hills. Altho he at first attempted secrecy, word soon spread he had found gravel worth about $50 a pound.

Prospectors and Sunday visitors competed in races over the near-by hills to locate claims or at least fill their pockets with gold-laden sand.

The presence of surface values holds the possibility of trouble. Under the State laws locators may file placer claims on areas already staked out for quartz or lode mining. This means two classes of claims may be filed on one area. The placer miner is entitled to all the gravel down to the regular lode.

With the possibility of conflict in sight a movement was begun among locators to discuss pooling their claims. Ed McKelvie, discoverer of the surface gold, refused to say where he made the find because he was uncertain regarding the legal status of the claim involved.



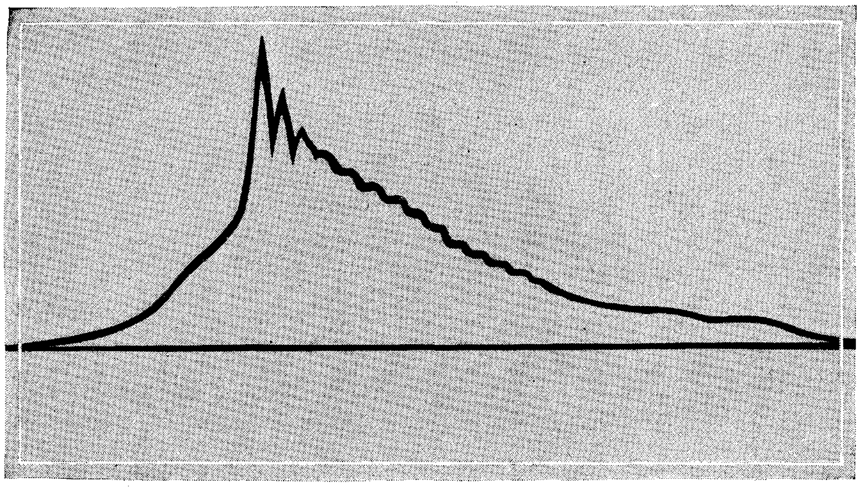
International Newsreel photograph

THE EXACT SPOT OF THE "LUCKY STRIKE"

It is indicated by the arrow, while the barber-pole line traces the course of the original lode, long since supposed to be worked out. Note the typical sage-brush landscape.

Thus far the Weepah Camp, which is but ten days old, has collected a new type of gold-seeker. There has been no disorder

This is the "knock" in your motor



THIS shows photographically what occurs in the engine cylinder as carbon forms, when you operate your car on regular gasoline. The increased heat and pressure created by the carbon cause the gasoline to explode too quickly, with the result that there is an accumulation of high pressure waves which strike against the cylinder walls so violently as to produce an audible metallic sound. You know that sound as the "knock"—and the bumps in the line show what the "knock" looks like.

The "knock" is the bane of the car driver. It hurts both ear and engine. It slows up engine revolutions; cuts down power and pick-up; increases vibration and engine wear and tear; and entails the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

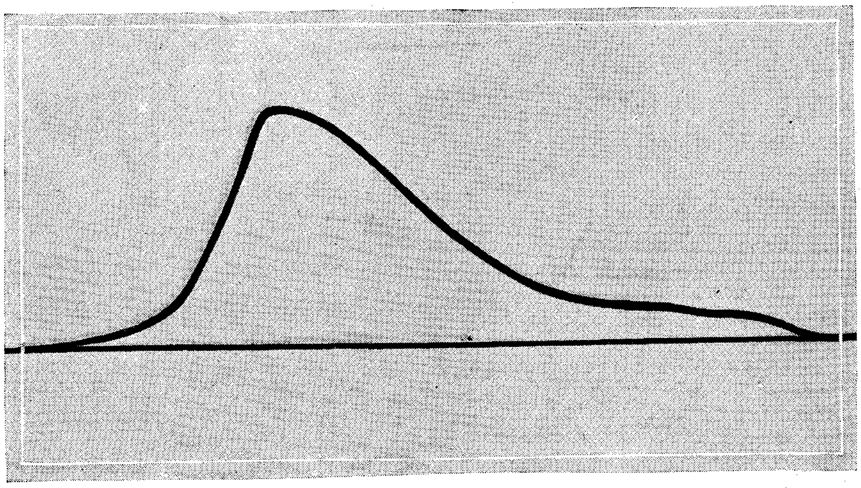
From a photograph by
General Motors Research Laboratories

And this is how "ETHYL" knocks it out

AND this shows photographically what goes on in the same cylinder under the same conditions when regular gasoline is treated with "ETHYL" fluid. Note the absence of "knock-bumps"; the evenness of the pressure changes. The "ETHYL" fluid has neutralized the heating qualities of the carbon deposits and by maintaining the normal combustion rate of gasoline has turned the increased pressure carbon causes into increased power.

Ethyl Gasoline is the most efficient "anti-knock" fuel yet discovered. It transforms carbon from a liability into an asset. It produces more power on hills and heavy roads. Speeds up acceleration. Makes for easier handling in traffic. Reduces gear-shifting. Keeps out the "knock" with the spark fully advanced. And reduces wear and tear and maintenance costs.

From a photograph by
General Motors Research Laboratories



ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U·S·A
Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL

EIGHT years ago the General Motors Research Laboratories started out to find the cause of "knocking" in automobile engines.

Their first task was to see just what goes on inside an automobile cylinder. So they invented special instruments which made possible the photographs shown opposite.

Thus they found that what has been called an "engine knock" or a "spark knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*—due to the tendency of regular gasoline to explode too quickly beyond certain temperature and compression limits.

Once the character of the "knock" was fully known, General Motors research engineers began their long series of experiments for something which would eliminate it. These experiments resulted in Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound, or "ETHYL" fluid as it is commonly known, which when mixed in very small quantities with straight gasoline forms Ethyl Gasoline—the most efficient "anti-knock" fuel yet discovered.

Ethyl Gasoline means more power, quicker pick-up and less gear-shifting. It is used by racing drivers throughout the country. It is used by the latest type of airplanes of the United States Navy. It has increased the motoring satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of car drivers. And it is destined to play a much more important part in the automobile history of the future. **TRY IT.**

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

ETHYL GASOLINE is now generally available throughout the United States and Canada. Following are oil companies licensed to mix "ETHYL" fluid with gasoline at their refineries and to sell the resultant product (Ethyl Gasoline) to the public, either directly or through gasoline resellers and distributors.

➘ ➘ ➘ ➘

Associated Oil Company ➘ Atlantic Refining Co. ➘ Beacon Oil Company ➘ Continental Oil Company ➘ Humble Oil & Refining Co. ➘ Imperial Oil Limited (Canada) ➘ Pennzoil Company ➘ Refiners Oil Company ➘ Spears & Riddle Co. ➘ Spokane Oil & Refining Co. ➘ Standard Oil Company (Indiana) ➘ Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) ➘ Standard Oil Company of Louisiana ➘ Standard Oil Co. (Neb.) ➘ Standard Oil Company (N. J.) ➘ Sterling Oil Company ➘ Union Oil Company of California ➘ Walburn Petroleum Co. ➘ Waverly Oil Works.

➘ ➘ ➘ ➘

Through the above-named companies, hundreds of jobbers and thousands of dealers are selling Ethyl Gasoline. The "ETHYL" trade mark on the pump is your protection.

GASOLINE

Your face needs *after-shaving care*

FOR all-day comfort after shaving the skin must retain its natural moisture. This makes for softness and smoothness. Aqua Velva, the new scientific after-shaving liquid, helps the skin retain this needed moisture. Unlike greases, Aqua Velva leaves no trace.

Aqua Velva gives these 5 benefits

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Free—Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Mail us the coupon below or a postcard—today.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c at all dealers, in large 5-ounce bottles. By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, in case your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

Williams
Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream.

The J. B. Williams Co. Dept. 24A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________

L. D. 4-2-27

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and no disputes. The rainbow chasers of to-day are smooth-tongued, polite, and good-natured.

Two newsboys sold papers at 25 cents each. A Chinaman set up a restaurant. He was "eaten out" before noon, whereupon he left, talking to himself because of his short-sightedness.

The rush of traffic was so great that D. H. Butler was designated as "traffic cop." The trail from Tonopah was crowded with cars.

Word was spread to-day that copper and gold ore had been struck in the Deep Mines shaft 180 feet below the surface. The Deep Mines Company had been driving for depth for five years, hoping to recover rich ledges that were believed to have extended into the Goldfield Consolidated mines.

Drilling has produced ore assaying $26 in copper and $3 in gold and silver to the ton.

Meanwhile a sympathetic boom appeared in Goldfield, the scene of a rush in days past. Miles of stakes made their appearance northeast of the town which flourished and died twenty years ago.

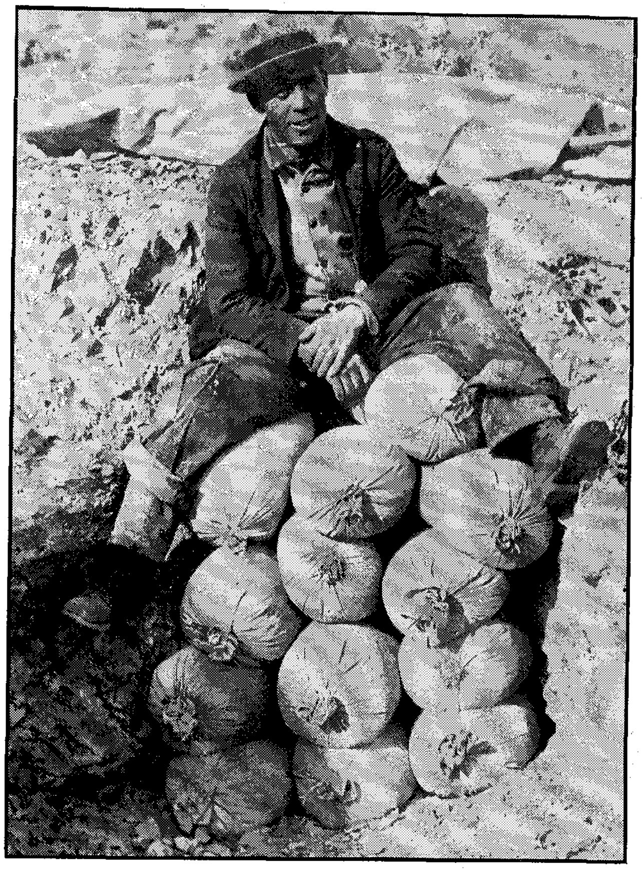
Some of the ups and downs of those who are following Lady Fortune in the new gold rush are depicted in this "special" from Weepah to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Frank Horton's badger-den, which figuratively has turned this sleepy little pin dot on the desert into a hell-roarin' gold camp—a replica of Goldfield in its boom days—has opened a vein of mining-camp truth or fiction which indicates that the present find of fabulous wealth was known to the Indians twenty-five years ago.

Old-timers are wondering if the Indians found the same deposit of high-grade panning ore that Frank Horton, Jr., and Leonard Taylor, Goldfield boys, discovered while digging to evict a badger from its hole.

Weepah is not a new district; it has been mined intermittently for twenty-five years, but nothing but low-grade ore was ever found prior to the recent discovery. Old-timers tell of two Indians who came in from Weepah twenty years ago and showed old Joe Ford, sheep man, a sack full of rock that made his eyes water.

They asked Ford to go with them and see their find, and the trio started out. On the way one of the Indians was taken with a heart attack due to the excitement of the find, Ford afterward said, and died. The other Indian took the death of his companion as a sign that his tribal gods were angry because of the impending disclosure of the find to a white man, and refused to go a step farther with Ford, whose efforts to find the source of the rich rock were futile.



P. & A. photograph

AT EASE ON A GOLDEN THRONE

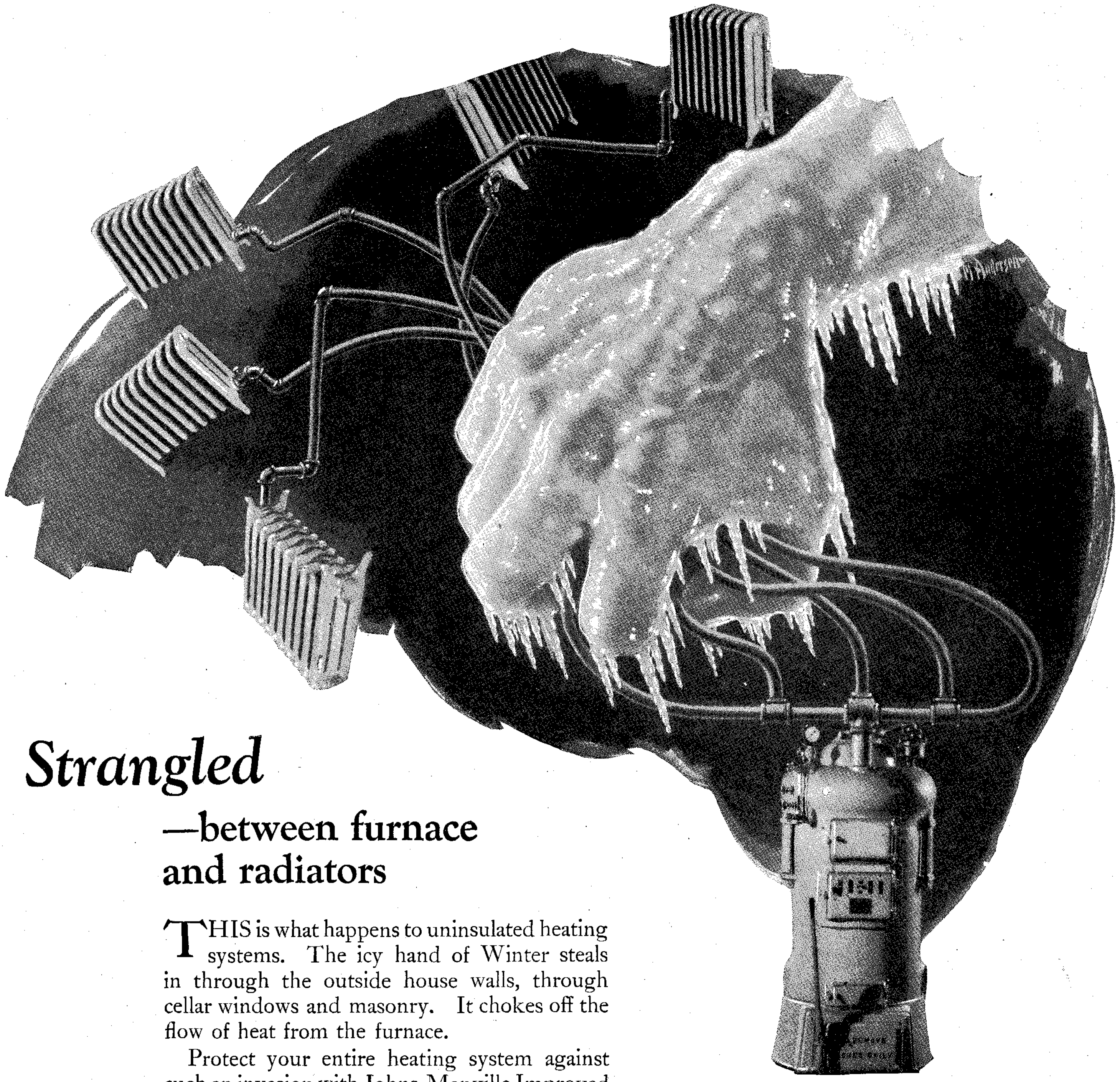
These are sacks of "pay dirt," expected to yield a high percentage of the yellow metal when put through the refining process. The young man on top is a typical Western gold-seeker.

Weepah, less than two weeks old, is already a small, tented city. The tents are widely scattered, as locations have been made over a wide area around the scene of the discovery of ore that assays more than $78,000 to the ton.

Horton's father is president of the Electric Gold Mines Company, on whose property the find was made. The other boy's father, James Traynor, is mining in the Chuckwalla Mountain district of Inyo County, California, which was also the scene of a mining boom a few months ago.

Both men played an active part in the big Goldfield boom two decades ago. Horton came here flat broke from Colorado in 1904. He located the famous Daisy Mine, one of Goldfield's big producers, and later sold his interests for half a million dollars. Most of his fortune was dissipated by unlucky oil and hydroelectric ventures in California. Then he came back to Esmeralda County, the scene of his first success, acquired six claims in the Weepah district, organized his company and started development work in a small way.

Two vein systems were traced for 1,500 feet, but ore running around $12 a ton was the best showing made by his labors. Then his company got into financial straits. He was unable to pay Mrs. Katherine Gamber to cook at his camp. She brought suit in the Goldfield court last November for $2,393 on a claim for unpaid wages. She got judgment and bid in the property at sheriff's sale. To-day the Electric Gold



Strangled

—between furnace and radiators

THIS is what happens to uninsulated heating systems. The icy hand of Winter steals in through the outside house walls, through cellar windows and masonry. It chokes off the flow of heat from the furnace.

Protect your entire heating system against such an invasion with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

It has become the standard heating pipe covering because of its high efficiency and low cost. It will pay for itself in a very short time, in fuel saved.

The time for you to insulate is when you shut down your furnace. Next winter you will reap the benefits in comfort and economy.

Do it now. Phone your steamfitter or plumber. Forget it afterwards.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION, MADISON AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY :: :: BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

See your steamfitter or plumber

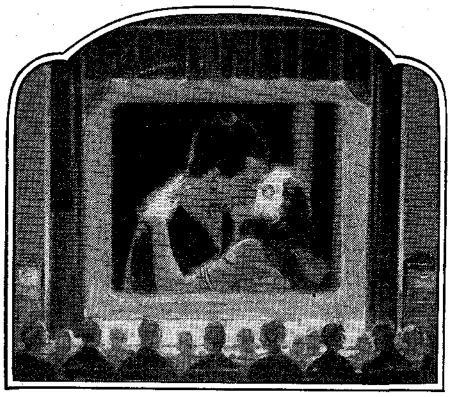
Have him inspect your heating system, now, with a view to applying Improved Asbestocel and giving you a warmer home—with less fuel.

It is marked with a red band at each end so you can easily identify it.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved Asbestocel *pipe covering*

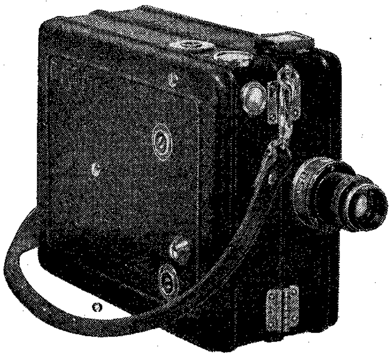
THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND



You Have Seen Movies *taken with* this CAMERA!

EVERY week movies taken with this remarkable camera appear in many theatres. News reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions are taken with the DeVry. Although designed for the amateur, the DeVry has gained wide recognition among professional cameramen.

Taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking snapshots with a box camera—no cranking—no tripod. Just point the camera, press the button and you are taking movies.

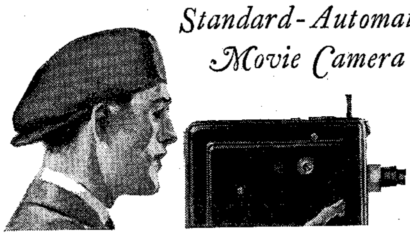


With the DeVry you can "shoot" from any position. It has three view finders instead of one. It loads in daylight—starts and stops smoothly—holds 100 feet of standard theatre size film, the kind professional cameramen use. Movies taken with the DeVry can be projected with the same sharp clearness year after year.

The DeVry sells for only $150.00. Mail the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new booklet, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

DeVry

Standard-Automatic Movie Camera



C O U P O N

THE DEVRY CORPORATION
1111 Center Street, Dept. 4-LL, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your new free book. "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ *State* ____________

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Mines stand in her name, subject to redemption before next May. The property is as good as redeemed right now. Mrs. Gamber is back in the camp running a restaurant on her own account. The big discovery was made within 100 feet of the back door of the camp kitchen where she cooked bacon and eggs for Horton's miners.

So far there has been no violence at Weepah as the result of conflicting locations. There has been some claim-jumping, but it has all been adjusted by arbitration. Of gambling there is plenty, but gambling goes on unrestrained throughout Nevada. The Assembly at Carson City last Friday passed a wide-open gambling bill. Its passage in the Senate is said to be assured, so that the gamblers will be able to do within the law what they have been doing in the face of it.

There is no water at Weepah, but there is an unlimited supply of bootleg whisky at 50 cents a drink. Water for drinking and cooking is hauled thirty miles from the nearest source. It is too costly for bathing. Bread sells at 25 cents a loaf, and it costs 50 cents to get shaved, the charge being based on the water and not the soap.

Severe hardships are being undergone by the first Weepah pioneers, their tents affording little protection against the frigid temperatures and driving snow. Two of the big newsreel companies had their camera men on the job this week.

E. J. Roberts, a pioneer mining man of this district, has organized the Weepah Gold Mines Company. Several companies listed on the San Francisco Stock Exchange are negotiating for ground. Some deals are said to have been closed, but no public announcement has been made.

Senator John Houlahan, representing Goldfield in the Legislature, located several claims in the Weepah district a few weeks before the strike. He is unable to explain why he located them, but yesterday it became known that he had received a big cash offer for his claims.

A later "A. P." dispatch from Tonopah tells us that Frank Horton, Jr., and Leonard Traynor, the young men who discovered the Weepah riches, sold claims west of the "electric ground" to the Mexican Gold and Silver Mining Company, of Virginia City. Incidentally—

The deal was closed a few minutes before the option was to expire. The purchase price was understood to be $30,000. The three claims included in the sale were located by the boys on the night of March 3, before the news of gold got abroad.

The wise gold prospector headed for Weepah arranges for his own rescue party before he starts from Tonopah. This precaution has been successful in saving many lives. The experienced desert traveler takes no chances on the shifting sands between here and Weepah; he sends word ahead to friends giving his starting time, and if he doesn't arrive when he should, searching parties go out after him.

Were it not for the fact that snows have blocked the mountain passes leading into the desert country, Weepah would be overrun with automobiles from distant points. As it is, the cars on hand are from near-by localities—enough of them at that.

Surveyors were busy to-day. Their transits were constantly in demand to determine the proximity of claims to the main strike, as everybody who has a foot of land for sale announces with much emphasis that he is close to the "electric ground."

Wildcatters are getting busy to plant the name Weepah among clients of mail-order stock subscription houses. Miles from the main strike are found their stakes. Rumors fly fast concerning sales. Several holders of claims near the Horton strike have withdrawn from the market. They plan to sit tight until the district is better proved.

Young Frank Horton himself is credited by the United Press with the following narrative of how he and his pal made their big strike:

Seems funny to admit that the luck my pal and I had was due to a dream that came true, but that's what happened.

Leonard Traynor, my chum, and myself had been working some claims without reaching pay ore. One night as we slept under the stars the dream came to me and I told it to Leonard. Right off the bat he says:

"Let's go out and try our hunch. We aren't doing any good here anyhow."

In my dream I imagined myself going out to Weepah where my dad had been working some claims for several years.

Our provisions were mighty low, but we managed to rustle some grub. We were both dead broke, and all we could afford was some bologna and cheese and crackers.

We got to Weepah, finally, and managed to live on the lean fare for a couple of days. But we didn't find anything, so we drove back to town to get some more grub.

Mother helped us this time, and with a few square meals in sight we went out to give my hunch another chance.

We did all our prospecting and digging close to dad's old working, for I knew that he had run onto streaks of high-grade ore.

One day Leonard and I noticed some good-looking rock just at the edge of an old badger-hole. I remembered my father saying that several of Nevada's biggest gold strikes had been made by a badger.

I guess that's what happened when we made this strike. We panned the rock around the badger-hole and got some nice strings of gold.

We kept on digging and the ore started to get better and better. It was pretty good-looking stuff. But it was not until we had dug several feet that we made the real strike.

When we opened up the ledge with all that gold, we were dazed for some time. Neither of us could believe our eyes, and we didn't know exactly what to do with it.

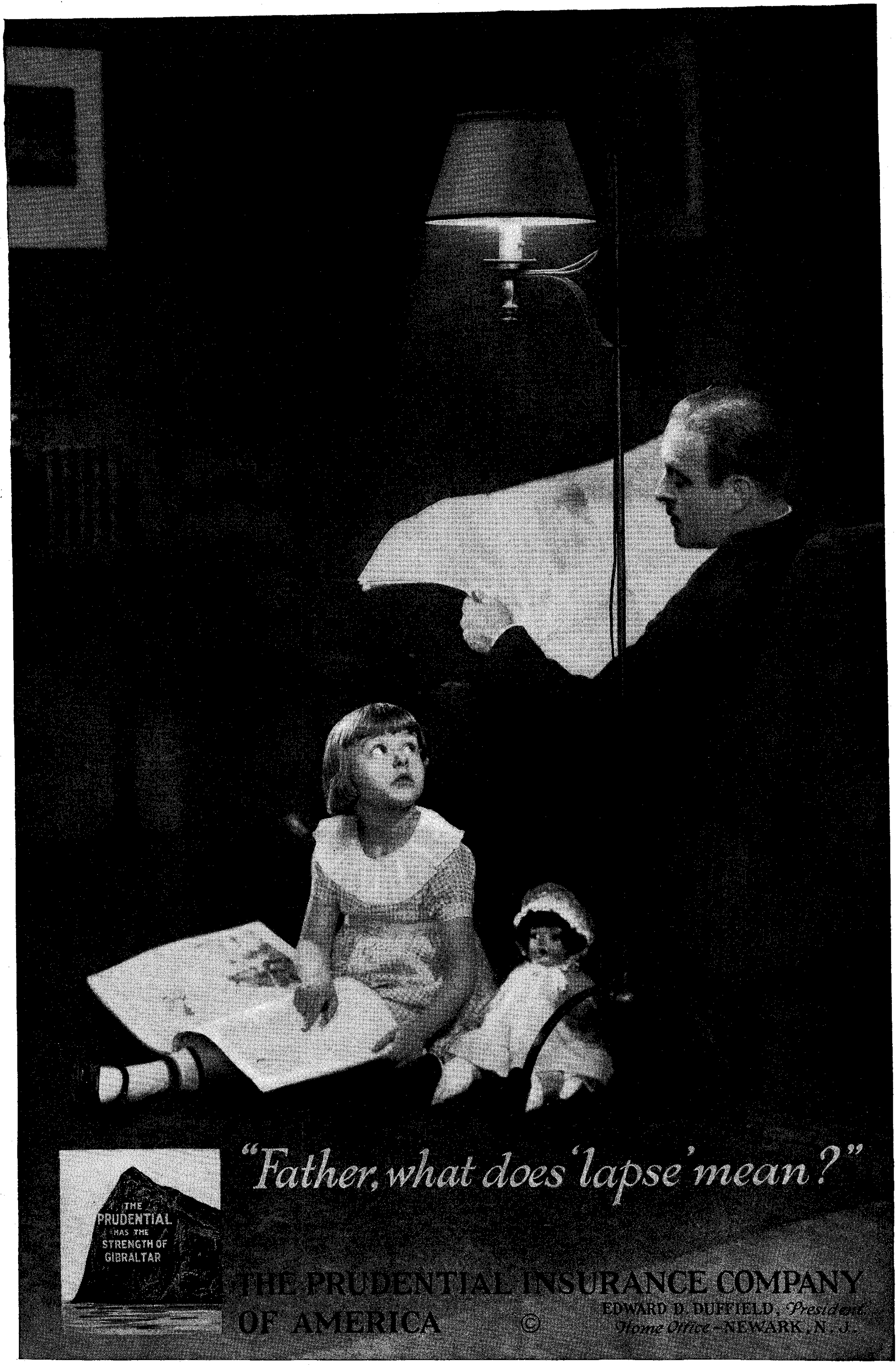
I thought maybe I was having another dream, but Leonard kept dancing around like a wild Indian, yelling, "We're set for life."

We finally settled down, filled some old cans with the stuff and started back to town. Of course, we staked our claims first.

On the way to town we decided to keep the whole thing quiet until my dad got there, but of course it got out when the ore assayed $78,000 a ton.

That's all, except that Leonard and I made sure our claims were not on my dad's land and that from now on I believe in all dreams.

While the rush was at its height, a sixty-mile gale, accompanied by hail and snow,


"Father, what does 'lapse' mean?"
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA ©

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*
Home Office—NEWARK, N. J.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK"
He was a faithful brush!

LURKING in the bathrooms of American homes are millions like him—poor wraiths of tooth brushes that have long since outlived their usefulness.

Because they do not *look* worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing that we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting them just as surely as though we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Why take chances with our teeth? After all, it is only a few cents' worth of extra wear that we are trying to wring from some poor old brush.

Let's pension off the old brush. Let's retire it from active duty. Get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with firm, lively, vigorous bristles—special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean.*

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—away from the gums—two minutes in the morning—two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would *keep* your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

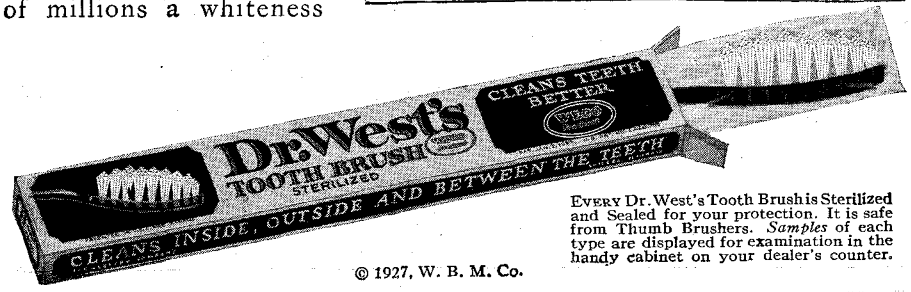
There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*



EVERY Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Thumb Brushers. *Samples* of each type are displayed for examination in the handy cabinet on your dealer's counter.

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

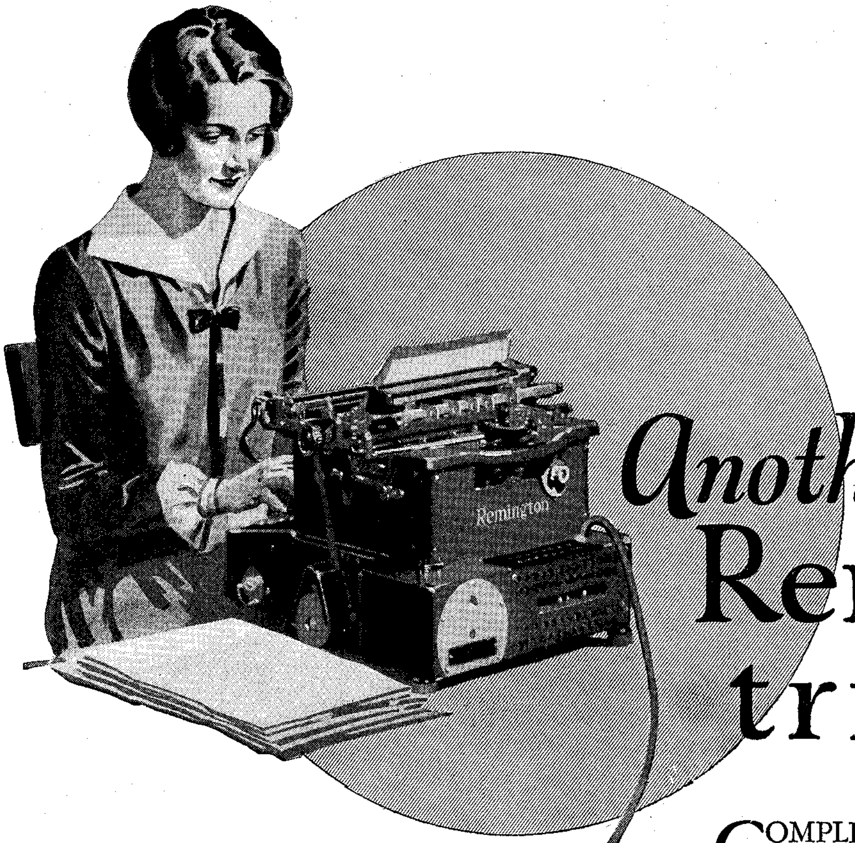
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tore down Weepah's tent city, and an "A. P." dispatch relates:

> Everything movable went down the canyon in a wild swirl of tin pans, tin camp-stoves, gasoline cans, and canvas housing.
>
> The storm swept over the camp from the direction of the Silver Peak Mountains. As the gale struck the tent city, dwellers awoke suddenly to find their homes being lifted bodily from over their beds.
>
> The time-honored custom of going to bed fully clad prevented additional hardship, for the prospectors were in condition to grapple with the storm as soon as they awoke. They made a mad scramble to save as much as possible of their belongings. Even so, camp dwellers went without breakfast this morning. All their cooking utensils had blown away.
>
> Many found refuge in the camp of Judge J. A. Houlahan, where there are four houses of substantial construction, and a cyclone cellar extending eight feet under ground, with a well-rounded roof of cemented rocks. Pat McAuliffe welcomed the refugees in the absence of the judge, who had been detained in Carson City at the legislative session.
>
> There were no women or children in the camp, and as soon as the storm had blown out its fury, and the sun broke through the clouds, the miners began hunting their lost property and reclaiming it.
>
> Judge Houlahan is chafing over the delay in adjourning the Nevada Assembly in Carson City, because it keeps him from going out to his holdings next to the Horton mine. Houlahan was appointed two weeks ago to fill a vacancy in the legislature, and now regrets it. He owes the good fortune of owning the best located land in Weepah to the fact that he was attorney for Frank Horton, who started the gold rush.
>
> Houlahan will do nothing with the land until he can visit it. One offer of $50,000 was refused last night by his son, a Reno insurance man, who is handling his father's business.
>
> John Shirley, former owner of the Palace saloon in Goldfield, in partnership with Tex Rickard, noted sports promoter, maintained his love for stampeding by showing up to-day on ground where he located twenty-three years ago and then deserted in favor of the Goldfield rush.

The redoubtable Tex Rickard himself, interviewed in his new Madison Square Garden, by a New York *Evening Post* reporter, showed signs of champing at the bit to light out for the great open spaces of Weepah. First the reporter asked him:

> "Did you ever hear of a fellow by the name of Frank Horton?"
>
> "Frank Horton," shouted Rickard, "well, I guess. Rode sixty miles with him in a stage-coach, talking gold all the way and getting a bigger thirst all the time. Good prospector, Horton was. Made a pile and then lost it in litigation over water.
>
> "Not enough wells out there in those days, and the boys sued each other just so's they could talk about water. I liked Horton. We worked together some, and he knew how to work, too, and also he knew how to spend the money he made. Too bad he got knocked off. Earthquake got him, didn't it?"
>
> The quickest way to correct this little



Another Remington triumph

COMPLETE in its application of the electric drive to every operating feature, except the insertion of the paper.

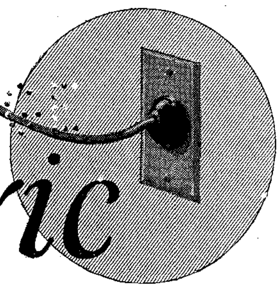
The slightest touch of the keys operates the type bars with lightning swiftness. The electric drive also extends to the carriage shift, the shift lock, the back spacer, the tabulator, and the line space and carriage return.

The net results are an absolute evenness of type impressions—yielding work of surpassing beauty, unequaled manifolding power, the elimination of fatigue in operation, and a volume of daily output hitherto unattainable on a writing machine.

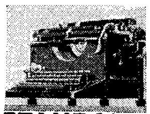
A demonstration is yours for the asking.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway New York
Branches Everywhere

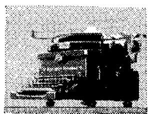
The new Remington Electric Typewriter



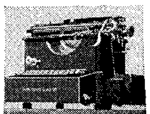
Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions.



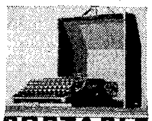
STANDARD TYPEWRITERS



NOISELESS TYPEWRITERS



ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS



PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

TABULATING TYPEWRITERS

ACCOUNTING MACHINES

A Machine for Every Purpose

Easier, Quicker, Better

Cleaner Woodwork

Prettier Floors

Brighter Furniture

Cleans As It Polishes
O-Cedar Polish
Varnish's Friend
Furniture
Pianos
Hardwood Floors
O-CEDAR CORP'N

30c to $3 Sizes At Your Nearest Store

O-Cedar Polish

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

error on the part of the world's largest gardener was to shove into his fist a piece of paper with printing on it stating that one Frank Horton, Jr., and therefore probably the son of a man by the same name, has just struck gold ore assaying $78,000 to the ton, while his father was sadly trekking to Los Angeles trying to raise the money to pay off an old debt.

"Where's this gold?" cried Mr. Rickard.

Near Tonopah, he was told, and young Horton and another lad, James Traynor, also nineteen years old, were getting it out in trucks and flivvers and demoralizing the countryside by handing out nuggets worth $20 as tips and souvenirs.

Mr. Rickard groaned, and his face fell.

"Now," he lamented, "don't that just show that a fellow ought to stay on the job? I quit, you see, and here I've jumped from one thing to another, eking out a precarious existence by getting people to fight and ride around a race-track and the like.

"Say, if you don't mind, I believe I'd rather not talk about the old gold-rush, because I can't very well leave this place right now, and I'll have to if I keep thinking about gold. You probably don't know it, but it's a fact that the fellows in one gold rush are the same that were in the others. It's always about the same crowd. The bug bites you good and hard, and after that you see gold-dust in front of your eyes every time you hear about a new find.

"No, I can't go," said Mr. Rickard, sighing deeply, "but I guess I'll have to wire Horton and my old friend, George Wingfield, to see what there is in this rush.

"Wingfield's name isn't mentioned, is it?"

Mr. Rickard was informed that Mr. Wingfield was in the present rush up to his neck.

"Why the son-of-a-gun," cried Mr. Rickard. "He made $25,000,000 out of the other one, that Goldfield boom. Don't he know when to quit? Here, I can't talk gold-rush any more. You take this, and get what information you want, and don't torture me any longer."

Of South Africa's diamond rush we read in an Associated Press dispatch from Potchefstroom, Transvaal:

> Lured by news of a great diamond find only a few days ago, and tense because of last week's false start, 25,000 runners, some of them women, to-day swept on the Grasfontein farm at the legal signal and scattered over it to peg claims.
>
> This time there was no misunderstanding and the pegs were not pulled up by police as fast as they were set in, as occurred last Friday when a premature rush caused a voiding of the entire procedure for throwing the lands open to the public.
>
> News of the find of diamonds valued at £50,000 on the Grasfontein farm a few days ago had spread like wildfire and had attracted thousands more prospectors to to-day's rush than were present last week. It was officially estimated there were 25,000 sprinters to-day as compared with the 17,000 who toed the line then.
>
> Among the runners were scores of professionals, including some women athletes, collected from Natal and the Transvaal by syndicates at a great cost to lead the rush to peg claims on the most promising ground. These athletes were on the spot all week training for to-day's work, because pegging claims is a matter of first come, first served.
>
> At the stroke of noon the Mining Commissioner again read the proclamation throwing the lands open. At the ending words, "God save the King," a huge union jack on a fifty-foot pole was dropt and the 25,000, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators on surrounding ridges, made a clean start and dashed away for the digging.
>
> Last week the tense moment just before the diamond-field was thrown open was marked by a premature breakaway of the runners on a part of the line. Police were powerless to restrain the crowd, and as a result the greatest confusion prevailed. Because of this, last week's rush was voided.
>
> Because of the Government's proposal for control of alluvial diamonds it was expected to-day's rush on the Grasfontein farm, which is reported to be of extremely great riches, would be the last diamond rush in South Africa.
>
> At the same time the rush was going on an urgent application for an injunction was made at Pretoria in behalf of a group of diggers who challenged the legality of the subdivision of the Grasfontein farm. The judge ruled notice must be given to the parties concerned and that the application must be filed again.

HOW THRILLS VARY THE ROUTINE OF THE LONE CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

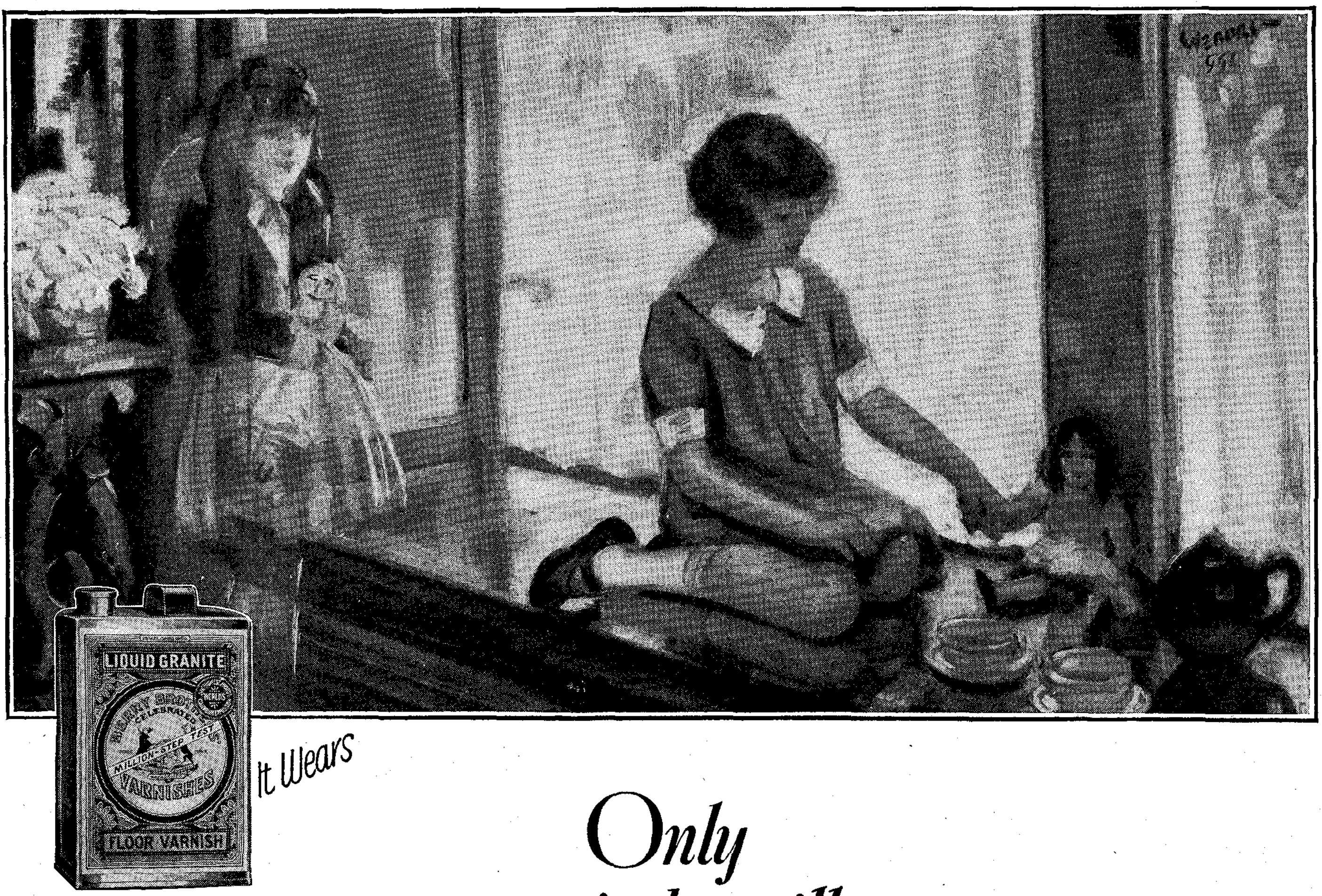
NIGHT and high seas in a steamship lane a hundred miles off the South American coast. A tiny yawl, the *Islander*, bobbing now on top, now in the trough of the great rollers, its lights mere pinpoints in the inky blackness, its hatches closed, its crew of one asleep below. A crash jolted him out of his bunk and brought him scrambling on deck, half-dazed. Alongside bulked the towering black hull of a tank steamer, heaving and rolling beside the frail cockleshell. As related by Harry Pidgeon, the startled captain, crew, and cook of the yawl:

> Somebody on board threw me a line, and the officer on the bridge called down to me, "Here's a line for you!"
>
> "Pull off!" I shouted. "I don't want your line!"
>
> "Don't you want to be rescued?" shouted the officer.
>
> "No! You woke me up. Get out of here!"

For the argonaut was homeward bound from his trip around the world. He tells us that he could hear voices on the tanker's bridge, and she started to move off, but—

> Before she got away, a big wave came and picked up the *Islander*, raising her even with the tanker's rail. She hit the rail and, for a second or two, I thought she would fall onto its deck. But she rode back with the wave and we were clear. . . . My bowsprit was broken, and the side of the yawl scarred, but that was all.

Later, Pidgeon met the same officer in a harbor and was told that his yawl had been mistaken for a ship's boat. The commander thought he would rescue the castaway, came down to windward, and let



Only a window sill—but what a story it tells

AN OLD-FASHIONED window in John Trulson's original home, in North Main Street at Princeton, Illinois, is the inspiration of the above painting.

The Trulson home was built in 1892 and finished throughout with Liquid Granite. In 35 years the beautiful parquet floors have been refinished only once.

But the real story of Liquid Granite's durability is told by a window sill in an upstairs room at which two generations of children have played.

The window has a west exposure where it is subjected to the blistering rays of the summer sun. Many times have sleet and snow encrusted the sill during winter nights when the window has been open.

In all these years the varnished surface has not been refinished—and today, after nearly two generations of service, the thin protective film of Liquid Granite retains its original luster and beauty, unmarred by even a single hair-line crack.

Here is varnish that wears. On woodwork it lasts a lifetime. On floors it withstands millions of steps and years of abuse. It is the kind of varnish your floors need.

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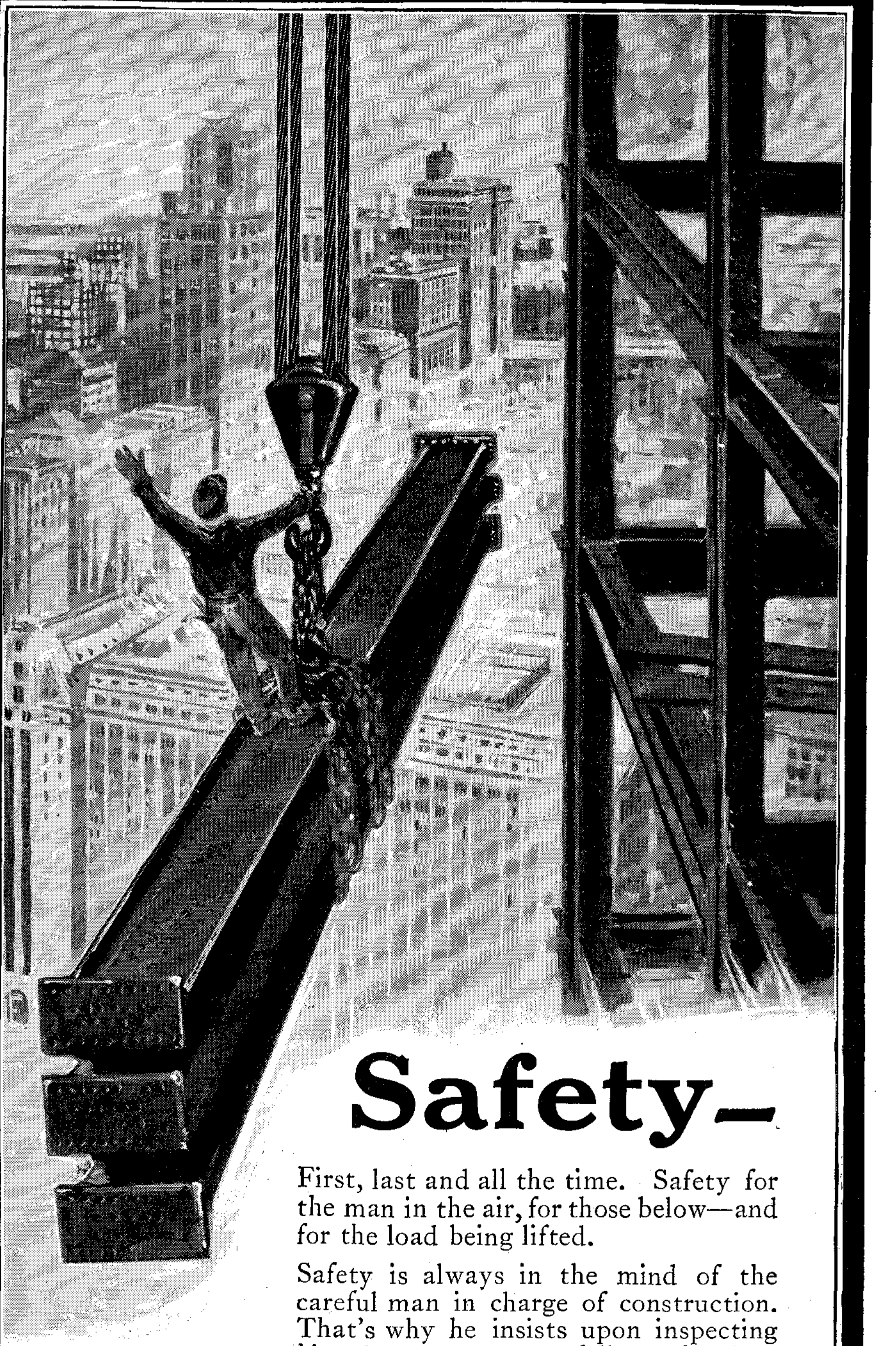

Safety—

First, last and all the time. Safety for the man in the air, for those below—and for the load being lifted.

Safety is always in the mind of the careful man in charge of construction. That's why he insists upon inspecting his wire ropes as carefully as he does the balance of his hoisting machinery.

And that's why, so often, he specifies Yellow Strand Wire Ropes. He knows that the words, "Yellow Strand" designate a certain very definite high grade—and that the strand of Yellow that is "laid" into the rope prevents his accepting, by mistake, a rope of lower quality.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Pidgeon's boat bump into his side, causing an abrupt awakening.

On November 18, 1921, Pidgeon had set out to circumnavigate the globe in the small craft built by himself. He had always led a roving life, and ever since his boyhood, when he read tales of the South Seas before his father's fire on their Iowa farm, he had been a prey to the deep-seated wanderlust of the inlander. He was past fifty when he commenced work on the *Islander*. Unlike Thomas Drake, who recently started for a third time around the world alone in a small boat after two unsuccessful attempts, and whose last try is described in the September 11 number of THE LITERARY DIGEST, Harry Pidgeon, when he started on his voyage, knew nothing of long-distance sailing. If we read James C. Derieux's account of the voyage in *The American Magazine*, we will find that he knew a good deal about it when he returned. As he told Mr. Derieux:

People who don't know anything about sailing ask me, just as you did, what on earth do I find to occupy my time. People who do know about sailing ask me how in the world I manage to do all the things necessary on a sailboat."

"But tell me about the sail around the world," I urged. "How did you happen to make such a trip?"

"The truth is," Pidgeon answered, "I never intended to do it! I had read about Captain Slocum and the trip he made around by himself; but I didn't have any definite plan for doing the same thing. I just wanted to see some of the islands in the South Pacific. So one year I stopt off in Los Angeles with my brother, and decided to build a boat by myself. I got some plans, ordered the lumber, and set up a camp on the beach, where I did my work.

It cost me one thousand dollars in money, and eighteen months in labor to build the *Islander* just as you see her now. She's a good boat."

The *Islander* is thirty-four feet long, ten feet nine inches wide, and she draws five feet of water. She has two masts, and is so constructed that when the companionway is closed, she is a tight shell. Her keel is sufficiently heavy to prevent her turning bottom up, even in the heaviest seas. She has no auxiliary power.

Inside the cabin are two bunks, one on each side. There is a small cook stove, and space for water-casks, provisions, and firewood for the stove. A chest of drawers with a small mirror, and a great many charts, maps, and instruments make up the rest of the equipment, except for spare sails, a sea anchor, ropes, and all sorts of material that might be necessary in making repairs.

"After I had launched the *Islander*," Pidgeon went on, "I decided to try her out—and to try myself out. So I put off for Hawaii. I ran into bad weather on that trip, but landed at Honolulu after twenty-six days. I think that trip was the roughest one I ever made; but maybe that is because I hadn't been to sea before. On the return trip to Los Angeles, I brought a young man who wanted to get back to the States. He is the only companion I ever had on one of my long trips."

"Did you get scared on that first voyage?" I asked.

"No. There wasn't anything to be scared of," Pidgeon answered. "Any man would sail ten miles out in a stout yawl like this. There isn't much more water in the second ten miles than in the first. And the third ten miles is as easy as the second. You just start, and keep on going. That's all there is to it. Of course, you've got to have plenty of food and water; but that's a matter of common sense. Naturally, I never set out until I had enough provisions on board to last me a lot longer than it would take me to reach the next land."

"What do you take along for food? And how much water?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't eat much. Hardly any canned food at all. I stock up with dried fruit, potatoes, onions, and other stuff that won't spoil. I carry wheat and corn in the grain, and make my own flour and meal with a hand mill. I don't drink tea, coffee, or milk. Water is all I need, and half a gallon of that each day is enough. I generally carry a hundred gallons. Even if my supply of water 'went bad,' I could catch rain-water. But water that has gone bad will come back pure again, if you leave it long enough. Here," he said, "try this. I've had it on board for more than a year."

He looked under his bunk and brought out a quart bottle of water. "I always hide a few of these around, in case all the rest goes," he explained.

I took a drink of this water, and it was good, tho I confess to some qualms about it.

"If I put that bottle of water out in the sun," my host explained, "it would grow up with green stuff. But then, if I put it back in the dark and kept it long enough, it would become pure again."

"Do you know the most dangerous thing a man sailing alone has to face?" Pidgeon asked Mr. Derieux, as if he had suddenly thought of something extraordinary. And he had, as his interrogator soon found out:

"Storms and rocks is my guess."

"You're wrong," he went on. "I keep out of storms."

"How?" I asked.

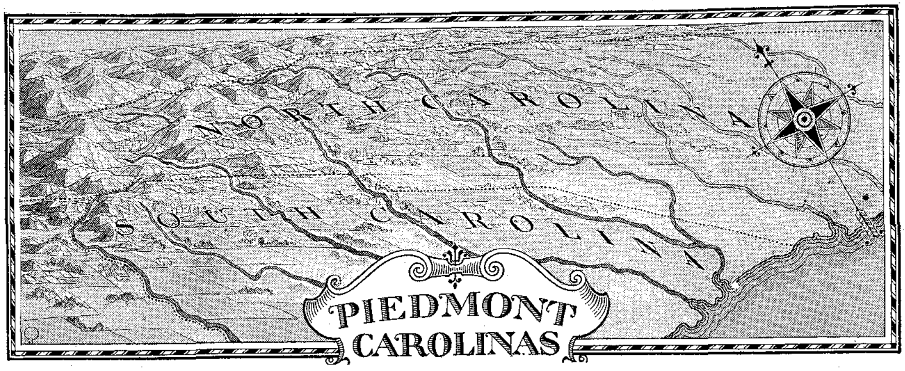
"By studying my charts," he answered. "The storms that have taken place are noted, and their paths charted. The time they came, the time they lasted, and the courses they followed are generally known. Well, before I'd leave one place I would study all the storm reports, and see whether I was likely to run into one in that section. If it happened to be the season for storms where I was, I'd wait until a time when they were rare, and then set out.

"No," he went on; "it isn't storms that I was afraid of. It was clear, calm weather when a good breeze was blowing."

He saw my amazement, and explained: "In bad weather, when a man goes on deck he holds fast to something, for he knows he might fall overboard. But in fair weather, he might become careless and walk around the deck without thinking. Then a little roll of the boat could throw him over the side; and there he would be in the water, and his boat sailing away from him a lot faster than he could swim. That's the greatest danger in sailing alone—your boat may run off and leave you."

"Now tell me about your long sail," I suggested, and Harry Pidgeon told me about it in three or four minutes!

"I set out from Los Angeles," he related,



Where Wealth Awaits You

A HARVEST of corporate and personal wealth lies in this rich region. It will be gathered by those American business men—of large or small means—who are aggressive and experienced and who investigate the opportunities offered here.

This is *foundation* wealth, on which all business fortunes are built—intelligent labor, an abundance of economical power and a rich market nearby, eager to buy the products of manufacture.

Labor: Less than one-fourth the available labor of the Carolinas has been recruited to industry. There is available on farms three times as much as is now employed in manufacture—a steady and willing supply that only awaits an opportunity for industrial employment.

Over 99% are native born, of sturdy English, Scotch and German pioneer stock—intelligent, ambitious, quick to learn. They are a source of constant satisfaction to executives who, by coming here have freed themselves of the unending demands and un-American ideals prevalent in some older, highly industrialized sections.

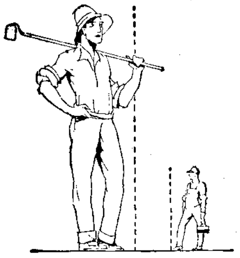
Power: Tremendous development of hydro-electric power—879,000 horsepower capacity—now delivering annually 1,400,000,000 kilowatt hours throughout this busy region over 3,000 miles of high tension transmission line to 160 thriving communities.

The potential hydro-electric power of the Carolinas (*U. S. Geological Survey*) equals that of New York State, with its inexhaustible supply at Niagara and along the St. Lawrence. It is more than *double* that of any other eastern state, North or South.

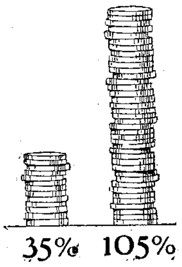
Markets: With 5,000 miles of broad, modern hard surfaced roads a net work over the region, shipment by motor truck supplements the service of the 6,000 miles of railroads in transporting goods to market. Some idea of the potentialities of the region may be gained from the fact that annually the Carolinas *import* $332,000,000 worth of food and feed products. The cotton mills alone purchase $68,480,000 worth of supplies and equipment every year.

Nowhere else is there such a combination of immediate opportunity, possibility for the future and unusually pleasant living conditions. The climate of Piedmont Carolinas is cool and bracing in summer, comparable to southern New York State. In winter it averages 20° to 25° warmer. Homes and property are inexpensive. Cities are not overgrown. Splendid schools. Tree-lined streets are paved and electrically lighted, but there is plenty of space at the curb to park your car. The country club is only a few minutes' drive out from town.

Good business and good living await you in Piedmont Carolinas. Why not get facts that apply to *you* and your individual interests? *Our Industrial Department, Room 301, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., gladly places its facilities at your service. Write.*



For every man now employed in industry in Piedmont-Carolinas, three are awaiting a chance for such employment. Intelligent, ambitious, quick to learn—and 99% native born.



During the time that general riches have increased 35% per capita in the Nation's five richest states, the per capita increase in Piedmont Carolinas has been over 105%.

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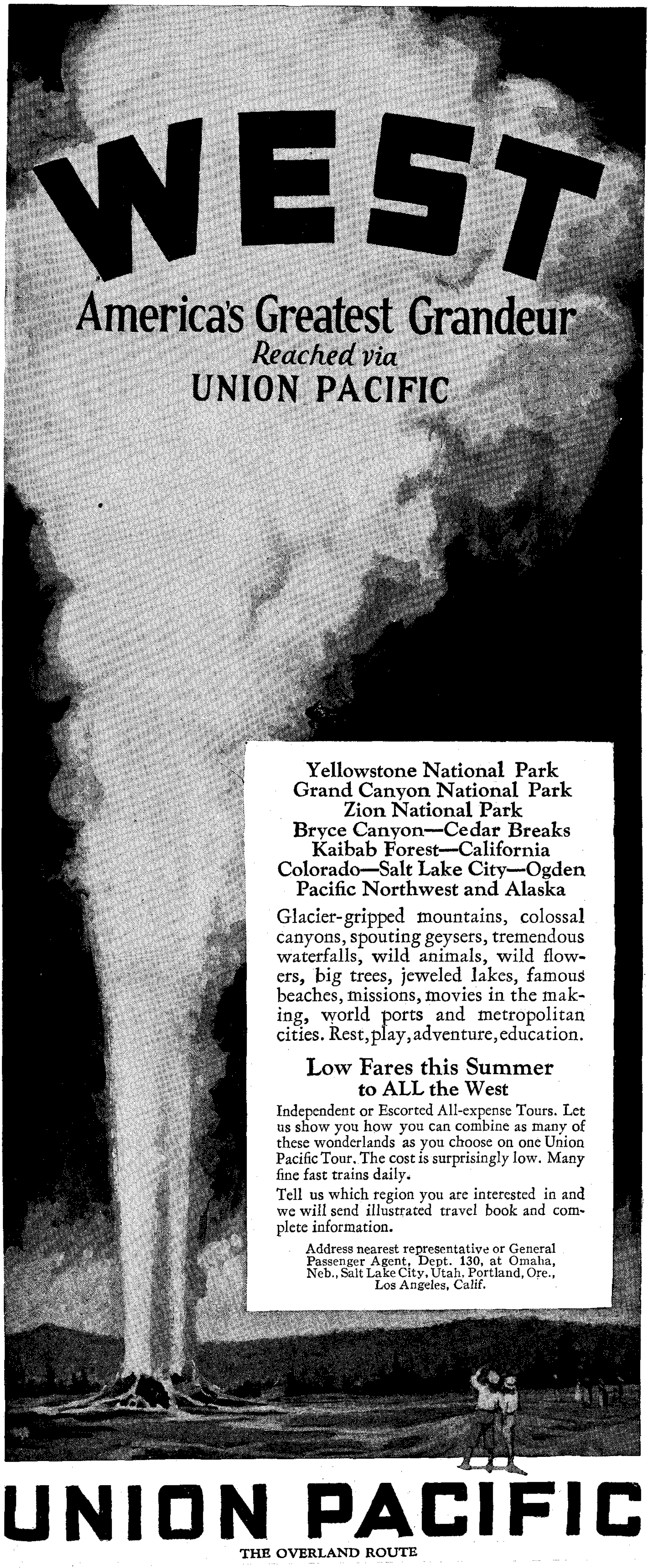

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UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

"and went to the Marquesas Islands in the South Sea, where I stopt for several months, making repairs, stocking up, and seeing how people lived down there. I had always wanted to see those islands. But Samoa was my goal when I set out. I went on from the Marquesas to the Tuamotu Islands. Then to the Society Islands, to Samoa, and the New Hebrides.

"I had an interesting experience in the New Hebrides. There were some tribes there said to be cannibals; they were blacker than any other people I had ever seen. But the islands were beautiful, so I often went inland looking around, comparing their birds with the birds of other places, and their customs with ours. I always do that. People, animals, birds, rocks, trees, and customs interest me.

"Well, one day I was walking along the shore, and out of the woods there came a tremendous black man. Almost naked, he was, except for some ornaments. He was a lot bigger than I am; but I wasn't scared much, tho I did wonder if he were a cannibal. He came up to me and said something that I couldn't understand. I shook my head. He began to make signs, and finally I understood that he wanted me to go back into the forest with him. It struck me that I might find something interesting back there, for I knew the people farmed inland. So I decided to go with him, and find out whether he was after a square meal or not. I knew I wouldn't make very good eating, for I'm thin and tough! Anyway, I went.

"But when we got a good piece into the woods, we came to a stream. I had my clothes on, and decided this was a good excuse for me to turn back. I made signs accordingly. My black host wouldn't agree to any such move on my part. He understood why I wouldn't go farther, so he came and picked me up, had me sit on his shoulders, and blamed if he didn't tote me across that stream! He was smiling and making peace signs all the time, so I kept on going.

"Then we came out into one of the prettiest clearings I ever saw. It was his farm. He called to his wives and children, and they got busy in a hurry, bringing out some bags, and then going to the fields. There they filled a big sack with yams and gave them to me!

"That's why that fellow had taken me back there. He had heard of me, as I had been on his island for some time, and he wanted to show his hospitality.

"While in New Guinea, I thought to myself that I might as well keep on, as it was as easy to return one way as the other after I got half-way round. I went to Thursday Island, just north of Australia, and stayed there a month.

"It was while at Thursday Island that I decided definitely to keep on round. The winds favored my keeping on rather than turning back. Then to Timor in the Indian Ocean, and on to Christmas Island, Keeling, Rodriguez, Mauritius, past Madagascar to Durban, South Africa, to Cape Town around the Cape of Good Hope. I was eighteen days making 800 miles around the Cape, because of head winds. Next I came to St. Helena, and then to Ascension Islands, where I put in for thirty-five days. Then to Trinidad in the West Indies, by Cristobal, and through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles.

"My actual sailing time was a little less than one year, but I was gone from November 18, 1921, to October 31, 1925, three years eleven months and thirteen days."

This he related to me as if he had been talking about plowing a field of corn in the morning, going to the county-seat in the afternoon, attending a picture show, getting supper in a restaurant, and driving back by a neighbor's home!

"You get up in the morning," he said, "and go about whatever you have to do. The same with me. When I am out on the ocean, I get up at daylight and look out to see how the weather is. If it's good, I set a little more sail, then go down in the cabin to cook breakfast. That never takes long, for I eat nothing for breakfast except some heated-up dried fruit, or fresh fruit, if I'm lately from land. After breakfast, I go out on deck and set more sail, take the tiller and sail as fast as the wind will take me for a while. At noon, I take my sextant out and get my position by the sun. I study my charts to see if I'm on the course I want, and if not I proceed to get on it.

"Then comes dinner time, and I do a little more cooking. After dinner, there is always a lot to attend to, what with holding the tiller, mending sails, putting in new ropes, tightening bolts, cleaning up, painting, and all that. Something is always chafing about a boat, and if I didn't keep a good lookout, a rope would part some day and leave me in a mess. If I ever do find any leisure, I can use it by taking a nap, for on all of my trips around the world, I ran about two days behind in sleep."

"How did you manage to sleep?" questioned Mr. Derieux, and Pidgeon replied:

"In good weather, I'd set a little sail, tie the tiller, and go to bed. In bad weather, I'd shorten sail, or use none, depending on whether I wanted to run before the wind, or whether there was a head wind. But, good or bad weather, I'd get up every few hours and look out to see if everything was all right. I carried lights most of the time, especially if I was in a steamship lane.

"One night off the coast of Africa, the wind changed while I was asleep, and blew the *Islander* on a sand beach. The people from the nearest town helped me to make repairs and set off again.

"Oh, I had plenty to keep me interested," he insisted. "Work! Always there was work to do. But it was routine sort of work. Like yours. Like anybody's. Nothing more to it than a land job. For recreation, I got to studying the colors in the water and the skies. I'd sit at the tiller and say to myself, 'Along about two hours from now there ought to be a cloud off yonder on the horizon,' and generally the cloud would come. I studied the charts of all the seas I was sailing in; learned where the typhoons came in the Indian Ocean, and when. I dodged them, as I've told you. And I maneuvered to get through or around the doldrums, too. These are great spaces in the oceans where there isn't any consistent wind. Once I got too far inside the Great Doldrum in the Pacific, and it gave me the longest time out I ever had. For eighty-five days I didn't touch land.

"That was when I came through the Canal and up to Los Angeles. I tried to cut off some of the distance by sticking a little too close to the shore, and the lack of winds delayed me. This doldrum is in a sort of wedge shape, wide close to shore

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2 1/2" x 3/16"	Hudson Lincoln	1.10	.69	.55
2 1/4" x 3/16"	Dodge	1.00	.63	.50
2" x 3/16"	Buick Master 6 Chandler Studebaker Standard	.90	.57	.45
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1 3/4" x 3/16"	Chrysler 80 Hupmobile 6	.80	.50	.40

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and getting narrower out to sea. But I didn't worry. I had plenty of water and I fished over the side for albacore. I speared a dolphin, and ate some of that. But it wasn't necessary to do this; I just wanted something fresh. On that trip I cooked my last potato the day before I landed. There was still plenty of grain, dried fruit and onions on board, and I could have caught a boatful of fish. My supply of water wasn't even half gone.

"I had a mighty fine time on that cruise around the world. Everywhere the people were good to me. I didn't carry any ship's papers, but just sailed into a harbor and told them I was there. When they found out I was in a thirty-four-foot boat, and going around the world, everybody would want to do something for me. When I was in a harbor I always had plenty of invitations out to meals. If I needed money, I gave lectures in the towns. I expect I had more social life on that voyage than most people have. People seemed interested in what I was doing.

"My expenses were not much, maybe not more than two thousand dollars for the whole trip. I didn't keep any account, so I'm just guessing."

THE BLARNEY STONE WILL STAY IN IRELAND, THANK YOU

CASTLE BLARNEY and the Blarney Stone are still safe in Irish hands. Since the death of its former owner, Sir George St. John Colthurst, a year ago, the fate of the famous estate has been in doubt, and reports were current that an American might buy it. But now, William O. Trapp tells us in the New York *Evening World*, the famous old castle, with its surrounding grove of ancient trees, beautiful turf and picturesque glens, has been taken over by Sir George's son, Richard, and we learn that:

The heir of Blarney is still a young man and prosperous, tho his father, according to report, died comparatively poor with $50,000. Family pride, it was said, restrained the elder Colthurst from selling the widely known Blarney Stone, and the precedent set by his father is not likely to be upset by the son.

The Castle of Blarney, which is little more than a tower 120 feet high, is four miles northwest of Cork.

One of the authorities on the Blarney Stone declares that the popular tradition of the countryside is that the stone endows whoever kisses it with the same persuasive, wheedling and sweet eloquence perceptible in the language of Cork people.

There was an older idea that kissing the stone gave the kisser "a faculty of deviating from veracity with an unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient." That version is indignantly denied by all true believers.

Many controversies have arisen over the exact position of the stone, which is supposed to exert a potent effect upon one's eloquence.

The stone is triangular, held in position by iron bands about twenty feet from the top of the wall. The true stone bears the inscription "Cormack MacCarthy Fortis Me Fieri Fecit, A.D. 1446." To reach it one must be held by the heels through an opening in the parapet. At least that was the older way of doing it.

More recently, however, iron spikes have been placed across the top of the battlements and the present-day seeker for eloquence bends his body through an opening, twists his head and shoulders, turns his neck and kisses the stone on the under side.

Occasionally, it is said, certain adventurers to the Castle of Blarney dislike to go through all that hardship, and for their benefit a courteous attendant, sweetened with a sixpence, will show him another stone whence came the eloquence of the MacCarthys.

Even more spirited have been the discussions over the exact power the stone is expected to confer.

The phrase "to blarney" is said to come down from Queen Elizabeth's day and, historically, its meaning would indicate a form of suave speech intended to gain time.

In 1602 the Spaniards were urging the Irish leaders to harass the English. Cormack McDermod Carthy (another spelling) was holding Blarney Castle at the time and he had made an armistice with the Lord President on condition that he surrender the castle to the English. Carthy postponed the day by making many promises and gained so much delay that Carew, the Lord President, became the laughing stock of the court.

Another story centers round that same MacCarthy, who built the castle, and tells how he happened one day to save an old woman from drowning. In return the woman gave Cormack a golden tongue of great persuasive magic that would influence people in any way he wished. The gift was made on the one condition that he kiss a certain stone a few feet from the top of the castle walls.

He did so, and forever after he had eloquent power.

The whole country in the neighborhood of Blarney Castle is rich in legend. Fairies dance in the moonlight and their rings may be found on the grass any day in the summer-time.

A quarter of a mile from the castle is the pretty Blarney Lake into which, according to tradition, the Earl of Clancarty, who forfeited the castle to the Crown during the Revolution, threw the family plate.

Three of the MacCarthys, goes the story that every MacCarthy knows by heart, inherited the secret of the hiding-place. Whenever a MacCarthy is on his deathbed he confides the secret to another member of the family, which is to be kept inviolate until the MacCarthys have their ownership in Blarney Castle restored.

But the real legends, of course, are in the Blarney Stone itself, and ever since the humorous Father Prout called it "the palladium of Ireland" it has become the object of wide-spread interest. Thousands and thousands of tourists make the trip by jaunting car from Cork—five shillings the round trip—through some of the loveliest scenery on earth.

William S. Walsh, compiler of all kinds of lore, maintained that "every Irishman south of the Liffey is popularly supposed to have enjoyed the renowned osculation, and moreover, to have taken a dip in the Shannon, that makes perfect the quality of impudence, or, as the natives euphemistically express it, civil courage."

Drury College Library
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Where the stone originally came from no one knows, tho the unorthodox declare it was picked up with the other stones near by when the dungeon tower was built.

It may have come with the original Phenicians who, traditions say, were the first inhabitants of Ireland. It may have been borne to Cork by later adventurers. No one knows with certainty, of course.

But this much at least is known: it is visited by nearly every one who goes to Ireland, tho most of the tourists are content to see it—not to kiss it. It requires courage to do that.

TRUE INDIAN ADVENTURES ON THE COVERED-WAGON TRAIL

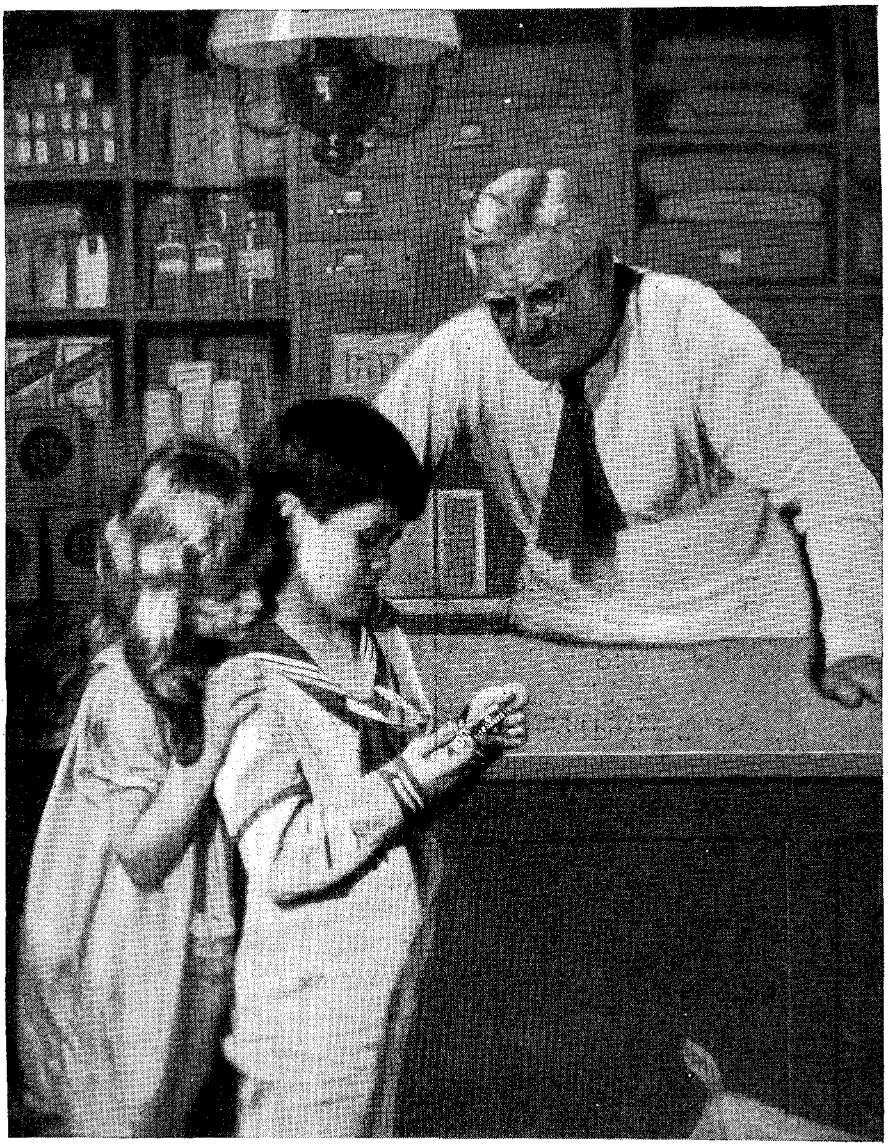
"INDIANS!" Four hundred strong, they swooped down upon the little band of forty-two white men. Swinging the leading prairie schooners around, their drivers made a protecting circle for themselves, their escort and their mules. Using the wheel spokes as gun-rests, the defenders waited for the enemy to come within range. Among the soldiers who had been sent out from Fort Wallace, Kansas, to guard the train—this was in 1868—was a lad of eighteen, Charles E. Chase. It was his first real Indian fight, altho he had been in "brushes" with the redskins before; and now, describing the battle to a Providence *Journal* writer, he tells us that the braves, after circling around their quarry three or four times, shrieking and shooting, changed their war-cry, and charged at full gallop. Here let Mr. Chase continue in his own words:

"We had been laying low and holdin' our fire. All their shots went into the wagons or over us. When they started for us a squatty, fat fellow was leadin' the line, makin' for where I was. I was scairt stiff. I fired at him and missed. I thanked my stars we had just got new, breech-loadin' Springfields instead of the old muzzle-loaders. I got mad when I missed him and slammed in another ca'tridge. Then I settled down and aimed. When I fired his hands went up, his gun dropt, and he went over backward.

"He didn't fall off his horse because the Indians always tied themselves on before they went into a fight. His horse slowed up and others came on ahead. I just shot and shot. Before they got to the wagons we'd picked off so many the others lost their nerve and went back. Then they came on and began circlin' again.

"They made four charges in two hours, but we drove them back each time. Finally they went off behind the hills. We waited nearly a day, figuring they were layin' for us out of sight. Then we went out scoutin' and found they had gone off. A couple of our men were wounded and so were two of the mules. That was all. But the wagon tops were riddled. We thought we had killed about thirty-five. But next winter when some braves came in to the fort we found out from them that we had killed eighty."

Chase took part in many desperate dashes to the rescue of outnumbered parties. At that time the Indians were killing so many and outnumbered the troops so much that Governor Crawford of Kansas raised two regiments of volunteer cavalry. A party of fifty-two volunteers commanded



"—we like the Wint-O-Green best, Mister."

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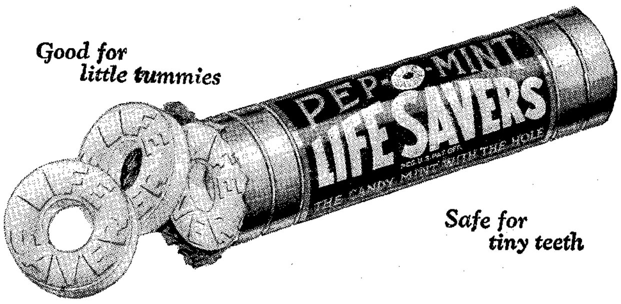

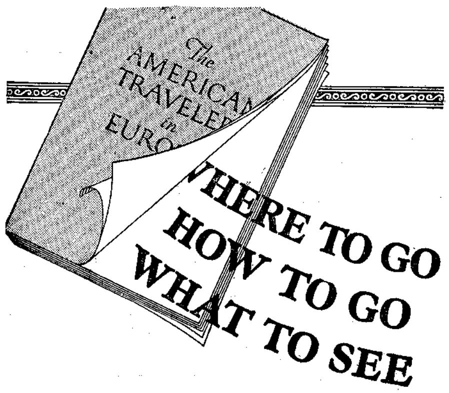

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

by Lieutenant-Colonel Forsythe was surrounded at a point on the Republican River north of Fort Hays, Kansas.

The detachment was returning to the fort, and had only two days' rations left. They had camped beside the river. They had failed to find an Indian all the time they had been out. They were almost massacred in their blankets.

At the first touch of day one of the guards went to move the horses to a fresh grazing ground. As he approached the animals, their uneasiness alarmed him. He dropt and watched some bluffs behind the horses. The bluffs were full of Indians.

At his alarm the detachment tried to get its horses and take up a position on a narrow island about forty feet long which stood about seven feet above the level of the meadow. But the fire of the Indians killed about half the animals and wounded many of the men before they reached what shelter the island afforded.

The river at that time was practically dry. The height of the island, together with a few small cottonwoods, was its only protection. Realizing they could never keep up a running fight, the fifty-two men dug down into the island as best they could for defense against about 1,200 Indians.

One thing was in their favor. They were armed with new, fourteen-shot magazine rifles. With these weapons they beat back attack after attack. But in three days, even on reduced rations, their food was practically gone. Two men were sent out at night to seek help. They were back before morning reporting the Indian lines could not be penetrated. After a day without food except for partially decomposed horse meat, two men volunteered to either get out that night or die trying. They were about 100 miles from either Fort Cheyenne or Fort Wallace.

After midnight the men crawled away from the island. There was no alarm. For six days the garrison held out. To surrender would merely mean death by torture. Life on the island was little better. The September days were hot. Water was scarce. The only food was horse meat, so putrid it sickened those who ate it.

The messengers, once through the Indian lines, separated, one heading for Fort Cheyenne, the other going toward Wallace. They dared travel only at night.

Both reached their destinations about the same time. Colonel Richardson, at Fort Cheyenne, set out for the rescue with negro cavalry. All available infantry (there was no cavalry) was packed into six-mule wagons and rushed out from Fort Wallace. Chase was among those going.

"We got to the island about eleven next morning," he said. "About three hours after the cavalry. The Indians had gone. Colonel Forsythe and three others were dead, eighteen were wounded. Many of the wounded we expected would die. The others were worn out and sick."

Two years later when Mr. Chase was in the cavalry, the detachment he was with fought a losing fight, and we read in *The Journal* that:

A party of 165 men started out from Fort Richardson, in Texas, after Indians who had been killing and raiding. After

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searching without result for more than a week they camped at McClelland's Forks of the Trinity River.

Camp was pitched on a peninsula between the forks. At the time the rivers were almost dry and could be forded anywhere. At daybreak next morning they were pulled from their blankets by the warning shots of their outposts. These were answered by the yells of Indians. They had been working stealthily toward the camp. Discovered, they leapt on their horses and charged.

But during the night the rivers had swollen. There had been a cloudburst to the north. Scores of the Indians and their horses were drowned when they rode into what had become overnight an overwhelmingly rapid and deep torrent.

While this providential cloudburst seemed at first to have saved the detachment from destruction, for there were nearly 1,000 Indians in the attacking party, the troops found the flood was not entirely in their favor. While the Indians could not cross to attack, they could not cross the other fork to flee.

The badly outnumbered detachment of soldiers and the horde of Indians both started north along the streams looking for a place to cross. Fortunately the troops found one first. Then began a ninety-mile ride for Fort Richardson.

The Indians were not long in catching up. And from then on it was a running fight and a test of endurance. After three heart-breaking days they got within ten miles of the fort and the Indians gave up the chase and fled. Five soldiers had been killed and eleven wounded.

One of Mr. Chase's favorite stories is the "joke" a detachment once played on the Indians. In the spring of 1867, a force of sixty-four men were sent out from Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and as he explains:

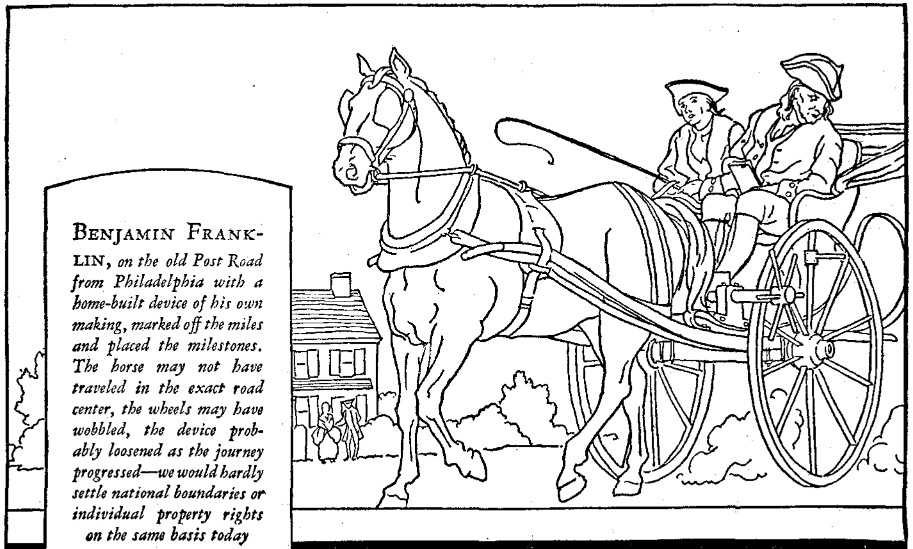
"We were supposed to be looking for Indians. Actually we were a guard for eighteen citizens who had got the officers at the fort interested in some quicksilver mines said to have been abandoned. We had got pretty well up in the Members Mountains, when one day, looking back down on the camp of the night before, we saw it swarming with Indians. They followed us for days, never offering to attack, but searching every camp for anything we might have left behind.

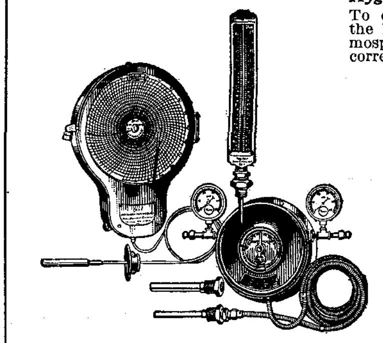
"One day we camped near a little gully. We dug it out to a depth of about six feet, for a length of thirty feet, and covered it over, leaving loopholes. When we broke camp we left fifteen men in there. We went up the mountains to where we could look back on camp, and stopt, pretending to be looking for something. We were far enough away so the Indians finally came up to the camp.

"I guess the fellows in the gully were so busy laughing at the surprize the Indians were going to get they forgot to aim. They waited until the Indians were scattered all over the camp, then they fired. You never saw such a scared lot. Several were hit, but every one of 'em was able to run away. They didn't follow us after that."

Altho the frontiersman several times narrowly missed losing his scalp, his judgment of the red men is kindlier than that of most of his contemporaries, for he says:

"That talk about dead Indians being





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *on the old Post Road from Philadelphia with a home-built device of his own making, marked off the miles and placed the milestones. The horse may not have traveled in the exact road center, the wheels may have wobbled, the device probably loosened as the journey progressed—we would hardly settle national boundaries or individual property rights on the same basis today*

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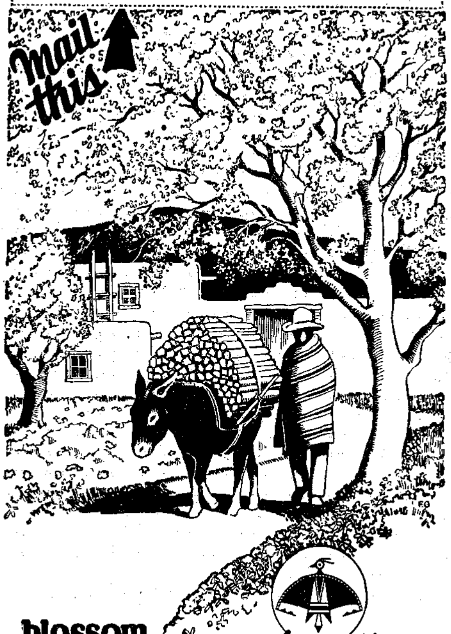

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the only good Indians is poppycock. Every Indian was a good Indian in winter. They'd come in, sign a peace treaty and live on the Government in the forts and reservations till the grass was high enough in the spring for their ponies to feed on. Then they'd go on the warpath again. Next fall they'd come back to be good Indians again. And they got away with it."

Incidentally, this old Indian fighter and friend of Custer, Buffalo Bill, and Kit Carson upsets some pretty strong beliefs concerning famous plainsmen and scouts of his time. While paying a frank tribute to Buffalo Bill's prowess as a plainsman, his judgment is not carried away by the fame and fortune that came to Cody, nor the fact that the figure of Buffalo Bill has taken its place in legend as that of the unparalleled Admirable Crichton of the plains. Quite impartially he declares:

"Bill Comstock could take Buffalo Bill out at night and lose him. Cody was a good man, but Comstock—and I'm not alone in this—was a better one.

"Buffalo Bill was a young chap chuck full of confidence. Ask him if he'd been to such and such a place; if he could guide troops there, and he'd say:

"'Been there lots of times. Go there with my eyes blindfolded.'

"Chances are he'd never been within 100 miles of the place. But he'd try anything. Most likely he'd get away with it, too. Not that Buffalo Bill wasn't a fine scout and a good fighter. I don't mean that at all.

"But Comstock was better. He was an old cuss that never had much to say. Ask him if he could take troops to a place and he'd grunt: 'Mebbe.' I've seen him sit around at a council of war and never open his mouth while young fellows like Buffalo Bill were shooting off their mouths.

"Bill Comstock was born in the plains. The Indians killed his folks when he was eight, and he was raised as an Indian. Roamed all over the plains with 'em and learned about every lingo they had.

"They tell stories of how Buffalo Bill outshot him in a buffalo 'run.' Say Cody got sixty-three while Comstock only got forty-three. I don't believe it. I've seen Bill Comstock ridin' his pony at a gallop. A rabbit'd start off and jump away. Bill'd pull his old musket across his knees, time the jumpin' of his pony and that of the rabbit and let drive without even sightin'. I've seen him get rabbits that way time and again.

"He was the only man I ever heard of who called 'Wild Bill' Hickok a liar and didn't have to fight. Bill Weightman and Comstock were gunnin' for each other at Fort Wallace for a week. Comstock got Weightman in the store and both started to draw at the same time. I saw this myself. Comstock fired four shots before Weightman could pull the trigger. They came so fast they sounded almost like one. When they turned Weightman over every one of Comstock's shots had gone in his heart and the four holes could have been covered with a silver dollar. Comstock lit out, came back after a week, gave himself up and as 'twas a fair fight he was acquitted."

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CHINESE "WIND WATER" SPIRITS AS RULERS OF LIFE

SOOTHSAYERS who profess to be able to interpret the will of *feng shui*—literally "wind water"—are in great demand to direct the course of business, big or little, in China, as well as to regulate personal and domestic policies. The occult method by which the "wind water" hierarchy work their divination is described in an article by Roswell S. Britton as a species of geomancy, or "divination by means of aspects of the earth." Geomancy, which invokes the planetary influences by means of a complicated system of dots, arranged in formal patterns, is well known among Western occultists, and is said to have been practised by Bulwer Lytton and to be included among the esoteric studies of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet. Mr. Britton tells us that it has reached its highest development in China. Writing in the New York *Times*, he remarks of *feng shui:*

> The name is typical of the Chinese manner of naming abstractions. Back of wind and water, two natural manifestations of creative or cosmic force, there is assumed and strongly believed to exist a great and terrible force. Anglo-Saxons a few years ago would have pretty well agreed in calling it the devil.
>
> The Chinese, superstitious in spite of a highly developed artificial civilization and an acknowledged culture of genuine worth, fall readily into the snare of a professional priesthood professing semi-occult powers and exclusive knowledge of matters appertaining to the invisible universe. The practitioners of Chinese geomancy, or the *feng shui* professors, are correctly classed as of a kind with the old alchemists and astrologers, and accurately called geomancers.
>
> Whenever a true Son of Han, as all good Chinese call themselves after the great emperors of the illustrious Han dynasty, wants to build, be it a city or a house or a mausoleum, he must first consult a geomancer. The rates for the service run in a scale with the cost of the building to be erected; and that, in turn, matches the general wealth of the builder. Often the geomancer gets more than the architect.
>
> Wind and water are only two of the elements regarded by the geomancer in his professional activity. Hills, mountains, existing structures, trees, streams, ponds, canals, and other artificial objects, come in equally for consideration, if indeed the geomancer considers anything besides the obtaining of his fee. Astrology sometimes comes in, more often in respect to the calendar, for the selection of a lucky day for starting building or for dedicating or inaugurating the new building or mausoleum.
>
> Nobody knows what the geomancer does to ascertain the pleasure of the powers which he represents—certainly the clients do not enter the secret, and probably in fact and in general the geomancer does not himself know what he is doing. What concerns him is to report something specific and to draw his fee for doing so.
>
> On the other hand, the geomantic professors are in instances men of considerable scholarship and good repute, who believe in their profession, take it as a gift and not as a graft, and seriously endeavor to serve well as a go-between for human clients and the superhuman or inhuman powers. If it were not for such geomancers and for the large store of natural knowledge with which they supplement their alleged occult powers, the whole *feng shui* business would be decadent like the Taoist and Buddhist practises of today.
>
> The *feng shui* profession is not decadent. It is repudiated by many young Chinese who have been educated in mission schools or abroad, and by many less educated Chinese who have become converted to Christianity. Also, there are numbers of folk who doubt the authenticity of the *feng shui* tradition but do not want to take a chance, and so consult the professor, as their ancestors did before them.
>
> Many Christian Chinese, thoroughly, sincerely Christian by New Testament standards, and not necessarily by Fundamentalist or other particular creedal standards, find nothing inconsistent in *feng shui* and in Christianity. In Palestine, at the time of the Christ, similar practises were in vogue. Most of these were cast off by the early Christians, but not all. Sheer force of habit, the insistence of common tradition and precedent, kept the semi-occult practises from discard in the early churches and Christian communities. From the Eleusynian mysteries on down to ordinary countryside superstition based on animism, there were elements in common with the modern geomancy of the Chinese people.

When the illustrious Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, the last truly Chinese royal family, rebuilt the City of Peking, they consulted the imperial geomancers, relates Mr. Britton, continuing:

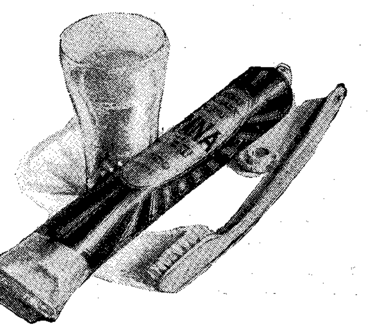
> One of the many alterations was in the location of the north wall of the portion of the twin city now known as the Tatar City, because the later invading Tatars used this portion for themselves and shoved the Chinese down into the South City. The western end of the north wall is rounded gracefully, the solitary exception in the arrow-straight lines of the walls. The southern end of the western wall of the Imperial City, which is now a public park, has a similar irregularity. For reasons not now generally known, this irregularity was sharper and less graceful than is ordinarily the case.
>
> This sort of modification of the wall is characteristic of all city walls and moats, and also of the laying-out of streets and avenues and even small lanes. It is based on one of the few well-known principles of Oriental geomancy—that the evil spirits travel in straight lines only. They can not turn a corner, but they can go fast and furious in a straight line, and smite whom they meet—so the tradition has it. Hence, a slight irregularity in a city wall, even in one segment of it, foils the ominous will of the devils.
>
> In stopping these straight-driving monsters at gates, a device is used which has become so common that no one thinks of asking a geomnatic professor about it. A screen wall is erected either outside the gateway or just within. These screen walls have become, naturally, a chief attention of architects, and the resulting walls are among the finest of Oriental works. The most noted, tho by no means the finest, in my opinion, is the Dragon Screen in the imperial City of Peking, beside the north shore of the North Sea (lake), built to

"Pink Tooth Brush" is the signal of soft and tender gums

THERE may be no immediate danger; serious gum troubles are slow to start. But a tinge of pink on your brush means that your gums need care and watching.

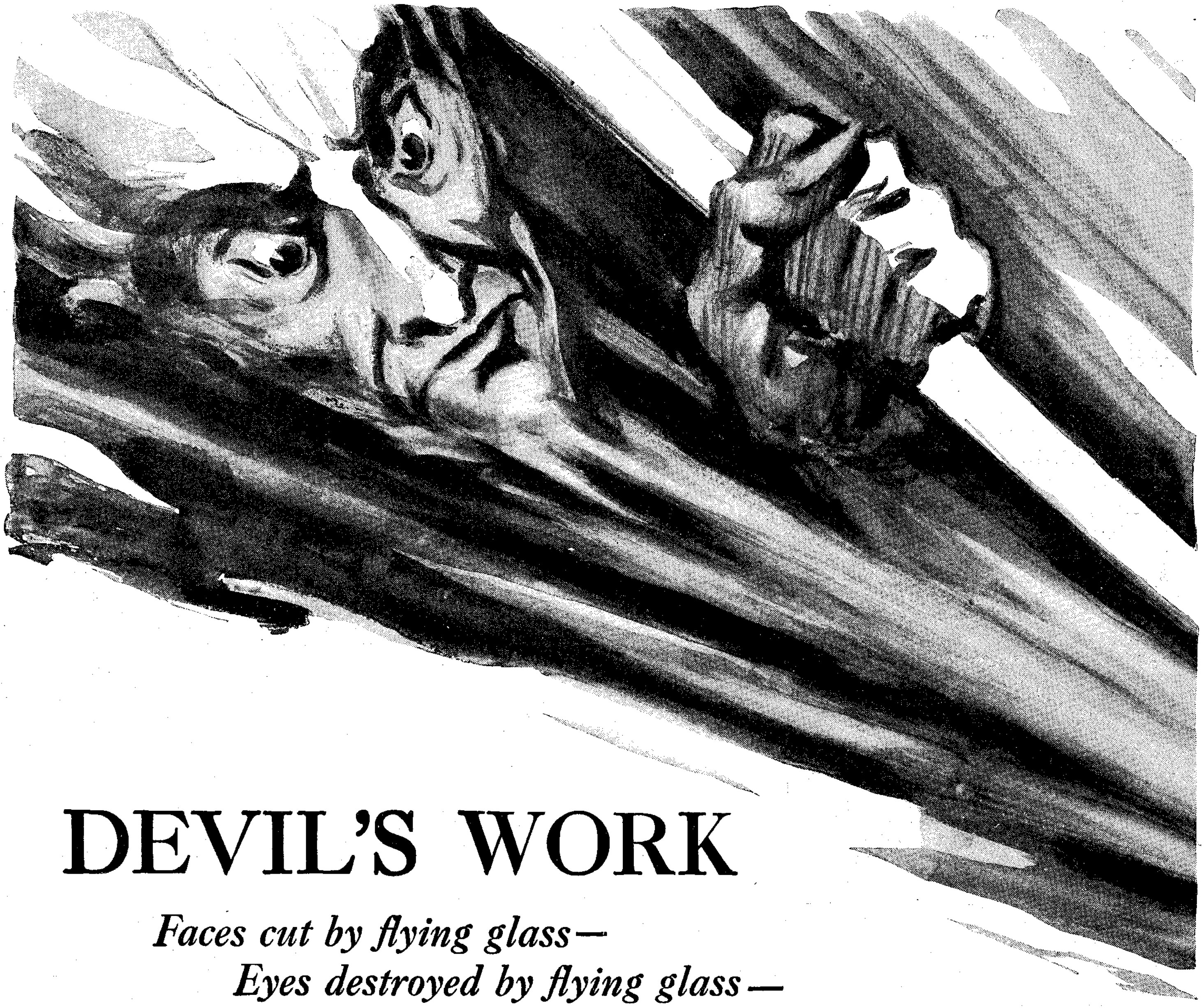
If they bleed, ever so slightly, ever so seldom, begin at once to massage them gently with Ipana, night and morning, after the usual cleanings with Ipana and the brush.

Your gums will be healthier and firmer. Your teeth will be more brilliant. And your palate will be pleased with the taste of Ipana!



IPANA
Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK
© 1927



DEVIL'S WORK

Faces cut by flying glass—
Eyes destroyed by flying glass—
Beauty marred by flying glass—
This indeed is Devil's Work

BUT the most destroying devil of all is the evil spirit of complacency which whispers: "I am a careful driver. This could never happen to my family and me."

Sixty-five per cent of all injuries in automobile accidents come from flying glass. And one car out of seven is in some sort of accident—big or little—every year.

You can't be sure that it won't happen to you. No man can be sure. Have you the right to take a chance with your children's lives and eyes when complete protection can be had?

At least clip the coupon on the opposite page and get the facts.

To Dealers

A few territories are still open for the appointment of distributors who desire to add this profitable item to their lines. Fill out the coupon for full information.

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____

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY
OF NORTH AMERICA, INC.
Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N. J.

PROTECT YOURSELF
PROTECT THOSE WITH YOU

with Clear-Vision

Triplex

—THE GLASS THAT WILL NOT SHATTER

In the hardest crash Triplex will do no more than crack—and that's all. It cannot shatter or fly; it cannot cut or injure.

Once your car is equipped with Triplex the peril from flying glass is completely eliminated. Your wife and your children are safe.

When ordering your new car for spring delivery, specify Clear-Vision Triplex throughout

FOR *full information, fill out this coupon.*

Without obligation on my part, tell me about Triplex, and give me the cost of having my car Triplex equipped.

NAME____________________

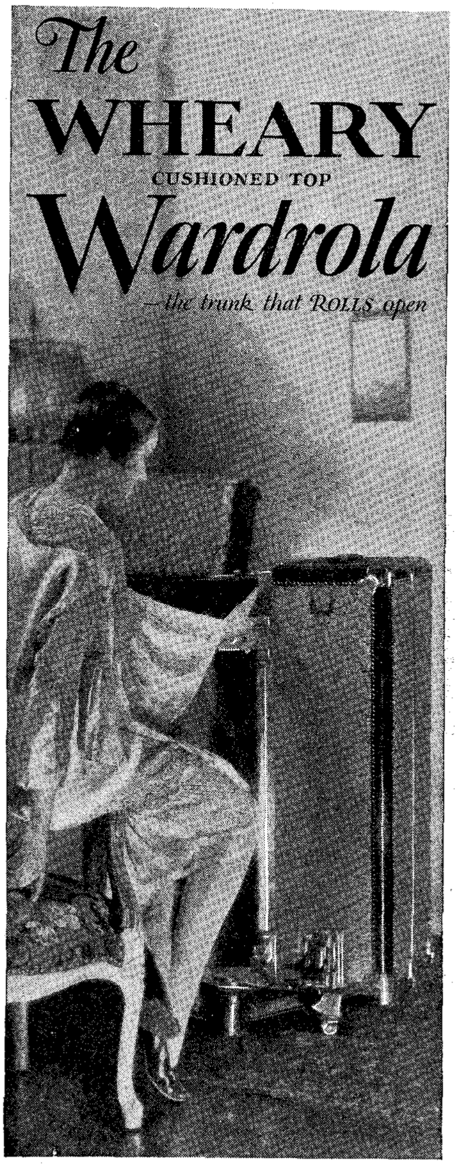
ADDRESS____________________

____

CAR________YEAR________MODEL________

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY
OF NORTH AMERICA, INC.
Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N. J.

In England—where Triplex has been manufactured and sold for twelve years, and is offered as standard *or optional equipment on all cars*—THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., Piccadilly, London.

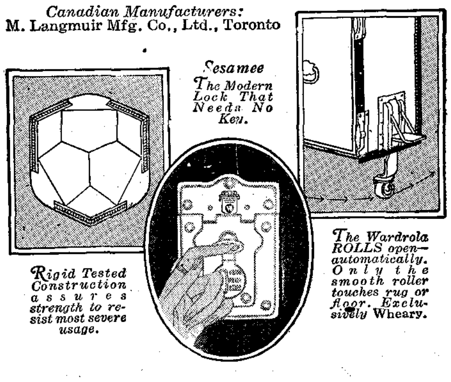


TRULY here is a trunk built to *use.* So easy to open . . . and to close. No straining or pushing . . . just a touch of the hand and the Wardrola ROLLS open . . . instantly accessible. The cushioned top that keeps delicate garments fresh and unwrinkled—the solid base that eliminates repairs—the incomparable beauty and utility of the Wardrola render the ordinary wardrobe trunk unfashionable by comparison. Illustrated booklet on request.

Ask any Wheary merchant to show you the New Double Duty Wardrola, Steamer Size. It has the same garment capacity as a full-size wardrobe trunk

WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY, *Racine, Wisconsin*

Canadian Manufacturers:
M. Langmuir Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto


Sesamee
The Modern Lock That Needs No Key.
Rigid Tested Construction assures strength to resist most severe usage.
The Wardrola ROLLS open—automatically. Only the smooth roller touches rug or floor. Exclusively Wheary.

"America's Finest"
Wheary Trunks
WARDROBE
WARDROLA
and
Airplane Wardrolette

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

satisfy the boating instincts of the Emperors and their courtiers' skating proclivities in the winter-time.

This screen is one of the standard sights for tourists in Peking, and often used by foreigners for art designs on calendars. The imperial dragon screen is the protection against ill spirits that might dash in through a north gateway and demolish the palaces and temples of the Forbidden and the enclosing cities. It is commonly but incorrectly supposed to be made of solid porcelain. It is in fact made of tiles glazed over with a semi-porcelain composition, made by the old imperial tile bakers, who held a monopoly on the imperial tile trade for centuries. Their last job was the tile for the roofs of the intended-to-be Chinese-style buildings of the Peking Union Medical College at Peking, built by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The tile-making family had been in a bad way since 1911, when the last imperial family went out of business and stopt buying tiles. The Peking Union Medical College architects looked them up and ordered green tiles by the thousand. The tiles were baked in the long-disused kilns, and delivered, and paid for at an exorbitant price. The tiles soon cracked and leaked. The tile-makers, when complained to, said that the good glazing clay had long been exhausted; and that, while they used the best available, the results could not be expected to be 100 per cent. satisfactory. The price was scaled down on subsequent purchases, and now the college is roofing new houses with ordinary American roofing fabrics. Owing to forethought in putting a waterproof copper sheathing beneath the ornamental green glazed tiles, the students and patients of the college and its hospital have not had the annoyance of leaks overhead, except occasionally during the worst of the midsummer rain season.

The Dragon Screen is so called because the dominant theme in the design is the Chinese dragon, the conventionalized artistic animal, totally unlike his natural namesake and equally unlike the devouring and ill-willed dragon of early European tradition. The screen bears a series of dragons, each strangely similar to his neighbors, but each individual and with a distinct personality of his own. Above are the conventional clouds, and below the conventional billows of the sea; and, between, the dragon and his fiery breath, and summer rain.

Symbolists of the psycho-analytic school headed by Jung say that a dragon always symbolizes the cosmic Life Force behind every natural phenomenon. According to Mr. Britton:

The true gift of *feng shui* to the Chinese is, in my opinion, the artistic products that have come from ornamenting the structures, like this Dragon Screen, which geomancers have specified for their clients. From the tomb of Confucius down to the shabbiest hovel, there is some mark of the *feng shui* professors' advice. And in most instances this mark bears equally the signs of the innate artistry of the Orientals, and is therefore a thing of loveliness to behold, even for the often unsympathetic eyes of Western "outlanders" whose art traditions do not yield easily to the traditions of other perhaps equally fine arts.

DRUGGING THE TRAINED THIEF-CATCHERS OF ABYSSINIA

INTOXICATED, cross-eyed and with twitching mouth, the boy held the crowd of Abyssinian spectators spellbound. He was a *levacha,* or hunter of thieves, and had already drunk the mysterious potion which was supposed to enable him to find out who had stolen a tunic, a belt of cartridges, and an amulet from one of the slaves employed on the plantation where Pavel Bouligin was overseer. As the white man had heard much of these strange performances, he quickly seated himself on a chair, brought by his servant Tasso, near the "ringside" where he could watch the writhing youth, whose antics he describes in *The Dearborn Independent:*

Tasso, fanning me from the flies (with the hair from a horse's tail fastened to a stick), sat stooped behind me, explaining his silliness by saying in whispers that we must not be standing, as the *levacha* would beat any one found standing up. The word *levacha* comes from the word *leva,* which means thief. This is the name given to special boys of whom there are about 400 in Abyssinia. Not every boy can be a *levacha,* their ability being judged by special directors who at certain intervals go visiting the provinces in search of such boys to keep their number always intact, for as soon as a *levacha* grows up, he is no longer useful for the work. To put a *levacha* in working condition the director gives him a certain potion, after drinking which his eyes become crossed and his arms get limp. As soon as he finds the trail of a thief he tracks it up, following the thief's every movement, and catching him always.

The crowd sat silently on the stones. The director made a sort of pass at the boy's head and the latter arose suddenly and began to walk about in the open space. Holding to the edge of his tunic, the conductor also walked around behind him, quickly stooping in case the *levacha* looked back. If the director happened not to stoop, the *levacha* would somehow hit him drowsily on the head with his hand, which looked as if made of cotton.

After two or three minutes of uncertain walking about, the *levacha* stood up straight, paused a moment, and started along the road with assurance. He had found the trail. All his movements became sure and exact, tho not in his natural gait. He suddenly made a gesture and all whispered, "*siet, leva—siet* (a woman, the thief is a woman)!" The crowd followed the *levacha,* but remained seated, as the prestige of the *tellik choum* (the big boss), and still more of the successor of Mr. Michel, did not permit me to go to another village. Besides—it was too hot! The *levacha* was not pleasant to think about. There was something lifeless in his walk, wooden, dead, strange as a mask personifying some one other than himself, uncanny. Suddenly the crowd surged back, but with another boy at the head. They explained that they had been compelled to give the potion to a reserve *levacha,* because the thief had reached the river, washed himself, and had apparently now turned back. Water, *injira* (a thin pancake without butter), and lemons baffle the *levacha,* and knowing this, the clever *leva* had washed.

The new *levacha* led the crowd to the

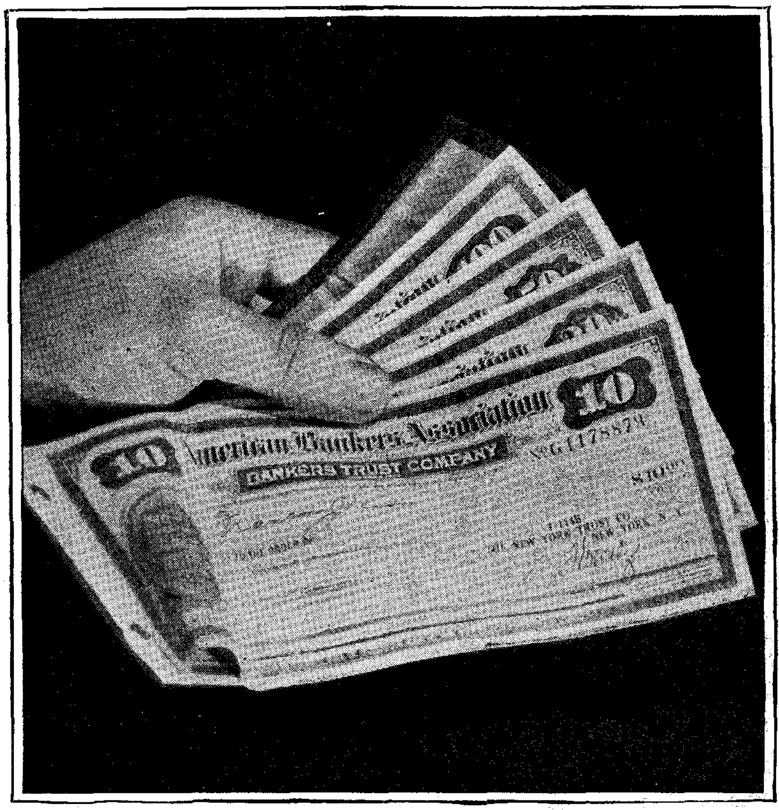
huts which were in the circuit of Mr. Bouligin's superintendence, and he could now follow. At this point, he continues:

> Dessalin, the village chief, came asking me to order all inhabitants of this village to stay in their huts. Giving the order, I proceeded farther to see what more would happen, not getting too close, 'tis true, as this *levacha* was more nervous than the previous one and beat roundly the director and those following. After walking around the vegetable gardens, the *levacha* rushed in to a hut, lay on some cornstalks awhile and came out. The thief had slept here! Suddenly the *levacha* began to rush about and, running between two huts, he fell at last on a woman who lay in the ditch. This was the thief!
>
> The director straightened his convulsed arms and carried him into the shade. I looked and saw the director stoop before the boy lying helplessly on the ground, and stare at his closed eyes with burning gaze. "So, my good fellow, you are a hypnotist!" I thought, and turning away I felt sick and downcast. In 3,000 years of living this people had not acquired even a small measure of our culture but, perishing from leprosy and other loathsome diseases, had only preserved in the dark recesses of their life certain reflexes of a civilization that is past.
>
> Involuntarily my brain began to conjure thoughts concerning astrological influences, concerning catching the astrological cliche, and concerning engulfing the astrological rays in water. . . . But the lemon! What did it mean? Familiar with all their terminology and processes, my thoughts yet stopt at the lemon—till I concluded it was negro foolishness! The director approached me, his face haggard and sweaty. I looked at him attentively and when with his ease of manner—happening to be a government functionary—he sat down near me, it felt unpleasant and disagreeable again. A peculiar face, a rapacious-looking nose and deeply set eyes! Who elected him and who taught him this knowledge? How does he know a boy who is capable of being a *levacha?* The devil knows!

Altho M. Bouligin had convinced himself that hypnotism at the hands of the director was the secret of the *levacha's* behavior, he failed to satisfy himself with a reasonable explanation of the fact that the *levacha*, like the Northwest Mounted Police, actually "got his man"—or, in this case, woman. The confession of the culprit seems to leave no doubt on that point. Reading on:

> I was invited to the trial. Abyssinia practises the arbitration principle in her courts of justice. The judge is recognized by both sides in the suit to be absolute and his decision can not be appealed. It was not so exciting as usual this time. Lawyers and plaintiffs did not howl nor leap with straightened arm and stiffened forefinger. There were no quarrels nor shouts of the sides. The woman confessed to everything as did her husband likewise. I ordered them handcuffed and led the defendant in the case to the *levacha*, who grasped hold of his *kouta* (robe), never letting loose until paid his five talaris for his work.
>
> Then down by the river in the evening the thieves, having paid their fines and restored the stolen goods to the owner, conversed again peacefully with the plaintiff and others, all laughing happily together. Abyssinia is a very strange country.

OF INTEREST TO
TRAVELERS
HERE AND ABROAD



The A·B·A Cheque is the only certified travel cheque that enjoys universal acceptance

CERTIFIED
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AT NO ADDED COST

A CANNY SCOT originated the idea of special cheques for travelers many years ago. His ingrained thrift-instinct had revolted against the enormous waste of travel funds by loss and theft.

In 1919 the American Bankers Association created the first *certified* travel cheque, backed by the prestige of the entire Association.

These cheques are better than gold because they are good anywhere, being immediately convertible into cash. And because they afford complete protection against loss or theft.

The A·B·A Cheque is the only *certified* travel cheque that enjoys universal acceptance. Yet it costs no more than ordinary travel funds.

Banks, hotels, ticket offices, shops in all parts of the world convert A·B·A Certified Cheques into cash at the most favorable rates. U. S. Government customs officials accept them at all ports.

The list of A·B·A users in 1926 includes the names of thousands of the most experienced travelers, men and women prominent in all walks of life. From coast to coast, A·B·A's are demanded by those who know.

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MOLLÉ
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For Shaving WITHOUT BRUSH OR LATHER
MADE SOLELY BY THE PRYDE-WYNN Co NEW BRIGHTON PA. U.
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A Luxurious Shave—
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Switch to MOLLÉ for one month and you will understand the enthusiasm of men who, at home and traveling, use this delightful beard softening cream, instead of brush and lather, for shaving.

MOLLÉ and your favorite razor will teach you the art of quick, easy shaving and show you the road to a glorious new feel of all-day face comfort without lotions, balms or talcum.

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That's all with Mollé"

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Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

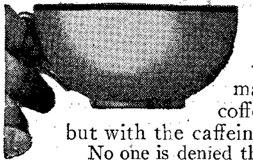
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

FREEDOM'S BIRD IN HIS MAJESTY

A LORDLY shape suddenly sailed into view from behind a pine-wooded promontory, where the river swung to the west in a sharp curve. It was "a great white-headed eagle, planing on motionless pinions some sixty feet above the surface of the water." Prior to the monarch's appearance, the river flats were "packed and crammed with life"—countless thousands of migrating mallard, teal and coots. And now, as described in *The American Legion Monthly*, by Herbert Ravenel Sass, the panorama was suddenly transformed:

> The life that crowded the flooded flats, the feathered fleets that had been floating idly there, awoke to frenzied activity. Near the pine promontory the surface of the lagoon heaved upward, while at the same moment a surging, roaring sound filled the air. Directly in front of the eagle, a flock of mallards had risen with a drumming thunder of pinions; and that thunder was a signal to all the varicolored multitude thronging that watery world.
>
> Squadron after squadron, regiment after regiment, the wild duck armies lifted from the surface. The air shook with the swelling roar of their wings, with the palpitant clamor of companies of coots scurrying madly across the water. Swiftly the teeming flats were emptying themselves of life. In a tumult of whirring wings and a turmoil of pattering, splashing feet, the myriads of the water-fowl were fleeing before their master and sovereign.
>
> I do not know whether the heart of the oncoming eagle swelled with pride and exultation at that moment; but I know that mine did, and that it always does when I see a sight like the one which I have attempted to describe. There is something superb and glorious in the spectacle of the King of Birds thus manifesting his sovereignty—something that lifts the eagle above all other birds and invests him with an incomparable majesty. It is the majesty of acknowledged supremacy; the majesty of strength and speed, of perfectly proportioned beauty, of physical perfection, in one of its most impressive forms. At such a time the eagle appears as the monarch that he is, the king of all his kind, the irresistible Lord of the Air; and that drumming thunder of wings that rolls before him down the flats, as the wild duck regiments take flight at his approach, is his vassals' tribute to his power.
>
> He is a king in truth, the snowy-headed ruler of the sky spaces; a king in that older and better sense in which kingliness meant strength, courage, nobility of bearing. He is, take him all in all, the grandest bird to be found on the continent of North America. Thus he is the fitting emblem of our country, and Congress made no mistake when, at the close of the Revolution, it chose the bald or white-headed eagle as the symbol of the new nation.
>
> Broad-shouldered, compact, powerfully muscled, massive, yet clean of build, he is the peer in stalwart beauty of any of his royal race. Out of his piercing yellow eyes, deep set under frowning brows, gleams the proud spirit of the warrior. His trenchant talons, his great hooked beak are weapons of deadly power. His wide dark wings of ample spread can drive him at terrific

HARMLESS Coffee
(Has No Caffeine)



"Drink real coffee—full-flavored, aromatic coffee—the finest coffee you ever tasted—but with the caffeine taken out."

No one is denied the joy of coffee, in enlightened homes today! For coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted couldn't harm a child—nor keep anybody awake. It has no effect whatever on heart, nerves, or kidneys.

For coffee at its best, try Kaffee Hag. Your grocer has it; or clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG 10¢
1644 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

Name....................
Address....................

Corns

Lift Off – No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

speed through the air or lift him high above the earth to dizzy altitudes. Above all else, he is the very type of freedom, that freedom which the United States had just achieved at the cost of a long and bloody war; and, unlike the golden eagle, which is found not only in this country but also in northern Europe and Asia, he is a true American whose home is this land which has adopted him as its emblem.

Here the writer reminds us of some historical associations:

The bald eagle (which, of course, is not really bald, tho its white head feathers give it somewhat that appearance at a distance) was chosen as the national symbol of the United States by Act of Congress on June 20, 1782. On that date a design for a national coat-of-arms was approved. The step was taken at that time because an official sign of sovereignty to be used as a seal was needed, and it was intended that the design should be the same as that for a national coat-of-arms. In the report of William Barton and Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, the device was described in heraldic fashion as follows:

"The Escutcheon placed in the Breast of an American (the bald-headed) Eagle, displayed proper, holding in his Beak a Scroll, inscribed with the Motto, viz., 'E Pluribus Unum'—and in his dexter Talon a Palm or an Olive Branch—in the other a Bundle of 13 Arrows; all proper." It was stipulated that the eagle was to be "displayed"; which meant, in the language of heraldry, that it was to be represented with wings and talons extended.

In selecting the eagle as its emblem, the United States followed a precedent established centuries before. From the earliest days the eagle in one form or another has figured prominently in the history of nations. It was only natural that this should be the case. The eagle's great size, his swiftness and strength, his noble and fearless aspect, his power of soaring to incredible heights appealed irresistibly not only to the poet and the singer of folk-songs but also to the peasant and hunter.

The warrior, too, found in this most powerful and most martial-looking of birds a potent inspiration. "Forward!" cried Germanicus, when seven great eagles flew out in front of the legions arrayed for battle. "Forward, and follow the Roman birds!" To the soldiers of Prussia, of Czarist Russia, of Napoleonic France, of Hapsburg Austria the eagle was the bird of war, the symbol of victory; and in all cases he was chosen for this rôle because to those who saw him in the full exercise of his magnificent powers he seemed to combine in superlative degree the virile attributes of the warrior.

Perhaps another factor in the important part which he has played in the history of nations is his wide distribution. There are many species of eagles, scattered over practically all parts of the world. South America has the giant harpy, the "winged wolf" of the old chroniclers, which kills fawns, sloths, foxes, and even the larger monkeys of the tropical jungles, creatures three times its size and weight. In northern Europe, northern Asia and Greenland breed the gray sea eagle or erne, a handsome white-tailed species, closely related to our bald eagle. Germany has the spotted eagle, India the crested eagle, Malaysia the strange bird-nesting eagle, which spends its time hunting for eggs and nestlings. In central Asia and southeastern Europe the imperial eagle still survives, probably the species which in the days of the Cæsars was hailed as the Roman bird. In Africa are

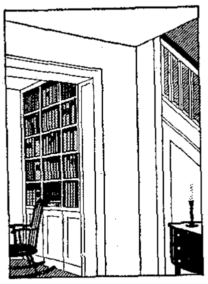
The Pondosa Pine

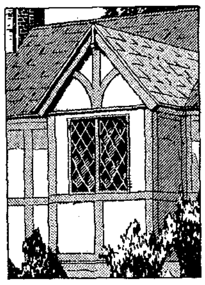
$4000.00 PRIZE QUESTION CONTEST

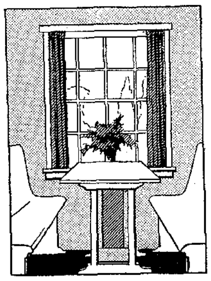
has started something

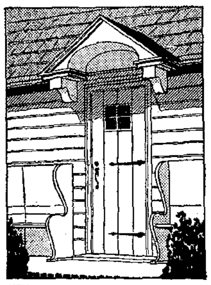
Questions coming from all quarters

We are looking for yours


Wouldn't you like to know how the decorative effectiveness of interior woodwork is assured and maintained by Pondosa Pine?


If you are building an English half-timbered home, don't you want to know where and why Pondosa Pine can help you?


In breakfast nooks and other built-in features it is imperative that you use such lumber as Pondosa Pine. Do you know why?


When you stop to think of some of the weathered exterior woodwork you've seen, many questions about Pondosa Pine will suggest themselves.

THIS unique contest was announced last month in this publication. If you missed it then, this is to tell you that you still have time to try for the substantial cash prizes. Here are the facts:

Lumber is one of the most important materials that goes into a home. On it depends long life and staunchness—beauty of trim and finish—the lasting trueness of doors and windows—the results of paint and varnish—a hundred and one things that make for pride and satisfaction.

One of the very choicest woods for building purposes that grows in America is Pondosa Pine. If you were going to let a contract for a new home tomorrow, would you specify Pondosa? If so, why? Where should it be used and why?

To encourage you to know all about Pondosa Pine we are offering $4000 in cash prizes for the best sets of questions regarding its use.

If you are building a home—if you are planning to build soon—if you hope to build your own home some day—you are fully qualified to enter and win one of the prizes.

Architects, contractors and lumber dealers should also know all about Pondosa. Its advantages over other materials for certain purposes. What it means in building economy. Why it appeals to careful carpenters and the country's foremost manufacturers of doors, window sash and interior and exterior trim.

To include them and make this contest eminently fair, we are dividing it into four classes. One—Home Owners. Two—Architects. Three—Contractors. Four—Lumber Dealers.

24 PRIZES IN ALL—*Four* $500 *Prizes*

We will pay $500 in cash in each class for the best set of questions sent us about the use of Pondosa Pine in building.

Twenty $100 *Prizes*

We will also pay $100 in cash to each of the five home owners or prospective owners, $100 to each of the five architects, $100 to each of the five contractors and $100 to each of the five lumber dealers whose sets of questions shall be judged to be the next best.

One month of this contest is gone. Though you still have two months in which to prepare and send in your questions, don't delay another day. You may get all the help you need from any architect, contractor or carpenter. You may send as many sets of questions as you wish, but the number of questions asked will not alone decide the winner. Read the rules and send your questions to Contest Editor, Dept. 32, Western Pine Manufacturers Association of Portland, Oregon.

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest opens March 1, 1927. Closes May 31, 1927. Questions must be post-marked not later than May 31, 1927, to be eligible for entrance. The winners will be those who in the opinion of the judges submit the best set of questions. Checks will be sent winners as soon as decisions can be made. Public announcement of their names will be made in September.
2. If you are a home owner or prospective home owner, please print or plainly write your name and address at top of each sheet.
3. If you are an architect, contractor or lumber dealer the questions should be written on your business stationery.
4. Any firm or any or all of the individuals in an architect's, contractor's or dealer's office may compete.
5. If in the opinion of the judges two or more contestants are tied for any of the prizes, the full amount of that prize will be given to each.
6. The judges will be selected by the Western Pine Manufacturers Association. Their decisions shall be final.
7. Do not write for information about this contest. All the information is contained on this page.

Pondosa Pine

The Pick o'the Pines

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California
Yellowstone
Pacific Northwest

Make your summer vacation a grand tour of the West. Glorious adventure is assured among the mountains of Colorado, the Golden Sierras and sea-swept beaches of California, the natural wonders of Yellowstone Park and Pacific Northwest, but—

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Send coupon for illustrated and descriptive literature.

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A. D. Bell,
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Mo. Pac. R. R. Co.
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Please forward without obligation illustrated literature of Western Vacation Lands.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

many fine forms, including the black eagle, the bataleur eagles and the serpent eagles, which are deadly enemies of the serpent race and which are found also in India; and these are only a few of the many kinds of eagles known to science.

In North America only two species of eagle are known, we are told, altho—

> Possibly in the old days the terrible harpy strayed north occasionally to the lower Rio Grande Valley in Texas, and probably the Greenland erne sometimes visits the ice-bound northern shores of the continent. But the only eagles which breed in this country and are fairly familiar to Americans are the golden eagle, a dark brown bird with a sprinkling of lighter feathers on its head and nape; and the white-headed or American eagle, commonly called the bald eagle, averaging a little larger than the golden eagle and, in the adult plumage, a handsomer, more striking bird because of its white head, neck and tail, which stand out in sharp contrast with its somber body and wings.
>
> Of these two, the bald eagle—the true American eagle—is the better known and the more abundant. The golden eagle has a more extensive range, being found not only in North America but throughout the northern half of the northern hemisphere; but in this country the golden eagle is now confined mainly to the mountainous regions of the West, tho a few may still nest in the wilder and more rugged parts of the Appalachians. The bald eagle, on the other hand, exists practically throughout the United States and nests in suitable localities throughout that vast area.
>
> Any American, no matter in what part of the United States he lives, may hope to see the bald eagle if he has an eye for the birds of the air. One reason why so few of us ever see the Bird of Freedom in a wild state (in a cage, where his spirit is broken, he is hardly worth seeing) lies in the fact that not many of us can devote much time to watching the highway of the sky. Sooner or later, whether you live in the heart of New York City, or on the plains of Kansas, or in the swamps of Mississippi, or amid the valleys of California, Old Baldy will pass within range of your vision, and you will see him if you are on the watch for him.
>
> But while every American may hope to see the American eagle, in most parts of the country that hope is likely to be gratified only at the cost of long and patient watching. Due largely to the failure of the American people to give him the protection he should have, over most of his habitat the great bird is not now as abundant as he once was. There are regions, however, generally close to the sea, where he is still a familiar spectacle, and one of the things I am thankful for is the fact that I live in one such region—the coastal country of South Carolina.

Scores, perhaps hundreds of times, says Mr. Sass, he has looked up and seen the King of Birds soaring above his garden in Charleston, his white head and tail gleaming in the sun. And the writer exclaims:

> To every American that sight should bring a thrill of patriotic pride; to too many of them, alas, it seems to bring nothing except an impulse to destroy. We are proud of the eagle on our national crest, and we are supposed to love the Bird of Freedom which typifies the strength and independence of America. But it is a queer sort of love.
>
> For when we see the American eagle in life—when we see him in all his stalwart beauty and majesty, standing aloof and watchful on some lofty vantage point or sailing on wide motionless pinions through the air—too often the gun leaps to the shoulder, and the great bird comes whirling down, a blood-spattered mass of carrion.
>
> Why? The answer is simple.
>
> The eagle is a big bird, a very big bird, and we shoot all very big birds that come our way. Moreover, he is, in most parts of the country, something of a rarity, and it is considered quite a feat to kill and bring home so huge and strange a creature. Everybody is interested and scores of people crowd around the carcass and marvel at the vast spread of wing and the long, sharp claws. We are pointed out as the mighty Nimrod who did the deed. We puff out our chest; and great is our pride when we read a story in the paper next day that Mr. So-and-So, one of the most enthusiastic of local sportsmen, killed an eagle measuring seven and a half feet from tip to tip, and how the great bird, the first one seen in that region in years, created a sensation when its body was exhibited at Jones and Brown's store.
>
> It is time for that sort of thing to stop, and it is time for thoughtful Americans to put a stop to it.
>
> The American eagle deserves well of us. He has helped in no small measure to make the national spirit of America what it is to-day. He helped to win the World War. On thousands of posters, displayed in every town and village of the United States, he typified the might of embattled America.
>
> We have made use of the American eagle as a symbol of our national greatness. His warlike beauty, his strength, his swiftness, his superb and dauntless bearing have become a national legend and have helped to stimulate our national morale. He has created an image in our minds which has inspired thousands of Americans to deeds of valor, and in every war that we have fought has helped us on to victory. Surely we Americans owe him a debt which can not be neglected; and surely, of all the wild creatures of our American woods and waters, the American eagle, emblem of our country, is most deserving of our protection.

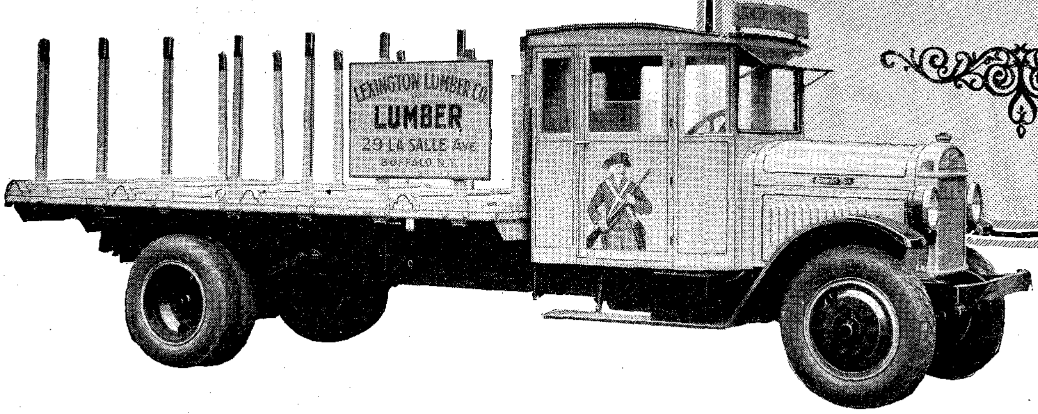
There is no good reason why we should not protect him, continues Mr. Sass, for—

> Unlike the golden eagle, which in some parts of the country is a menace to young stock, the bald eagle does practically no injury to man. Always most abundant about bodies of water, he subsists mainly upon fish seldom used for human consumption.
>
> It is true that in a few isolated regions he has been known to prey occasionally upon lambs and pigs. It is true that he kills a considerable number of coots and some wild ducks, tho most of the latter are wounded birds. In Alaska, where the bald eagle is abundant, he is said to prey upon the salmon, which the canning interests seem to regard as their exclusive property.
>
> So much for his economic status. It was Benjamin Franklin, generally a model of common sense, who first criticized on moral grounds the selection of the bald eagle as our national bird, declaring that the turkey would have been a more appropriate emblem! If Franklin could picture a pompous gobbler inspiring American youth to deeds of heroism as it perched above the Stars and Stripes, he had a livelier imagination than most of us.

Stewart Trucks have won by costing less to run

At the top of all truckdom

Stewart
2½-3 Ton
Worm Drive
$3200 Chassis



THE new improved Stewart acknowledges no peer in all truckdom. Whether you judge it on a basis of economy, ease of handling, road performance or any other of the accepted standards of truck performance, you will be confronted by amazing results. This is a strong statement but it is a deserving one.

Electric starter, electric lights and speedometer are regular equipment without extra cost.

Stewarts today are in use in over 500 American Cities and 43 foreign countries — Many Stewarts made 8, 10 and 12 years ago are still in service, proving that they are America's Greatest Truck Value.

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4 Cylinder, $1990, Chassis
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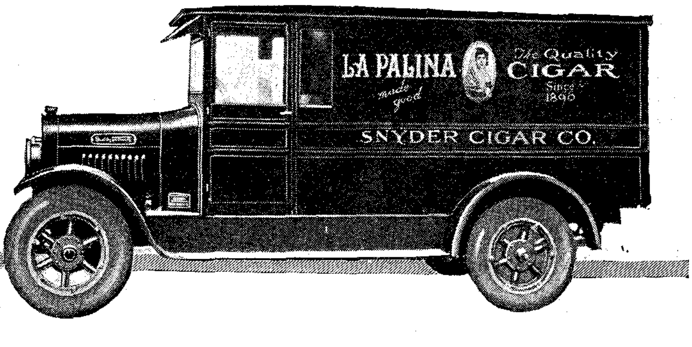
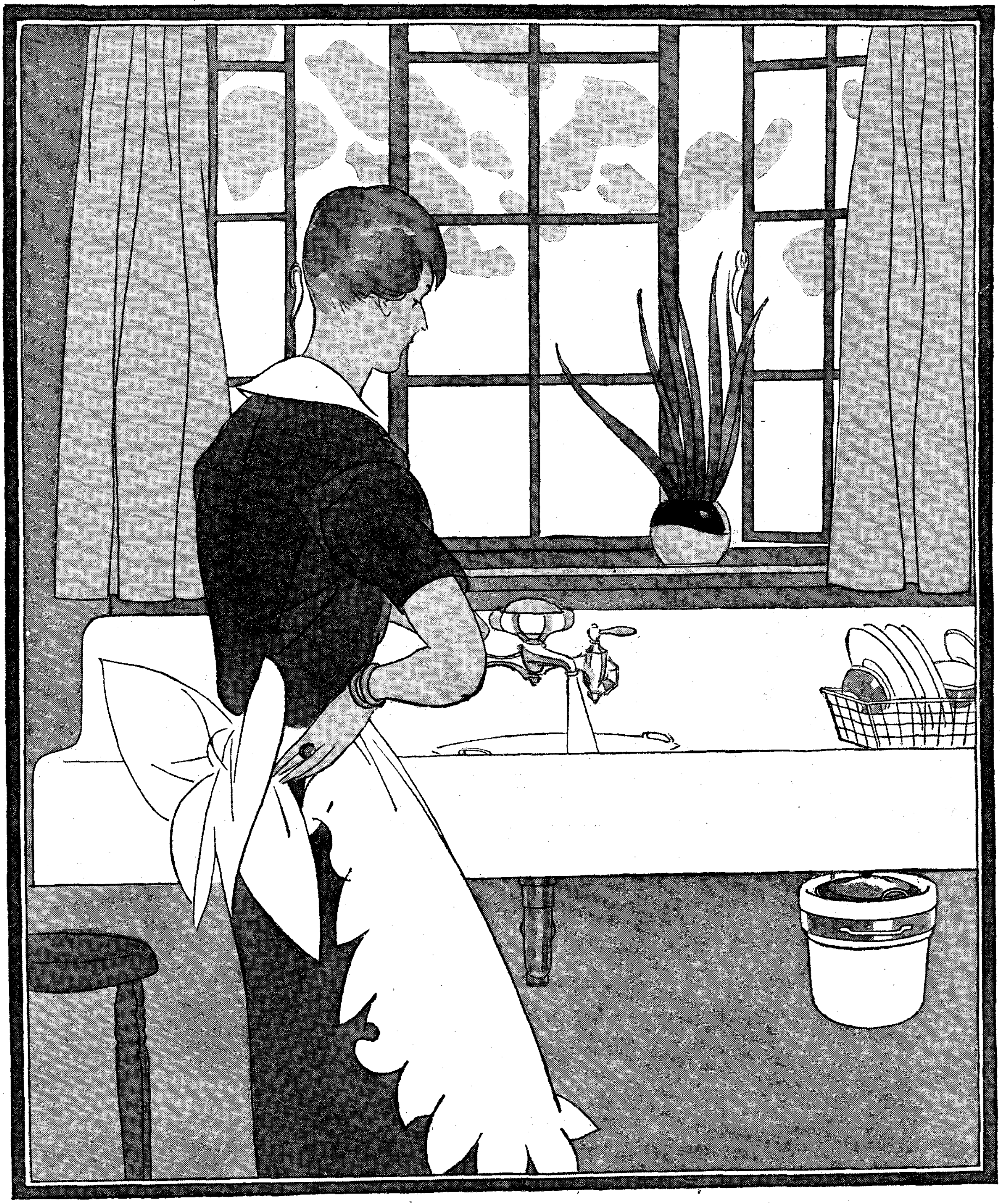
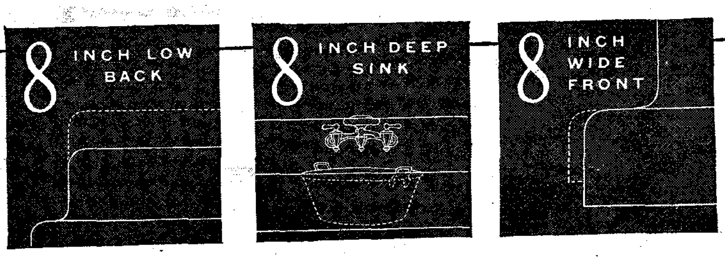


New Style "Standard" Sinks

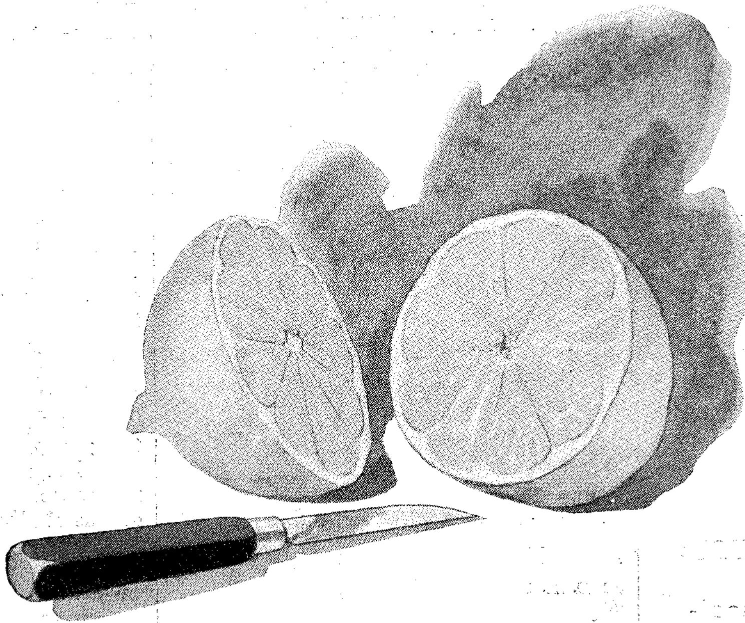


These three "eights"
make new sink history


8 INCH LOW BACK
8 INCH DEEP SINK
8 INCH WIDE FRONT

with Acid Resisting Enamel

which fruit or vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor



Dozens of times every day, your Kitchen Sink is exposed to the action of such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice—and the ingredients of cleansers. This is its hardest service.

Just as "Standard" led the way with the One-piece Sink, set "yard-stick high," so "Standard" now gives you Sinks with a lovely gleaming white finish that *stays* gleaming white.

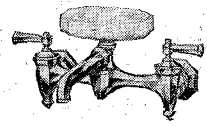
"Standard" Acid Resisting Enamel is exceptionally hard. It is more durable, and is the first enamel that is really easy to keep clean. It retains its beautiful gloss and luster. With this wonderful new improvement, the Kitchen Sink reaches its highest development and utmost convenience.

More light since the back is low. Until now, the backs of Sinks have always been twelve inches high. This one goes under unusually low windows and gives four inches more of light, air and sunshine.

More room in the Sink. These new Sinks are twenty-two inches wide, giving more room on the drainboards and in the Sink compartment. They are two inches deeper—so the edge of a dishpan comes well below the rim of the Sink, preventing over-the-rim splashes.

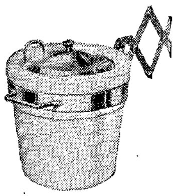
A smart low line in front. Beauty is emphasized both in the finish and in the design of these newest "Standard" Sinks. The deeper front gives them a trim, massive appearance.

A new kind of Faucet



"—more compact, and more decorative. It is set to allow a full thirteen inches between the mouth of the Faucet and the opening of the drain."

A directly attached Garbage Container



"Sliding in and out under the Sink, this exclusive "Standard" feature saves dozens of steps."

❧ ❧ ❧

ALL fittings for the newest "Standard" Sinks are made complete in "Standard" factories—the largest in the world devoted to the manufacture of Plumbing Fixtures.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

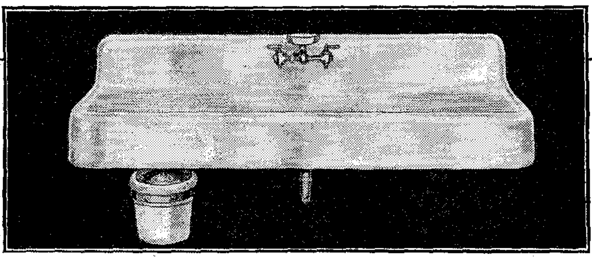
A new-style Faucet. This Faucet, of the popular Swinging-Spout type, is more compact and more decorative. It is set to allow a full thirteen inches between the mouth of the Faucet and the opening of the drain. You need this room when you fill a tall pitcher or large cooking vessels. Finished in Chromard, this Faucet has the beautiful soft sheen of platinum. It will not tarnish or corrode, resists common acids, and may easily be cleaned with a damp cloth.

A directly attached Garbage Container. Sliding in and out under the Sink, this exclusive "Standard" feature saves dozens of steps. You can peel vegetables or scrape plates directly into it. It is of Vitreous China, holding a covered container of aluminum that needs to be emptied only once a day.

Three styles—seven sizes. You have three styles and seven sizes to choose from in these newest Sinks. You can have a single or double drainboard model. Every one has the distinctive "Standard" trade-mark clearly impressed in the enamel on the right-hand end.

On display near you. "Standard" Showrooms in more than 50 cities invite you to inspect these most attractive new Sinks and make comparisons.

Write for booklet. It is full of interesting information about these newest Sinks. You will find it invaluable in wise kitchen planning.



The most modern of Sinks with new design features and "Standard" Acid Resisting ENAMEL.

Backed by more than fifty years of Sink building experience and the "Standard" reputation.

Now they can fight sore throat all day long!

Gargling alone is not enough!

Sore throat demands continuous *treatment*

GERM-LADEN schoolrooms. Dangerous weather . . . Danger of infection; of even serious illness!

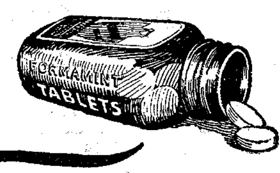
Consult a physician and he would say:—The dangerous germs of sore throat multiply with lightning speed. Millions of them breed every hour. To check these germs an occasional gargle is not enough. *Sore throat demands continuous treatment.*

IT is because of its continuous action that doctors today are recommending Formamint. With Formamint, the throat is kept continuously bathed in an antiseptic of proved germicidal power. Yet Formamint cannot harm the delicate membranes of the throat.

And children *like* Formamint! They simply dissolve these tablets slowly in the mouth—one every hour or so to *treat* sore throat; one every two or three hours to help *prevent* it.

Keep a bottle of Formamint Tablets on hand, always. Let the children carry some with them when exposed to infection in schoolrooms or street cars, during inclement weather or in times of epidemic. All druggists.

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT



Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION • CONTINUED

THE POWERFUL SUN-SPOT

THE sun-spot is coming into its own again. About 1880 it was held responsible by some enthusiasts for about everything that happens on earth. Sun-spot curves were jammed into correspondence with those of financial crises, epidemics of disease and the number of red-headed babies born in western Europe. After all this has been nearly forgotten, the advent of a new sun-spot maximum has apparently revived it to some extent. Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York), notes with interest that at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Philadelphia, our sun held a place near the center of the stage. Dr. Michael I. Pupin, distinguished inventor and university professor, delivered an address as President of the Association, and spoke of communications received by us from the sun and manifested as radio static. Dr. Free goes on:

> Incomplete accounts of this remark led some to believe that Dr. Pupin meant communications from intelligent beings on the sun; which was, of course, as far as possible from the truth. What he suggested was that radio annoyances like static probably originate in disturbances in the sun's white-hot atmosphere, including the solar storms which cause sun-spots. The idea is not new, and the majority of radio engineers agree with Dr. Pupin that thorough study of such things as static and fading may yield valuable information about the sun. Another paper at the Philadelphia meeting was by Prof. A. Tchijovsky, of the University of Moscow, Russia, and presented the thesis that wars and other human troubles always occur at times when the sun carries an unusually large number of sun-spots. This idea also is not new and is rejected by most American scientists. The number of sun-spots varies in a cycle of approximately eleven years. Few experts would agree that wars or other catastrophes occur with this regularity, altho that is what Professor Tchijovsky attempted to prove. A third announcement about the sun came from Dr. Seth B. Nicholson and Miss Hazel M. Losh of the Mount Wilson Observatory, who reported that the percentage of the powerful ultra-violet rays in sunlight is increasing. Next winter will be one of the times of greatest sun-spots, as indicated by the eleven-year cycle. It will probably be, the scientists predict, a time of strong ultra-violet rays also. Since the ultra-violet rays readily produce sunburn it will be easier to get sunburned this summer than usual. Also, the ultra-violet rays cure the bone disease called rickets, and there will probably be less of this disease during 1927 and 1928 than during average years.

The Russian paper, being the most sensational of these three, is the one chiefly spread upon the first page of the daily press. Says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for instance:

> Dr. Tchijovsky has formulated a scientific system whereby he declares that man's greatest achievements, the world's greatest carnage, its most significant revolution and its mightiest leaders, have developed and have had their period of influence simply because human beings have been rendered susceptible to their teachings and their arguments by the change of their physical beings wrought by the sun.
>
> In declaring that the world is thus subject to a superterrestrial power which it can not escape, the Russian meteorologist does not admit to any theory of fatalism. He insists, on the contrary, that man can take advantage of these recurring periods of activity, and shape the energy transformed into action thereby to his own mighty purposes.
>
> "We are in the slavery of the sun in a certain way," he declared in his paper, "but it does not oblige us to do this or that; only something. Humanity in the past has followed the way of the least resistance, and has drowned itself in oceans of blood.
>
> "It is more than an idealistic hope," he continues, "that the culture of the future generations will find ways to a humanitarian use of the mass upheaval, by means of a preliminary propaganda for some undertaking of great public interest and importance which is to be completed in the period of maximum excitability. Then scientific expeditions, sports competitions, the building of stupendous structures, collective theatrical art, collective creative art with mass participation would occupy the place of human bloody slaughter.
>
> "Forecasts for the years 1927-29, when the eleven-year period of sun-spot activity attains its maximum and when this maximum will coincide with the maxima of two other periods of sixty years and thirty-five years, a great human activity of the highest historical importance will take place which may again change the political chart of the world as a result of a similar maxima in 1870."
>
> The scope of his treatise was so great, so scholarly, so absolutely based on scientific fact, that time and space, all of the ages of history, in fact—vanished from view, and resolved themselves into a graph of crests and troughs, as the power of the sun waxed and waned.
>
> "The sun is an enormous generator of electric energy and emits it in the form of radiation and induction," Dr. Tchijovsky said in the introduction to his paper. "It is surrounded by an electromagnetic field, the limits of which reach beyond the farthermost planet Neptune, and therefore the earth with its electromagnetic field is in the sun's field of tremendous power."
>
> Dr. Tchijovsky declared "that it was this periodic upwelling of human activity through the influence of the sun-spots that gave to the world its successive crusades to the Holy Land in the Middle Ages. Sanguinary events, such as the downfall of Byzantium in 1204, the eve of St. Bartholomew in 1572, the executions in London in 1588, and the terror in France in 1792, all occurred during the appearance of huge sun-spots commented upon by astronomers and meteorologists contemporary with the events happening. In times when the solar activation was at its height, Alaric, Attila the Hun, Mohammed, Peter of Amiens, Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Loyola, Martin Luther, Cromwell, Lafayette, Washington, Wellington, Garibaldi, Gambetta

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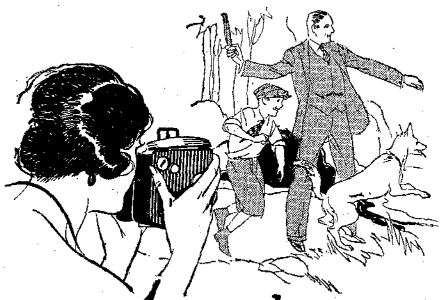

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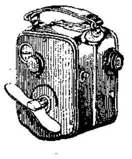

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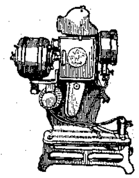


A good old Friend

Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?
It worked, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds and does its work more gently. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Jars & Tubes
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

and Nikolai Lenin arose to power over men. The greatest battles of the last five centuries before Christ occurred then—Salamis and Syracuse and Thebes and Marathon.

Upon the magnetic sway of the sun depended the year 1492, which saw the discovery of America, the fall of the Moslem yoke in Spain, and the beginning of modern history.

FLASHING THE WHISTLE

UNDER this somewhat cryptic title, *The Pacific Marine Review* (San Francisco) tells us how the steamer *Matsonia* has recently been equipped with a Benson electric flasher—the first of the vessels on the Pacific coast to have such an installation, tho several hundred Great Lakes and east coast steamers are so fitted. It goes on to explain:

> The Benson flasher is primarily a large cluster of brilliant electric lights fixt aloft and arranged to blaze out when the whistle is blown. It is claimed that the flashing of the lights is a big factor in safe navigation, especially at night or in hazy weather, or when other noises might drown the sound of the signal whistle. The flashing lamps can be worked into any desired form, generally a design showing the company house flag, thus enabling other boats to identify the signaling ship. Nearly all steamships nowadays are fitted with an electric automatic whistle operator, and all motor-ships have the same arrangement for air whistles. On such ships the addition of the flasher is only a matter of detail. However, it can be installed in any vessel and with different methods of operation. That it is a factor of safety is shown from the fact that the United States Board of Supervisors have passed it for use on steamers. It is also highly recommended by those who have used it.

TUT-ANKH-AMEN'S COLD-CREAM

ANIMAL fat was used by ladies and gentlemen of the court of Pharaoh more than 3,000 years ago as we use "cold-cream." Dr. E. E. Free says in his *Week's Science* (New York):

> When the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen was opened, one of the articles found in it was a small jar made of carved marble and containing some kind of cosmetic. This was sent to England and turned over for examination to a chemical analyst, Dr. A. C. Chapman. His report, written jointly with Mr. H. J. Plenderleith, has recently been published. The cosmetic material proved not entirely determinable, but what has been learned about it makes it probable that the Pharaohs kept their faces in order by a material not unlike the famous bear's grease which our great-grandfathers used to keep their hair slick and orderly. The report of the analysts finds the Tut-ankh-Amen cream to consist of about 90 per cent. of some animal fat mixed with about 10 per cent. of some resinous substance, not unlike the resins of pine or cedar. Bear's grease, melted with pine needles or pine chips to give it a pleasant odor, as was sometimes done, would be a fair modern equivalent. Of the vegetable oils, from the palm nut or the olive, often supposed to have been the basis of ancient cosmetics, there seems to be no sign in the Egyptian material.

You need those teeth that are hardest to reach

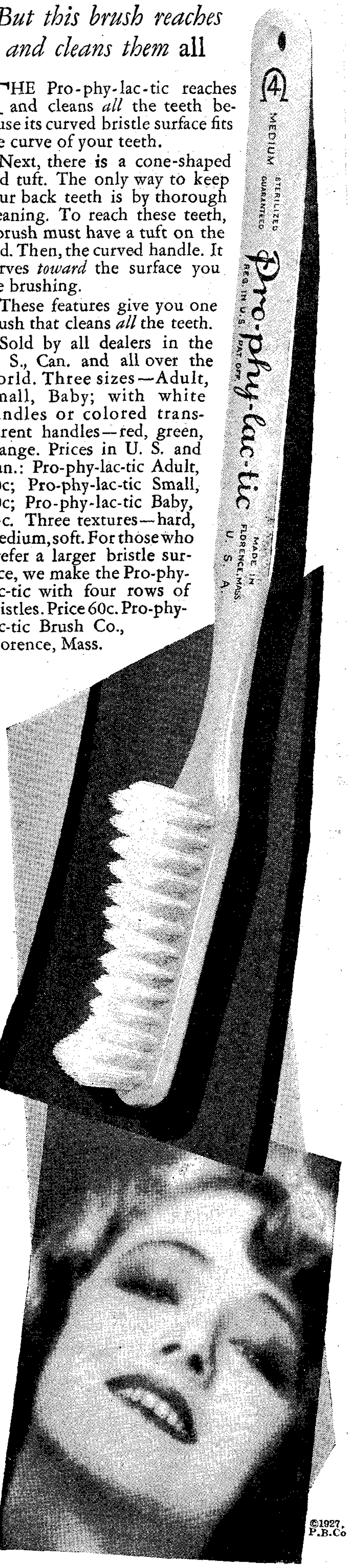
But this brush reaches and cleans them all

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans *all* the teeth because its curved bristle surface fits the curve of your teeth.

Next, there is a cone-shaped end tuft. The only way to keep your back teeth is by thorough cleaning. To reach these teeth, a brush must have a tuft on the end. Then, the curved handle. It curves *toward* the surface you are brushing.

These features give you one brush that cleans *all* the teeth.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can. and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



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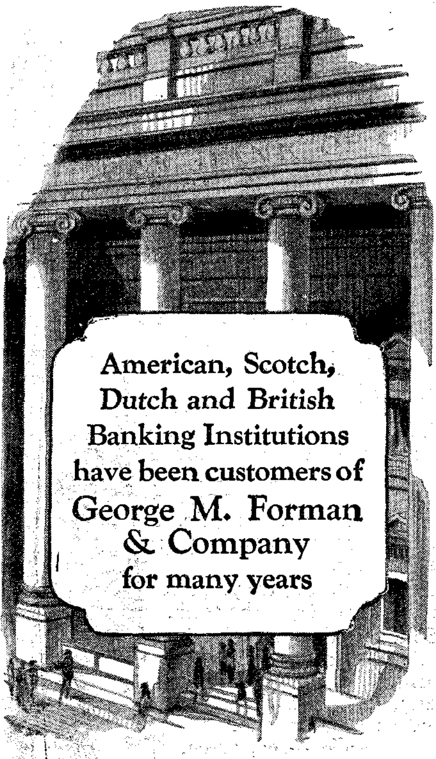
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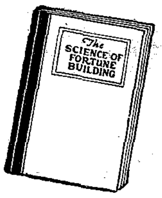
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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

MOPPING UP OUR WAR DEBT

SECRETARY MELLON'S refunding operations last month had their quick effect in stimulating the bond market, and are held in financial circles to be extremely significant. Sensational enough was the establishment of a new high record for all time, in several government securities, but financial authorities also call attention to the success of the refunding operations as strengthening the Government's credit, making Liberty bonds more desirable and showing the progress toward extinguishing the Government's war obligations. No less important was the low rate at which the Treasury was able to float its new notes and certificates, which is held to imply the Government's confidence in continued ease in money rates and an abundance of investment funds—a cheerful outlook for Wall Street. Incidentally, the persistence of low-interest rates is viewed with alarm by one of our most important financial journals, as will be noted later.

Let us notice just what the Treasury Department has been doing. These operations seem complicated at first sight, but they are such an important part of our national housekeeping that we ought to understand them. The March program had two parts. First Secretary Mellon substituted $450,000,000 of six-month and one-year certificates of indebtedness for $660,000,000 of notes that matured on March 15. The odd $200,000,000 is met from the Treasury surplus. The maturing notes bear 4¾ per cent. interest; the new certificates will bear 3⅛ and 3¼. Thus, as the New York *Sun* points out, "the annual saving in interest on this operation including that arising from the reduction of the outstanding debts, will be nearly $17,000,000." And *The Sun* continues:

> The other part of the refunding program consists of an offer to holders of Second Liberty 4¼ per cent. bonds to exchange into new Treasury notes bearing a 3½ per cent. coupon. The reason why the Treasury can expect to make this exchange is the callability of the Libertys; they may be redeemed at par on or after next November 15. Disregarding the technical features of the exchange offer, it is apparent that the annual interest saving on this operation will amount to $22,500,000. Thus on the two operations the Government will save nearly $40,000,000 in interest annually.

Early reports indicate that the holders of at least half of the Second Libertys will exchange them for the new Treasury notes, and the financial press assume that the Treasury will exercise its privilege of calling in the rest in November. Aside from the savings through constantly lowering the interest rates on government obligations, the New York *Times* is impressed by the orderly way in which maturities have been placed and the clear sailing which is indicated for future refunding:

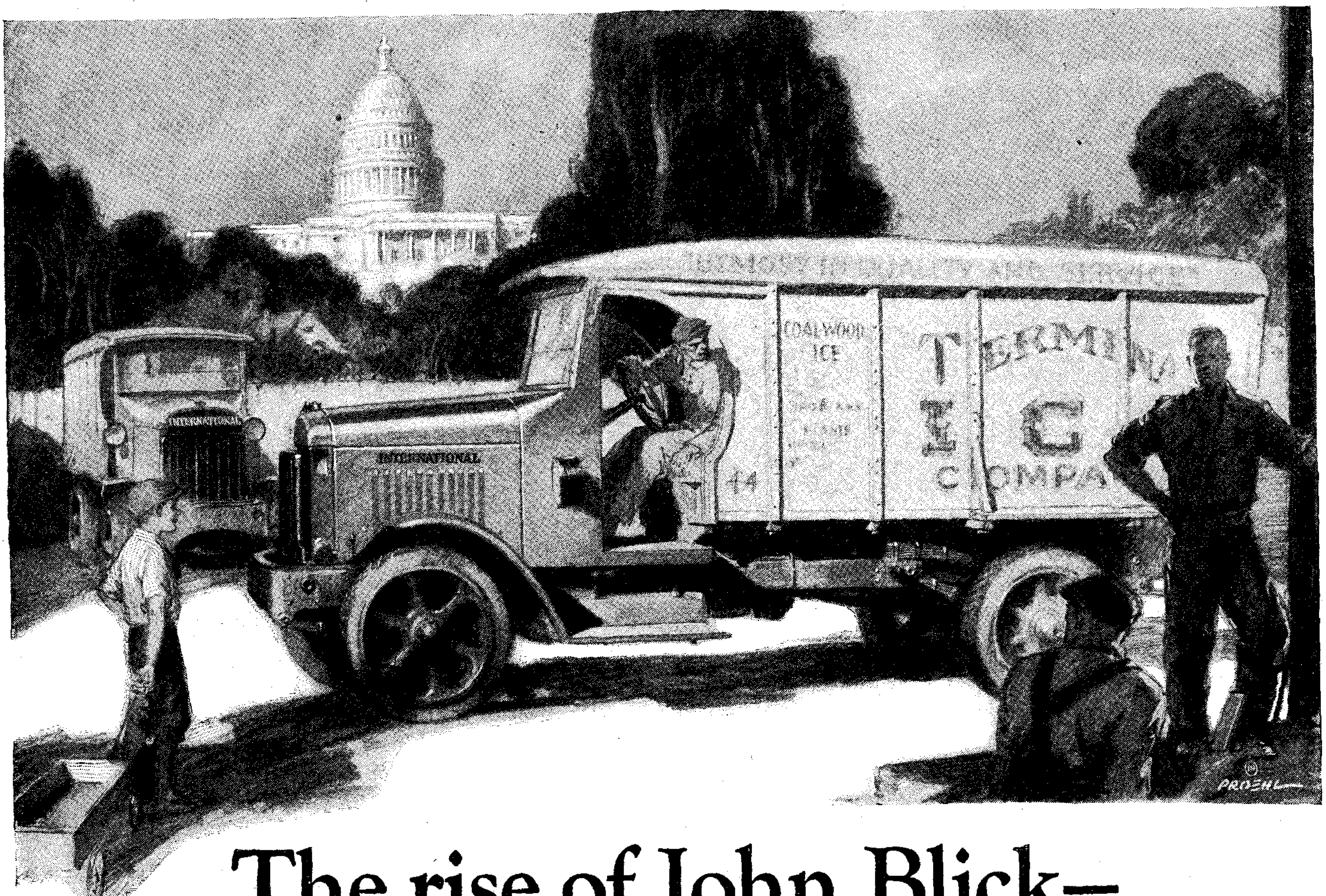
> The next Liberty-bond issue maturing is the Third Liberty 4¼s, which have been whittled down to not much more than $2,000,000,000, as against an original offering of about twice that amount. These bonds will fall due in September, 1928. The retirement of this issue is not expected to present any difficulties.
>
> The comparatively small outstanding amounts of first 3½s, first 4¼s, and first 4s will be callable in 1932, and the Fourth Liberty 4¼s are redeemable in 1933. The last named is the largest issue of the Treasury outstanding, and the next few years are expected to bring preparations for its retirement in view of the wide spread between the interest rate which it carries and the basis on which the Treasury now is able to borrow money. The Fourth 4¼s, outstanding to the extent of more than $6,000,000,000, will be due in 1938, but the Treasury has the option of calling them in 1933.

These factors, we are told, explain the Treasury's decision to put a five-year maturity on the 3½ per cent. notes taking the place of the Second Liberty 4¼s. As the Government has the option of calling them in on or after March 15, 1930, the Treasury can be guided by the conditions existing at that time. *The Times* continues:

> The extent of public-debt reduction may be gaged from the fact that up to January 1, 1927, the original amount of $17,500,000,000 Liberty bonds had been cut down to about $13,500,000,000, and with the Second 4¼s out of the way it will be not much more than $10,000,000,000. About $2,300,000,000 of Treasury bonds has been issued, to which must be added the new 3½ per cent. notes. There has also been a large reduction in the short-term certificates, and interest rates have been steadily lowered.

The present high prices of government bonds means, of course, that they are selling on a low income basis which, as Byron Seller writes in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York, "reflects partly the gradual extinguishment of the public debt and partly the belief that money rates will be easy for a long time to come." We are reminded in *The Bache Review*, published by a well-known banking and brokerage house of New York, that:

> A large part of the present issues of government bonds have drifted, as the years have gone by, into the hands of strong institutions like banks and insurance companies, and into the safety boxes of very large estates. Such institutions are loath to part with securities which are almost akin to so much cash and still draw a reasonable rate of interest.
>
> The supply of Governments is decreasing and the demand for them increasing every year. Calling in a large block naturally



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

further diminishes the supply, and this fact is realized by large owners, among whom the popularity of them has been steadily growing.

The interest rate of the new certificates is not the lowest on record, as certificates were placed at a lower rate in 1924-25. The 3⅛ rate, however, *The Bache Review* continues, "is lower than any for a year and a half, and the significance lies in the fact that heretofore when these very low rates were offered, it turned out to be an indication of the Treasury's judgment that low rates in money would prevail for a year or thereabout. They did so in the former cases, and the inference is drawn now that they will do so again."

An exception to the general congratulatory tone of press comment appears in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which doesn't like the idea of having all the government securities to get into the hands of banks and large investors, and which is somewhat uneasy over the continued prospect of cheap money. To the question, "Who ought to hold the obligations of the Government?" it vouchsafes this answer:

> Government indebtedness should be held by the investor. Government obligations should be made high enough in rate and attractive enough in other conditions to find a place in the holdings of the conservative man of substantial means as well as in the "box" of the small saver who wants to put his funds into something that is well protected and at the same time to do better than a savings-bank deposit account. Conversely it may be stated without fear of contradiction that the banks are not the desirable holders of government obligations.
>
> It is, moreover, very much better for the Government itself that its obligations should be quite widely diffused among the different groups of investors than that they should be concentrated. This is axiomatic in public finance.

When it comes to interest rates, *The Journal of Commerce* notices both the low rate of the new certificates and the report from Washington that "Secretary Mellon is working hard to bring down the actual rate paid by the Government on its total indebtedness to an average of 4 per cent." Certainly, it comments, "the Government's borrowing rate is growing cheaper all the time and this is as usual hailed as evidence of the efficiency and success with which the financial business of the Administration is being handled." It is also, we are told, "being hailed as something like an inspired prophecy of low rates for some time to come and hence as what is called a decided 'bull argument' looking definitely toward the maintenance of high and rising quotations for fixt yield securities." But *The Journal of Commerce* declares itself out of harmony

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with the chorus of jubilation over the low rates:

> Rates of interest are to-day too low for the good health of the financial community. Were they not so we should hardly see to-day the large sum of $3,000,000,000 engaged in brokers' loans, with more funds rather than less steadily being used to finance speculation. Neither should we witness the abnormally high values for shares which to-day prevail in the market. These values are out of harmony with the "intrinsic" or permanent worth of the securities, and exist because with money at its present figures the dividend rate on these shares when capitalized gives them an unduly high quotation. This quotation is merely the expression of the market's opinion of relationships between charges for money in the open market and probable yield of the securities upon a comparatively short-period basis. Both the excessive speculation for a rise and the inflation both of stocks and, to an extent, bonds as well are the outgrowth of over-cheap money more than of anything else.
>
> And this cheap money is in very large measure the result of government pressure and influence.
>
> Surveying the whole situation it does not seem at all safe for the average investor or stock market operator to assume that merely because the Treasury Department has taken a large "gamble" on the prospect of low and declining interest rates for the next five years it would be well for him to do likewise. The Treasury Department can always fall back upon Congress to make good losses or expenses due to errors of judgment. How many others can count upon having a similarly inexhaustible source of support?

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS COMING BACK

THE Russia of to-day is such a mystery that anything throwing light on economic conditions in that land is welcome. It may surprize many of our readers to know that the actual railway mileage in Russia to-day (46,157 miles) is greater than that before the war, despite the losses in the border countries where the Czar's government had built a network of strategic railways for military purposes. The statement is made in a *Railway Age* article by Harold Kellock, who reminds us that Russia has always been backward in transportation. The total mileage in 1913 was 42,500 miles. In other words, Russia with nearly three times as much land as the United States, has only about one-sixth the railroad mileage.

Of course, Russian railways suffered from the war and the subsequent civil strife. About 13,200 miles of track and 7,762 bridges were completely destroyed. By the end of 1919 there were only about 4,000 locomotives in running order. And, of course, a large proportion of the mileage with the corresponding equipment had passed to the border countries that had been severed from the old Russian Empire at the end of the war. But since then railroad restoration in Soviet Russia has been gradually and steadily progressing.

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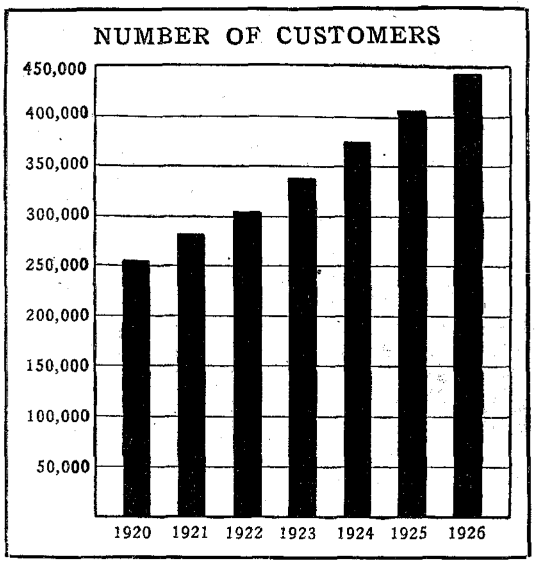

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

Besides an actual increase of mileage, as above noted,

> The volume of traffic is about 80 per cent. of prewar, the population being about 77 per cent. of that of 1913. The number of good-order locomotives in August was 10,818, as compared with 16,850 in 1913. Average daily freight-car loadings in September last were 28,531, as compared with an average of 24,007 for the Soviet fiscal year 1925-26 (ending September 30, 1926), 17,401 for 1924-25, 13,517 for 1923-24, 11,744 for 1922-23, and 33,000 in 1913. In general equipment and rolling stock has not yet been brought up to the prewar standard, but the gain in the past five years has been notable and steady. During 1924-25 the railway system showed a net profit from operation of $5,655,000, the first profitable year since the war. The full report for the past fiscal year has not yet reached this country. The total revenues for 1925-26, according to preliminary figures, were $659,200,000, as compared with $478,332,000 the previous year. This coincides generally with the increase in industrial production for the year, which was 41 per cent. The increase in agricultural production was nearly 40 per cent., the year 1924 having yielded a poor harvest.

One reason for the increased mileage is the result of a new policy in railroad building. According to Mr. Kellock, the Czarist government laid so much emphasis on perfecting its strategic military lines, "that extensions demanded for economic development in the back country were neglected." But to-day "the Soviet Union is extending its railway system according to a plan designed primarily to develop the vast natural resources of the country." One of the most important new lines under construction is the 1,250-mile south Siberian trunk road. In fact, most of the new lines are in Siberia. One new 882-mile road, on which work will start in a few weeks, "will bring both Siberian grain and timber from regions rich in both to the Turkestan cotton districts where both are scarce, and it will cut across some of the richest undeveloped coal districts in the Soviet Union." Plans for the current fiscal year for the whole Soviet Union involve new construction aggregating 1,400 miles. In addition, "a beginning has already been made in electrifying the suburban lines about Moscow and Leningrad, and an extensive program is projected for the next five years."

Railway rolling stock is said to be not yet up to prewar standards, altho a more efficient use is being made of the existing equipment. During the past fiscal year importation of rolling stock from abroad practically ceased and 118 locomotives, 820 freight-cars and 299 passenger-cars were built in Soviet plants. This year it is planned to build 350 new locomotives, and mass production of freight-cars is being organized.

Passenger service is being restored to prewar standards. There are now only two classes of cars, "hard seat" and "soft seat," the latter being twice as expensive as the former. There are three kinds of trains: local, "accelerated" and express. Passenger charges are about the same as prewar, while freight charges are about 20 per cent. lower. According to the writer in *Railway Age*, "the Soviet Union is an inexpensive country for railway travel."

One explanation of the comparative efficiency of the new Russian railroad system lies in the fact that one of the best administrators and organizers of the Soviet régime, Djerzinsky, was placed at the head of the transportation system and remained there until the roads were restored to a working basis. Under him, "time-tables took on a thoroughly occidental significance; recent travelers have found that trains stick to their schedules, and this applies to service in remote places."

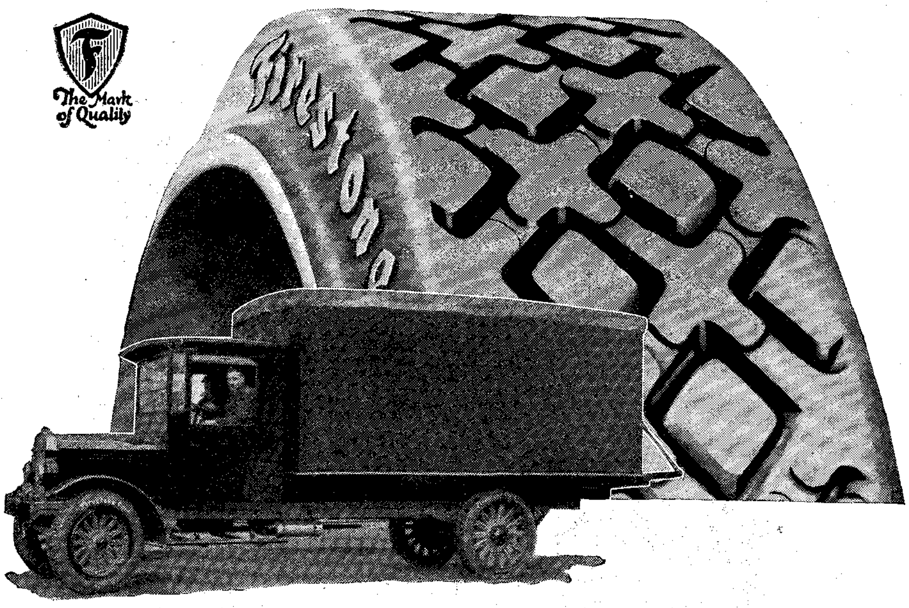
A post-war development of great importance in the Soviet Union, we read, "has been the rapid rise of airplane lines supplementing the railways and connecting strategic economic points":

> At present there are over 10,000 miles of airplane lines in regular operation, carrying passengers, mail and some freight. Most of the principal cities of European Russia are linked together by these lines, and several of them connect the Trans-Siberian Railway with remote districts, in some cases giving a connection in a few hours with points that formerly required several weeks of uncertain and laborious travel under primitive conditions of transport. From the frozen northern stretches of Siberia valuable furs are now transported by airplane south to the railway line, the boom sections along the Lena and the Aldan gold-fields get mail from civilization days ahead of the former schedule, by planes that cut across hundreds of miles from Lake Baikal, and through the air service the time for reaching remote places in Central Asia has been reduced to a figure that the good folk in the cotton provinces can scarcely believe, tho they see the planes flash past the camel trains plodding over the desert.

The Russian railways are run directly by the Government under the Commissary for Transport:

> The transport system, along with posts, telegraph and telephone systems are the only industrial enterprises operated directly by departments of the Government. Such public services were also operated by the Government before the revolution, so in this respect there has been no change in principle.

In general, concludes Mr. Kellock, "it may be said that the railway system of the Soviet Union has now made up for the wide-spread destruction caused by the World War and the prolonged internal conflicts," and "an era of railway progress along carefully planned economic lines is under way."



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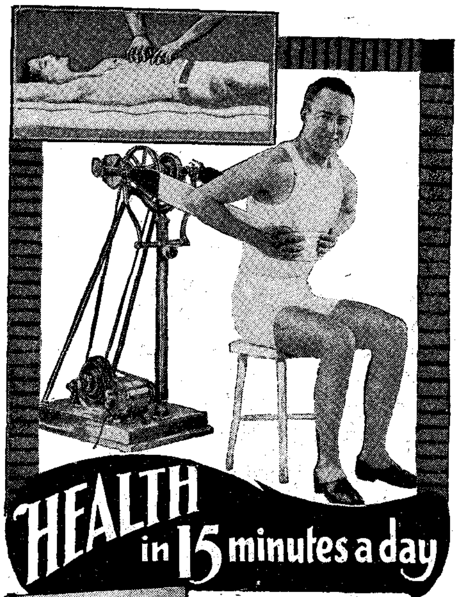

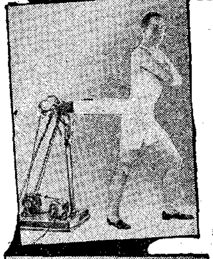

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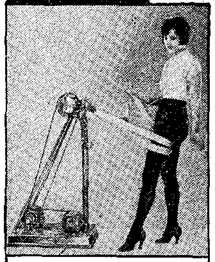

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 16.—Saying that he wished to avoid the possibility of causing trouble, Senator William H. King of Utah announces that he will not attempt to enter the Republic of Haiti, whose Government had denied him admission because of his criticism of the policy of the United States there and of the Administration of President Borno.

March 17.—Maj. Sarmento Beires, the Portuguese aviator attempting a flight around the world, reaches the Island of Fernando Do Noronha, off the coast of Brazil, completing the major part of the transatlantic hop from the Dissagos Archipelago, Portuguese Guinea, on the African coast, about 1,400 miles.

March 18.—Reciprocity between the United States and Canada in the exchange of "natural products" is a part of the Liberal trade policy, Premier Mackenzie King declares in the Canadian House of Commons.

March 19.—The Shantungese forces defending Shanghai are forced by a flank movement to give way at Sungkiang, and the road to Shanghai is opened to the Cantonese armies.

March 20.—Foreign Secretary Teritch of Jugoslavia denies that his country has taken any military step against Albania, and says that Jugoslavia would welcome a commission from the League of Nations to investigate the charges that military preparations have been made by Jugoslavia.

Cantonese troops take Shanghai, without untoward incident among the foreigners.

March 21.—In antiforeign demonstrations following the taking of Shanghai by Cantonese troops, two Punjab Indian members of a British regiment are killed by Chinese snipers, and thirteen others are wounded. Twelve hundred American marines are landed, making a total of 15,000 foreign troops in Shanghai.

March 22.—Chinese mobs attempt to break into the international settlement in Shanghai, and twenty-four are killed by British troops. Fifteen hundred Northerners finally surrender their arms and are interned in the settlement.

American marines are fired on at Masaya, Nicaragua.

Foreign Minister Stresemann announces in the Reichstag that Germany is strictly neutral in the quarrel between Italy and Jugoslavia over Albania.

DOMESTIC

March 16.—Harry F. Sinclair, wealthy oil man, is found guilty of contempt of the Senate for refusing to answer questions of the Public Lands Committee. Notice of appeal is given.

March 17.—Twenty-one persons are killed and more than 100 injured by a tornado near Benton, Arkansas.

March 19.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon issues an order creating a Bureau of Prohibition and the office of Prohibition Commissioner, in accordance with the reorganization act passed during the closing days of Congress.

March 22.—It is announced that the United States will terminate on March 28 the treaty with Mexico to mutually prevent smuggling of arms and certain other commodities. The embargo on exports of arms to Mexico, however, still remains in force.

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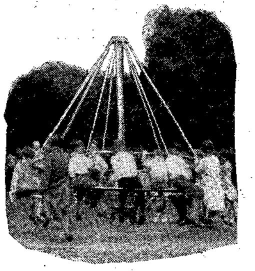

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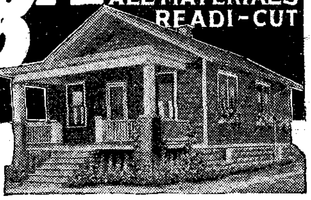

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

Jodhpur.—"C. A. E.," Chicago, Ill.—This is the name of a native State of Rajputana, India. The capital of that State bears the same name. The term, as applied to a type of riding breeches, is due to its use by officers in the British Army who have seen service in India and who obtained the goods from Jodhpur.

mad.—"B. F. G.," Martinsville, Va.—The word *mad*, altho formerly used correctly as a synonym for "angry," is now used only colloquially in this sense. One may be angry *at* a thing or *over* trifles, but one is angry *with* another.

most, almost.—"V. J.," Marcola, Ore.—*Most* for *almost* is provincial English. The former means "greatest in any way"; the latter, "nearly"; "well-nigh"; "for the greatest part." One hears, almost daily, "*Most* all the time"; "*Most* anybody can tell you," forms that should be avoided. Do not say "I'll come over *most* any day this week."

motometer.—"E. M. S.," Amesbury, Mass.—The word *motometer* is correctly pronounced *mo-tom'i-tar*—first *o* as in *obey*, second *o* as in *not*, *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*.

name of widow.—"M. M. H.," Ridgefield Park, N. J.—In "Etiquette" Mrs. Emily Price Post says: "A widow no less than a married woman should always continue to use her husband's Christian name, or his name and another initial, engraved on her cards. She is Mrs. John Hunter Titherington Smith, or, to compromise, Mrs. J. H. Titherington Smith, but she is *never* Mrs. Sarah Smith; at least not anywhere in good society. In business and in legal matters a woman is necessarily addressed by her own Christian name, because she uses it in her signature. But no one should ever address an envelop, except from a bank or a lawyer's office, 'Mrs. Sarah Smith.'"

pagan, infidel.—"E. B. M.," Annapolis, Md.—A *pagan* worships false gods. An *infidel* does not worship anything; he is faithless. A *heathen* is neither a Christian, Jew, nor Mohammedan. He is very much like a *pagan* only that he is uncultured. An *atheist* denies everything but human consciousness.

penalize.—"M. S.," Clinton, Mo.—The word *penalize* is correctly pronounced *pi'nal-aiz*—*i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*, *ai* as in *aisle*.

phlegmatic.—"J. S.," Manhattan Beach, N. Y.—This term is pronounced *fleg-mat'ic*—*e* as in *get*, *a* as in *fat*, *i* as in *habit*.

polymerizer.—"G. B. C.," Houston, Tex.—The correct pronunciation of this word is *po-lim"-ar-aiz'ar*—*o* as in *obey*, *i* as in *hit*, *a's* as in *final*, *ai* as in *aisle*.

potato.—"A. McD.," Los Angeles, Calif.—There is but one pronunciation for the word *potato* and that is *po-te'to*—both *o's* as in *obey*, *e* as in *prey*.

pretty.—"R. W. M.," Knox, Ind.—*Pretty*, as an adverb, may be properly used to signify moderately, tolerably, fairly, somewhat (extensively), but the expression lacks elegance and definiteness, as is shown by the following sentence: "He is a *pretty* sick man."

river lengths.—"G. A. S.," Cincinnati, O.—The four longest rivers in the world are the *Amazon*, length, 3,900 miles; the *Nile*, length, 4,000 miles; the *Yangtze*, length, 3,100 miles; the *Yenisei*, length, 2,800 miles. The *Mississippi* is 2,466 miles long to the Gulf of Mexico; the *Missouri* is 2,900 miles from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi, near St. Louis.

ships.—"M. D. S.," Montgomery, Ala.—The present custom of christening ships may have grown out of the ancient libations practised when ships were launched. The action of blessing ships is alluded to by the monks of St. Denys. In July, 1418, the Bishop of Bangor was sent to South Hampton to bless the King's ship, the "Grâce à Dieu," and received £5 for his expenses. The christening is ordinarily performed by a lady who utters the christening words, as she breaks a bottle containing wine, grape juice, milk, water or some other liquid, against the stern or bow of the ship as it starts down the ways in launching.

T. N. T.—"R. H. A.," Tottenville, N. Y.—*T. N. T.* or *TNT* is an abbreviation for the word *trinitrotoluene*, which is pronounced *trai-nai"tro-tol'yu-in*—both *ai's* as in *aisle*, first *o* as in *obey*, second *o* as in *not*, *u* as in *full*, *i* as in *police*.

tong.—"R. C. S.," Mineral Ridge, O.—This term designates "an association or a secret society," and is an Anglo-Chinese word derived from the Chinese *tong*, meeting-place.

twister.—"F. S.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The word *twister* in the sense referred to means, "That which strains or tends to distort or distract. Specif. (Western United States), a tornado."

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Padlocking a Speak-Easy.—Four wets join drys in voting for Senate closure.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Soul of Discretion.—Flapper (in car and to traffic cop)—"Are my dimmers on?"

Cop (blushing)—"Madam, I wasn't even looking."—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Explorer's Fright.—"Do you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought good luck?"

"You bet! My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."—*Life.*

Skilful Hand. — With his free hand he raised his hat, bent his head and kissed her on the forehead.—*Serial in a Des Moines paper.*

Wet Honeymoons.—A ten-foot tide went over the sea-walls during the afternoon. Several brides are afloat.—*Columbia (S. C.) paper.*

Why Discriminate?—"Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

"What other kind?"—*London Opinion.*

Driven to Extremes.—A cold spell struck Jimtown last week and Bootlegger Ike Stubbs had to put alcohol in his liquor to keep it from freezing.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

Crime Wave in Wonderland.—The latest mysterious offense was the robbery some time Tuesday night of a big steel vault at Waddell's Mouse Furnishing Co.—*Houston paper.*

Nose to the Grindstone.—By far the best dedication we have seen lately is Kin Hubbard's to his new Abe Martin book: "To My Wife, Who Doesn't Care What I Write Just So I Keep on Writing."—*Chicago News.*

House Broken.—"How are you getting along with your girl's folks?"

"Great! They're already beginning to treat me like one of the family. Last night I got bawled out for using the guest towel."—*Life.*

Going the Limit.—Jones—"Taking Miss Smith out last night must have cost you a lot of money?"

Brown—"Only thirty shillings!"

Jones—"Is that all?"

Brown—"Yes, she hadn't any more with her!"—*The Passing Show.*

Uncle Sam, Costumier.—

FEDERAL PROHI AGENTS
TO ROBE PARTY
AT ATLANTA

In Which Bath Tub Scene Was
Central Figure

—*Anderson (S. C.) paper.*

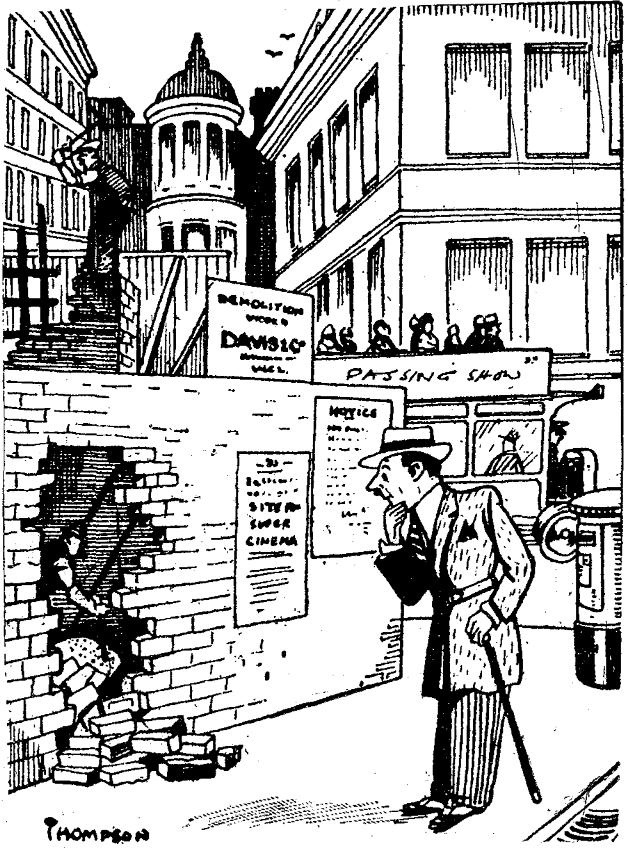
Helpmate on Toast.—

WIFE SHOT FOR LATE MEAL

—*Amarillo (Texas) paper.*

Budding Genius.—I got a smart brother. He's been clear through Reform School and he's only sixteen.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Old Fogies.—The word obey is now deleted from the marriage service. But many husbands will find it hard to shake off a long-established habit.—*London Opinion.*



Jones: "That reminds me, I promised to give the wife another driving lesson this afternoon!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Hence Those Gloomy Days.—

CANTON TROOPS
PUSH SUN BACK
NEAR SHANGHAI

—*Texas paper.*

Gentle Pacifist.—"Hey, there, feller! What yo'-all runnin' for?"

"I'se gwine t' stop a big fight."

"Who-all's fightin'?"

"Jes me an' another feller."—*Bison.*

Job Filled.—"Any previous newspaper experience?"

"No, but I was editor of my college paper."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, we've got an editor."—*Judge.*

Not Foozle-Proof.—Golfer—"Can you let me have a caddie who doesn't giggle all the time?"

Caddie Master—"Well—there's old Mac over there hasn't smiled for forty years—but, of course, I can't guarantee him!"—*The Passing Show.*

Trifling Deposit.—Women now not only buy their clothes on the instalment plan—they wear them the same way.—*Judge.*

Tuning in the Microbes.—Fussy Old Lady (as radio broadcaster sneezes)—"There! Now I'm sure I shall catch cold."—*Boston Transcript.*

Treat 'Em Rough.—Now that even the tabloid papers are giving lessons in etiquette, it becomes more important than ever for a gentleman to have bad manners.—*Life.*

Modern Idea. — Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Q. Wilson of Shadewell, Ga., are visiting their grandmother, Miss Ella Read.—*Alabama paper.*

How Tourists Get Stung.—Within the past few months nearly 3,000 rooms have been added to the hotel accommodations of the city.—*Seattle paper.*

Squirrel News. — It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.—*Safety Bulletin.*

Conniption Fit.—The hysterical committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution will give a card party on February 22.—*Riverhead (Long Island) paper.*

Hollywood Alibi.—Jealous Wife—"Who was that woman with you last night at the café?"

Bright Movie Star—"That was Lon Chaney, dear."—*Life.*

More Targets Wanted.—One man was shot four times and eleven less than the number necessary and by a vote of the Senate the sergeant-at-arms was sent out to bring in the absentees.—*Winslow (Ariz.) paper.*

No Meal Ticket.—An attorney who advertised for a chauffeur, when questioning a negro applicant, said: "How about you, George; are you married?"

"Naw, sir, boss; naw, sir; Ah makes my own livin'."—*Home Store News.*

Bossy's Bicycle.—*The News and Critic*, Laconia, prints this regarding a roadside notice posted in New Hampshire:

"By order of the selectmen, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalks is hereby forbidden."—*Norway (Me.) Advertiser.*

Reviving the Gods.—Apollo, we read in the encyclopedia, was worshiped by the Romans as the god of the sun, medicine, divination, archery, poetry, beauty, pastures, music, youth, fruits and prophecy. His name has recently been changed to Benito Mussolini.—*Life.*